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# THE ADIRONDACKS: ILLUSTRATED.

CONTAINING

NARRATIVE OF A TRIP THROUGH THE WILDERNESS, WITH DESCRIPTION OF THE NATURAL FEATURES OF THE REGION; HINTS CONCERNING SUPPLIES AND GENERAL OUTFIT FOR CAMP AND TRAIL; COST AND MANNER OF REACHING THE VARIOUS RESORTS; HOTELS, WITH CAPACITY, PRICE OF BOARD, ETC.; TABLES OF ELEVATION AND DISTANCES; MAPS, ETC., ETC.

BY

S. R. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF

"TICONDEROGA," "LAKE GEORGE, ILLUSTRATED," ETC.

TWENTIETH EDITION.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.:

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1890.

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# Twentieth Edition.

## GREETING, 1890.

### Reader!

*"A word with you."*

If you have started for the wilderness and don't know all about the way, read this. Within is the boiled down essence of a vast amount of information, gathered from every available source, and arranged on a carefully considered system. In the network of ways, with their multitude of branches, continuity of progress may not be. Here is the key to the combination.

The Adirondacks as a whole is considered on page XIII, under head of "Gateways." Following each gateway are lines leading to particular centres, giving distances and fares, with references to pages where more extended mention may be found. Places and specially noted features are indexed on page IX; hotels, lakes, ponds and mountains are given in special indexes. Expenses are touched upon at pages 6 and 208, various suggestions concerning camp and outfit on pages 208 to 215; fishing, page 216 to 223. The Advertisements (indexed on page 221) are interesting, for therein each man speaks for himself.

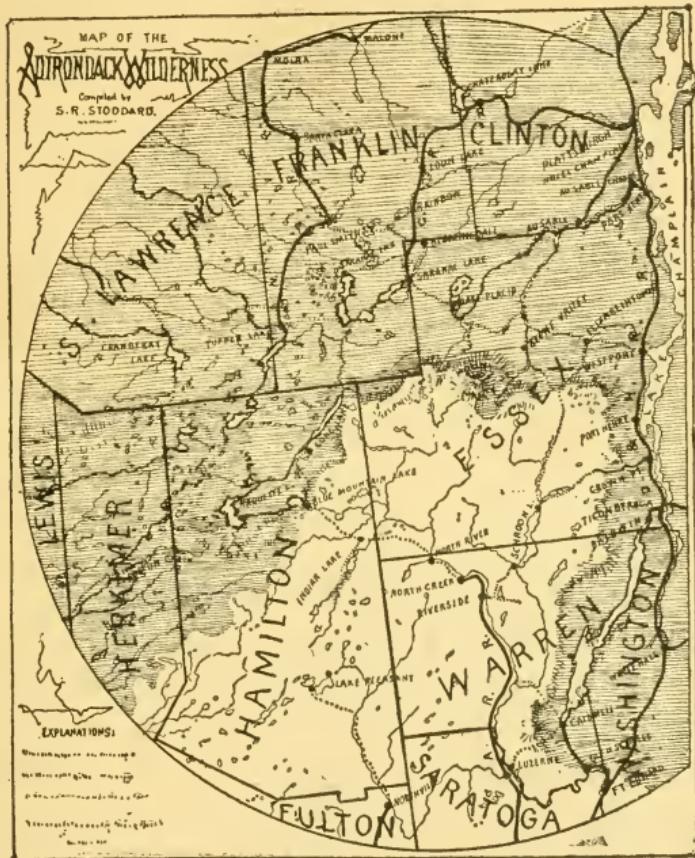
If there is some specific point about which you would learn, *consult the index*. If you would wander free as the vagrant bee, gathering honey from every flower, throw the

book away—you won't need it. If you are undecided as to course follow the "Professor" and the writer through the "Narrative" so long as the company please you. It represents an erratic course that covers substantially the most interesting and diverse interior portions of the great wilderness, noting such changes by the way as time and improved facilities for transportation have brought about since the trip was made in 1873, and contrasting the old and the new in the procession of changeful years.

The preservation of the forests, a question of vital importance not only to the Adirondack region itself but to the State and country as well, has received another blow in the crumb flung to visionaries in shape of legislative authority to purchase wild land at the munificent rate of one dollar and fifty cents per acre. Meantime, the club man and the lumber man and the charcoal man and the woodpulp man and the man with a little money to invest for a rise, are each and all quietly absorbing the valuable portions, and the little that falls back on the State comes only after being robbed of that which alone makes its possession a thing to be desired. The legislature that voted and the Governor who signed the bill knew, undoubtedly, at the time, that it was intended simply as a mild sedative to quiet public opinion, and as long as the lumberman did not object, there was no harm done. And the lumberman, engaged in an honorable (and profitable) business, is not to be blamed for making what can be made out of it, as, with dynamite and giant powder, he clears away obstructions in mountain gorges and wilderness streams, and, with dams, floods, and drains, the valleys, until the retiring waters leave behind them decay and death. Then comes the woodpulp fiend to strip the hills of the softer wood, which the lumberman has pointed to with pride as showing that *he* did not cut away the forests, and the forest duff, which through ages past has slowly climbed the mountains, affording support to the compensating vegetation that in turn deposits more duff higher up, opened to the sun, soon becomes as tinder; then the fire, and after that—the deluge.

It is curious that the section where the great Hudson River rises and about its higher tributary streams, should be less

known to the general public than almost any other part of the Adirondacks, but such is the fact; and is also a fact that it is being gradually stripped of its valuable trees far up into rugged Indian Pass and around its wild headwaters, except a n



[Light portion shows Hudson River drainage.]

occasional narrow belt left untouched around the more important lakes. All this section, with a good part of the western watershed, should be under control of the State, and would be cheap at almost any price, *now*, before irreparable injury is done. How near that point has been reached cannot be determined yet, but the gradual annual shrinkage in the water supply of the Hudson, with its sudden floods and as sudden drying-up of tributary streams, are warnings that should not be ignored. The people of the State, outside the territory in question, should take the matter in hand. So long as the public rest content, legislators will "swop" votes and the slaughter will go on, for no man can get to the legislature from the

mountain districts who is not in sympathy with the lumbermen, and "legislative courtesy" forbids that members from the city shall go poking their honorable noses into mountain matters, under penalty of counter votes on their own special little jobs.

I would enact a law prohibiting forever the cutting of any tree under twenty-five inches in diameter, except with the approval of a commissioner appointed by the government, on any land in New York State lying 1,800 feet above tide. Then let clubs and individuals struggle for the acreage to their hearts' content. In justice to all, the State should pay to the present owners the market value of the standing timber coming under this rule, less the actual cost of marketing.

Clubs acquiring large tracts of wild lands for private grounds and fish preserves are unquestionably a benefit next to State ownership, if (as the "Adirondack League Club," owning a tract of nearly 100,000 acres of forest land in southern Herkimer and Hamilton Counties, propose to do) they allow the timber to be cut only in accordance with the most approved rules of scientific forestry which, under European governments, have made waste sections not only self-sustaining as to cost of management, but a source of revenue also; or like the "Adirondack Mountain Reserve," owning the land around the Au Sable Lakes, which not only preserves the forest but throws it open to all the world, with certain just restrictions, devoting a large part of the revenue thus obtained to the construction of additional roads and trails, with the idea that all the senses may be blessed with its loveliness, and that beautiful nature should not be monopolized by those who come with only the animal desire to kill. Other clubs are yet to be heard from; few make professions of philanthropic object, and some are even suspected of a willingness to be led astray by the blandishments of those who destroy.

Let the mountains keep their protecting forests, that they remain a blessing rather than a continual menace.

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# GATEWAYS TO THE ADIRONDACKS.

(Page reference refers to pages in "The Adirondacks Illustrated.")

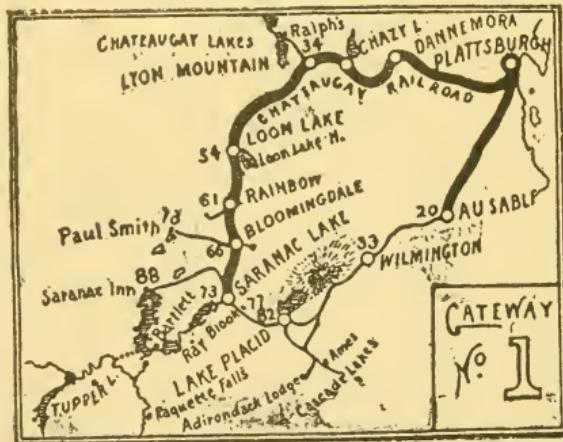
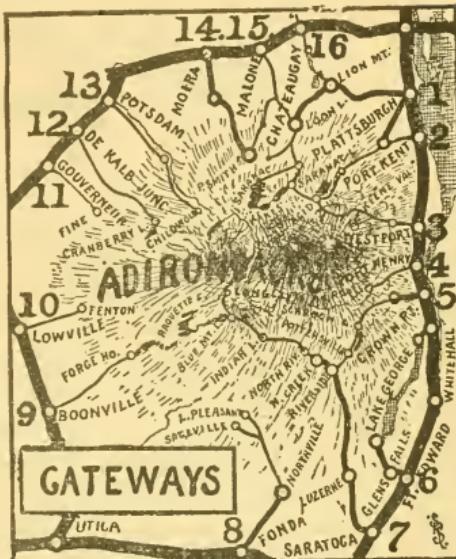
PLEASE to consider Mount Marcy the pivot on which mighty hands turn around over the dial of the Adirondacks, and Plattsburgh will fairly represent I o'clock, Port Kent II, Westport III. For convenience, therefore, we will call Plattsburgh Gateway No. 1, and let others follow in order as the hand turns the familiar way around the entire circle. Distances are given here in black figures and are reckoned from gateways in every instance unless otherwise explained. Fares are also given from "gateways" or point speci-  
fied.

**NO. 1, PLATTSBURGH,** Chateaugay R. R. to Dannemora, 70c.; Chazy Lake Station, \$1.20; Lyon Mountain,

\$1.40 (stage to Ralph's and Merrill's; 50 cents); Loon Lake, \$2.40 (stage to Loon Lake House, 50 cents); Bloomingdale, \$3.00 (stage to Crystal Spring House, 2 cents; stage to Paul Smith's, \$1.00); Saranac Lake, \$3.35 stage to Miller's, The Algonquin and Hotel Ampersand, 50 cents each (page 96); stage to Lake Placid, \$1.25; (page 89); stage to Saranac Inn, \$1.50 (page 105).

From Plattsburgh via Branch R. R. to Au Sable Station, \$1.00; stage (morning) to Keene Valley (page 153) Wilmington, \$2.00 (pages 61 and 62-D); Lake Placid, \$3.50 (page 89).

**NO. 2, PORT KENT,** by K. A. C. & L. C. R. R. to Au Sable Chasm. (See pages 33 to 45). Au Sable Station, (morning stage), \$1.50; Wilmington, \$2.50; Lake Placid, \$4.00 (page



# GATEWAYS.

**NO. 3, WESTPORT,** stage (connecting with all trains and boats), to **Elizabethtown**, \$1.00; (page 148). Stages from midday train and afternoon boat at Westport, run to **Keene Valley**, passing all hotels to **St. Hubert's Inn**. Fare,

\$2.50. (See p. 153). Keene Valley to Au Sable Lake morning and afternoon. Stage fare, 75c. Stages from Elizabethtown, morning, to **Keen**, \$2.50; **Cascade House**, \$3.00; **Adirondack Lodge**, \$4.50; **Ames'**, \$3.50; **Lake Placid**, \$4. (See pages 83 to 94.)

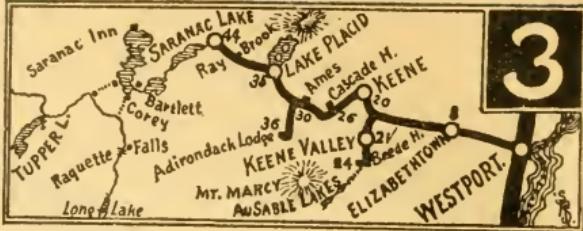
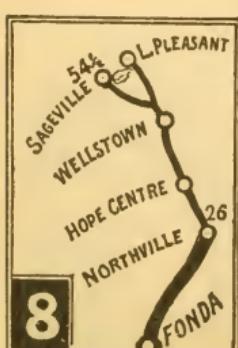
**NO. 4, PORT HENRY**, stage (evening) to Mineville, morning stage from Mineville to Root's, \$1.50; (Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,) to **Newcomb**, \$3.00.

**NO. 5, CROWN POINT**, C. P. I. R. R. to **Hammondville**, 60c.; stage to **Paradox**, \$1.10; **Schroon Lake**, \$2.10.

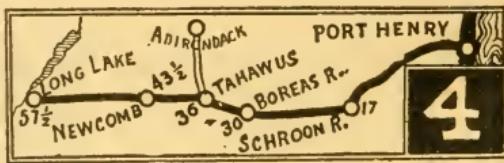
**NO. 6, ADDISON JUNCTION**, stages meeting all trains run to **Ticonderoga Village**, 2 miles, 25c. (Hotel, Burleigh House.) Special to **Schroon Lake**, 20 miles, or Root's, thence to Long Lake, same as No. 4.

**FORT TICONDEROGA** (station); train to Baldwin, steamer through Lake George to Caldwell.

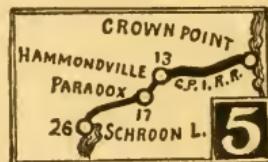
**NO. 7, SARATOGA**, to **Luzerne**, 69c.; (page 177) **Riverside**, \$1.50; stage to **Chestertown**, \$2.25; **Pottersville**, \$2.50; head of **Schroon Lake**, (steamer), \$3.25. (See page 180.) Saratoga to **North Creek**, \$1.74; (page 189) stage to **North River**, \$2.25; (page 190), **Indian Lake**, \$3.50; **Blue Mountain Lake**, \$4.75; (page 193) **Long Lake**, \$6.25; (page 114) through **Blue Mt.** and **Raquette Lake** to **Forked Lake Carry**, by steamer, \$6.50. (Pages 121 and 202.)



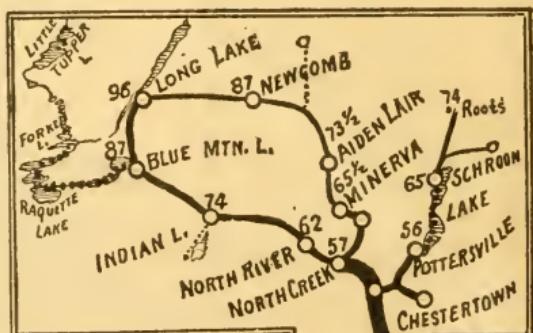
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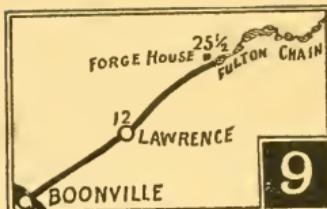
Long Lake, \$6.25; (page 114) through Blue Mt. and Raquette Lake to Forked Lake Carry, by steamer, \$6.50. (Pages 121 and 202.)

**NO. 8, FONDA**, Railroad to Northville, \$1.00; stage to Sageville, \$3.00. For **Woodhull Lake** and **Bisby Chain**, leave the R. W. & O. Railroad at **Alder Creek Station**, special to White Lake, 9 miles; to Woodhull Lake, 19 miles.

**8**

## GATEWAYS.

**NO. 9, BOONEVILLE.** Stage daily to Moose River, 12 miles, \$1.00. Railroad to Minnehaha, 20 miles, \$2.00. Steamer to **Forge House**, \$3.00. Steamer on **Fulton Chain** to head of **Fourth Lake** (steamer 12 miles. \$1.00.) Page 206.



**NO. 10, LOWVILLE,** stage to "Number Four," Beaver Lake, 18 miles (\$6.) To Stillwater, \$12. (Page 211.)

**NO. 11, CARTHAGE,** Railroad to Lake Bonaparte, 17 miles, 54 cents; Oswegatchie, 39 miles, \$1.17; Benson Mines, 44 miles, \$1.32; Cranberry Lake overflow (trail) 48 miles; Cranberry Lake House, guide's boat, 54 miles. (See page 213.)

**GOUVERNEUR,** stage daily to Fine, 25 miles, \$1.63; row-boat up the Oswegatchie River to Cranberry Lake, (13 miles.)

**NO. 12, DE KALB JUNCTION,** stage to Clarksboro, 22 miles, special conveyance to Cranberry Lake, 36 miles. (Page 213.)

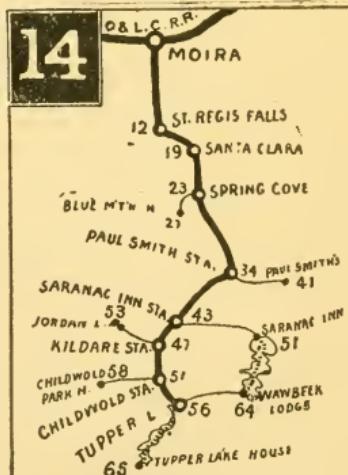
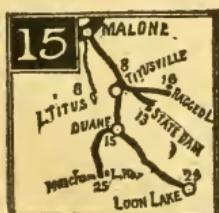
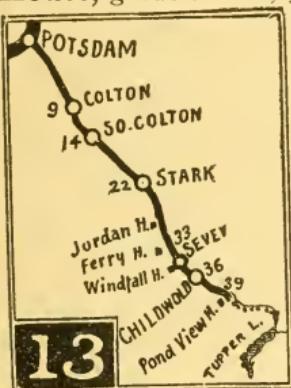
**NO. 13, POTSDAM,** stage daily to Colton, 75 cents; South Colton, \$1. To Stark, (Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 7 A.M.), \$1.75; Sevey, \$2.75; Chidwold, \$3. (Page 109-A.)

**NO. 14, MORIA,** R.R. to St. Regis Falls, 50 cents; Santa Clara, 90 cents; Spring Cove, \$1.15; (Blue Mountain House, 4

miles from Spring Cove, fare 75 cents;) Paul Smith Station, \$1.50; Paul Smith's (stage), \$2. (Page 57.) Saranac Inn Station, \$2; (Saranac Inn by stage, \$1); Chidwold Station, \$2.50; (Chidwold Park House, by stage, \$1; page 109-C.) Tupper Lake Station, \$2.50; (Wawbeek Lodge, by stage, \$1.) Steamboat to Tupper Lake House, \$3.50; page 109-E.

**NO. 15, MALONE,** stage (Monday, Wednesday and Friday) to Duane, \$1.50; Loon Lake, \$3. (Page 55).

**NO. 16, CHATEAUGAY,** daily stage to the foot of Lower Chateaugay Lake, 50 cents. A steamer runs daily, making the excursion of the two lakes, \$1. See pages 55 and 59 to 62.



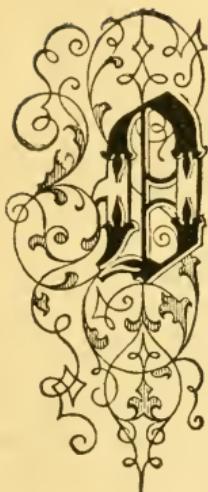


# THE ADIRONDACKS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### IN GENERAL.



N wings of thought swifter than the lightning's flash we sweep away across the drowsy earth, over smoke-polluted cities, sun-scorched meadows, burning plain and highways with their flaunting skirts of sand, nor rest until the fragrant odor of wild flowers and the dewy breath of forest trees come like incense wafted to us from below.

Come with me up into a high mountain. I cannot show you "all the kingdoms of the world,"—but "the glory of them." Over a rippling ocean of forests first, in long, swelling waves now rising, now sinking down into deep hollows; here in grand mountains, crested as with caps of foam, there tormented by counter currents into wildly dashing shapes, like ocean billows frozen by Divine command, their summit-glittering granite, their deep green troughs, gleaming with threads of silver and bits of fallen sky.

Now the trees of the valley glide away behind us, then come dark spruce and pine and the sturdy balsam climbing the mountain-side—tall and graceful at first, but growing smaller as they rise, gnarled and twisted, and scarce above the surface, sending their branches out close along the ground, their white tops bleached and ghastly, like dead roots of upturned trees, the hardy lichens still higher; then comes naked rock, and we stand on the wind-swept summit

of the monarch of the Adirondacks—"Tahawus," the cloud-splitter of the Indian.

Around their chief, cluster the other great peaks—east, west, north, south, limitless, numberless, a confused mass of peaks and ridges, crowding close up to the base of the one on which we stand, and receding in waves of green all down through the scale of color to its blue and purple edge. Pen cannot convey an idea of its sublimity; the pencil fails to even suggest the blended strength and delicacy of the scene. The rude laugh is hushed, the boisterous shout dies out on reverential lips, the body shrinks down, feeling its own littleness, while the soul expands, and, rising above the earth, claims kinship with its Creator, questioning not His existence.

Standing on this, the highest point in the State of New York, 5,344 feet above tide, we will glance at the country around. The term, at first applied to this cluster of mountains, which occupy less than one-quarter of the region, has come by usage to mean the entire wilderness, an area of over 8,000 square miles of almost unbroken forest. The grand mountain region is in the center on the east, dropping off suddenly into Lake Champlain; around it, and sweeping away to the west, is a vast, comparatively level plateau, nearly 2,000 feet above tide, with here and there a mountain peak overlooking the plain, the two regions differing in every respect, save in the dense forests that cover both. If you are given to muscular exercise, climbing and viewing nature from high places, choose the eastern portion. If constitutionally tired, or inclined to dream away the quiet hours, then go to the magnificent west, where lakes and streams are so closely connected that almost every mile of that vast tract may be traversed by boat, save short carries from one water system into another, or around some fall. Camping even is not necessary if you prefer hotel life, for there are but few wilderness routes that do not have halting places less than a day's journey apart.

The Adirondack wilderness, as known to the public generally, may be divided into three general divisions or systems, which collectively entertain the great bulk of visitors, and are representatives of the whole, namely, the Saranac and St. Regis waters of Franklin county, whose natural gateway is Plattsburgh and Port Kent; the mountain region of Keene, North Elba and Lake Placid, in Essex county, with entrance at Westport; and the Blue Mountain and Raquette waters, in Hamilton county, reached by way of the Adirondack railroad from Saratoga.

Of these sections the first-mentioned has become the more widely celebrated as a region where fashion and fishing is admirably blended, and has its patrons who are looked for as regularly as the seasons. The second is less known in fact, but its grand mountains and lovely valleys have become familiar on the canvas of great painters; while the Raquette region has an air of newness and morning freshness, as if just awakened from a long and refreshing sleep, and is making rapid strides in popular favor. Each section, while possessing something of the characteristics of the others, has its own individual attractions; and while connected by natural highways, over which the nomad often goes, they still to a considerable extent preserve their individuality, and each is complete and sufficient unto itself.

Among the less noted divisions are the Grass and Oswegatchie region, in St. Lawrence county, which probably contains the most game, because less visited; the Beaver and Moose river region, in Herkimer, somewhat tame, but affording excellent hunting and fishing; and the Lake Pleasant region, in southern Hamilton county, all of them with more or less local interest and a patronage derived principally from the cities of Central and Western New York. Keene Valley is a favorite resort with artists. Raquette Lake has the most elaborate, and the Upper Saranac the greatest number of private camps occupied during the season.

Places of entertainment, from the well-appointed hotel on the border to the rude log-house and open camp of the interior, are found at intervals throughout the entire wilderness, all waiting with open doors to receive the stranger, the consideration being from \$3 per day down to \$5 per week; for particulars concerning which see under heading of "Hotels," following index.

A peculiarity of the Adirondack region is its freedom from rough or vicious characters. Evil finds nothing congenial in its bright skies and pure, fresh atmosphere. Conventionalities that obtain at other resorts are not held binding here; the fact of actual presence is accepted as guaranty of the possession of those mutual sympathies and qualifications which here, at least, make the whole world kin, and makes it possible for gentlemen to wear blue shirts and old hats, and ladies to travel without male escort from one end of the wilderness to the other. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing for parties of ladies to make the tour of the woods, accompanied only by the necessary complement of guides to furnish motive power, spending day after day in their boat, and at night reaching one step farther in the extended system of hotels.

OUTFIT.—Full dress is seldom seen, even at the most fashionable resorts, and is exceeded in absurdity only by the conventional stage trapper, who occasionally bursts upon the astonished wilderness in fringed buckskin, and is marked at once as a "fresh." Your right to enter the best society will not be questioned because of dress. Clothing ordinarily worn is sufficient for all occasions, with perhaps the addition of a soft felt hat and roomy walking shoes or boot for boat or tramp.

CAMP AND SPORTING OUTFIT, clothing, supplies, etc., are given in a special chapter, with various suggestions; however, a complete list of articles considered necessary or convenient should be made out, in advance of the time for departure, by each individual; then, in committee of the

whole, decide on what is really necessary or suitable, taking into consideration the nature of the trip and means of reaching the appointed camping ground. If it be not over-difficult of access, carry anything which will contribute to your reasonable comfort, in the way of blankets, clothing, etc. Do not sleep in the clothing worn during the day, if it can be avoided—it is a positive luxury to be able to make an entire change for night use.

The gloriously healthful air of the wilderness will unquestionably give you new life and vigor, but it labors at a terrible disadvantage, if at the beginning your bed of boughs affords no rest; where sleep comes only with complete exhaustion, as is often the case in the first few nights of camp life, and where the early morning finds you pitifully weak and languid, and ready to move simply because motion is a relief to the poor bruised body and aching joints. "Roughing it" is grand in theory, and sounds well in after history, but is bad in practice and often impedes, if it does not entirely defeat the object for which it was undertaken. You are presumably out for pleasure, do not, therefore, make severe labor of it; have paid help sufficient to do camp work, if, at any time, inclination tempt you to watch the zenith from some mossy vantage ground, or to drift idly among the still waters, absorbing with newly awakened instincts the subtle lessons taught by nature.

If your party can afford the expense, take your cook along. Guides, as a rule, can prepare an acceptable forest meal, and some are very skillful in that line, but the very qualities which contribute to make the successful guide—"the mighty hunter"—often renders him indifferent to the quality of his food, and incapable of understanding the cravings of a delicate appetite; at all events, carry a cook book. Camp fare is apt to become monotonous after a time, and although familiar with a hundred dishes, when brought face to face with the appalling necessity of preparing a straight meal, your mind becomes a blank and you

drop weakly back to the same old stew of yesterday—and the day before—and life becomes a burden.

EXPENSES cannot be fairly estimated, varying so widely with the habits and requirements of different individuals. If you travel simply in channels having public conveyance, the cost may be accurately determined by referring to fares, etc., found under their appropriate heading in this book. If you go outside the public lines of travel, or camp, you will require the service of a guide. 25 to 30 cents per day will supply the table with necessaries, and some luxuries even, for each person while in camp.

GUIDES, terms for service, suggestions, etc., page 214.

HOTELS.—Information relating to hotels is gathered annually, and prices charged for board given with notice of house in "Hotel Directory," at back of book, for which see special index, page vii.

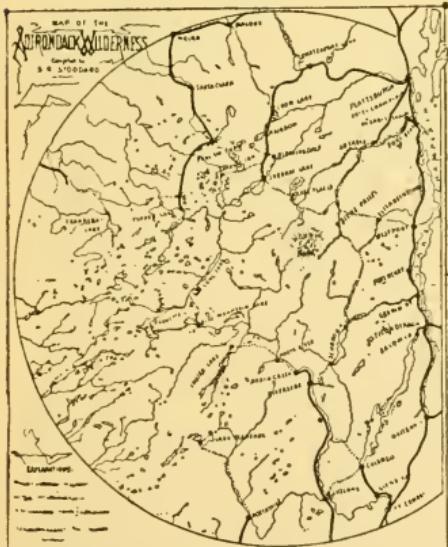
"GATEWAYS" will lead you from circumference to centre of the wilderness, with line, distances and fares; while under the heading of "railroads, steamboats and stages," will be found approaches and general information—for all of which see index.

TROUT, their habits and peculiarities, with suggestions as to outfit, fishing, etc., is treated at length in chapter XIX. The article is from the pen of A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, an enthusiastic votary of the gentle art, and authority in the matter whereof he speaks, and gives, in readable shape more solid information of use to those who would enjoy the same than a dozen of the ordinary fishing romances of the day, with their sensations, impressions, tingles, thrills and frills.

Finally, bear in mind that this volume is designed to give its readers, in convenient shape, information of general interest to the ninety and nine concerning points and places, roads and regions visited by them, with hints and suggestions of the deeper mysteries of camp and trail that may

serve to pilot the one-hundredth to points where the intelligent guide becomes an absolute necessity, and beyond which direction in book form would confuse, rather than instruct. For the sake of clearness, therefore, we have omitted description of the multitude of minor lakes, ponds, streams and trails which duplicate each other over the entire wilderness, and which cannot be followed without the aid of an experienced guide. To those who would have a comprehensive idea of the whole region, it is hoped the map, designed to supplement the information contained herein, will be a welcome companion until it can be safely laid aside for the more specific knowledge of the guide, whose office neither book nor map can ever fill.

As the map of the wilderness is introduced, it may not be



**MINIATURE SKETCH OF MAP.**

is introduced, it may not be entirely uninteresting to explain its manner of building. A large portion of the great Adirondack region has never been surveyed with chain and rod, and probably will not be for years to come, but the rapid development of portions and the growing importance of the whole as a summer resort makes necessary a map made specially to meet the requirements of tourist and sportsman.

In its construction, all available sources of information have been brought into requisition. Important points outside the wilderness proper were determined in accordance with official surveys, and connected with the mountains of the interior, whose principal peaks were accurately located by triangulation made expressly

for this work. Access has also been had to important surveys made under State patronage and by private parties, which are now, for the first time, given to the public in map form. In addition to this absolutely reliable material, drawings of small sections on an extended scale, covering in the aggregate the entire region, were sent in duplicate to men familiar with the various localities for correction, and were made as full and complete as possible — careful attention being given to proportion and distance — with wild trails, carries, ponds and streams, many of which are now for the first time laid down on any map. Reduced to an uniform scale by photography, the result, it is believed, approaches perfection as nearly as can be, short of actual trigonometrical survey. It gives altitudes, as determined by late measurement; the location of all hotels and principal camps, with roads leading thereto; shows distance in figures on roads, trails and streams, and indicates also the nature of the latter in important instances. All roads within its limits are carefully laid down, the leading ones distinguished from those less important by being in solid black line, and altogether showing, by their number or entire absence in places, the cultivated or wilderness nature of that particular region.

To the gathering, compilation and reduction of the mass of material made use of, and its final redrawing for the engraver the entire autumn and winter of 1879 were given and finally, with a feeling of tenderness which can be appreciated only by those who, in a labor of love, have seen its object growing under their hands from day to day until completion, it was sent forth for such welcome as it might find.

Since its completion in 1879, as above, annual editions have been issued, revised, and corrected, to keep pace with the changes in road and trail, and for the addition of camp or hotel in this rapidly-growing region.

## CHAPTER II.

### NARRATIVE.



ING up the curtain to low, sweet music, the music of a September night, the blending of the myriad voices of the swamp into one long monotone, that seems to make you, wherever you stand and listen, its center. The scene is a dark waste of water, up out of which grow reeds and coarse grasses, that sway back and forth with the surging waves; over at the west is a low range of bluffs; on the east are mountains; near by, dusky white strips run here and there, beyond which a broader one reflects the cloudy sky, dark bodies are moving slowly along and lights twinkle as they pass to and fro; beyond, and to the south, a high hill rises up, belted with strings of stars; at its base they hang in clusters; they separate and pass up and down, are swung in circles, disappear and appear again in a most curious manner, and faintly comes the voices of the boatmen, the drivers, the lock-tenders, and the busy hum of the distant village. At the north, where the western wall comes down, the solid rock is notched out, over which rises the rocky crests of a mountain range, while away beyond winds the marsh-embordered rock-hemmed waters of Lake Champlain.

A low, rumbling sound comes from the south, then the solid wall that shuts us in on that side seems riven asunder, and from out the earth, with breath of flame, and eve of fire gleaming

## THE ADIRONDACKS.

out ahead, thunders the night express. Across the marsh, it comes, bringing in its train a host of lesser lights, and with a shriek that clashes sharply and is broken into a confused din of echoes, it plunges into the northern wall, through the narrow cut to the other side, and with the hiss of escaping steam, the noisy clang of its bell, the rattling of iron rods and links, the trembling, jerking and swaying of the long coaches, as the brakes are drawn hard against the moving wheels; then with the dying roar of its subsiding power, the iron monster rests at the end of its journey. Just for the moment we feel the hush.

"—— the rest of the tide between the ebb and the flow."

Then the nature of the sounds change, the quick, sharp words of command, of shouting and confusion, the shuffling of feet, as streams of life pour out from the various coaches, and converging, flow over the broad plank on to the boat that has been waiting to receive them; there is no need of asking the way; it is plain to all, for while on the left is nothing but darkness and a dingy, uninviting pile of buildings, on the right rises a great mass of white, with moving forms and flashing light; windows bright, with stained glass and frosted silver, rising tier on tier, begirt with beams and rods of iron, and above all, coming up from the fires below, wave banners of flame, whose fiery particles separating, dance away and are lost in the darkness. Whew! What a storm, not a thunder storm exactly, although there are indications of the sulphurous in the language sometimes heard, but a shower of baggage; it rains trunks, boxes, satchels, bundles, bags, from the car which has been brought to a stop directly in front of the gang-plank, and a double stream of trucks, drawn and propelled by stalwart men, go down under huge loads, and, coming up empty, run and wheel and dodge about, appearing always on the point of, but never actually getting run over.

Through all the confusion the man who seems to have the least to do stands quietly by the rail, seeing every thing, but saying nothing, unless occasionally to give a command in a low tone; then, as the last truck load is on the move, he

touches a cord at his hand, a bell up in the pilot house tinkles, a few quick strokes on the big bell follows, the last man rushes over the plank, which is pulled aboard, and the great hawsers are cast off; then, again, the little bell, up where the pilot stands signifies that the boat is from thence out under his control, and he is responsible for her safety. Now, down along the wires to the engine-room the message goes; we hear the long hollow breathing of the steam as it rushes into the cylinder; the ponderous beam above tips slowly on its center; the wheels seem stepping on the water as they revolve; the great mass swings out into the channel, and moves away through the night like a great pearl surrounded by a luminous atmosphere. A little shining world all alone by itself.\*



Thus we saw it one night in the autumn of '73. *We* means the professor and myself. Who the professor is, or what he professes, doesn't matter, as long as this is a non-professional trip; but it may be of interest considering the field selected for our observations to know that the professor is not actually stupendous, either in length, breadth or thickness, and not

particular about his diet; perish the thought! He simply abstains from the absorption of that mysterious compound known as hash, on account of the uncertainty of its origin. Revolts at sight of sausages, as it is unpleasantly suggestive of a dear little dog that he once loved. Can't endure cream in his coffee, because it "looks so, floating round on top," and whose heart bleeds and appetite vanishes if an unlucky fly chances to take a hot bath in his tea. To these peculiarities, add a disposition to see the fun in his own forlornness, and with boyishness dyed in the wool, the professor stands before you. As for the author of this, perhaps the least said the better. He hasn't the heart to say any thing bad, and a determination to confine himself strictly to facts, interferes somewhat with the glowing eulogy struggling to find vent

\*The boat is now taken at Ticonderoga, making day trips only, leaving Plattsburgh in the morning and returning in the afternoon

suffice it to say, that nature was very lavish in the bestowal of longitude, although not noticeably so in regard to latitude, giving also a disposition to dare, and a physical development capable of enduring a vast amount of arduous rest. Going—the dainty professor and ease-loving writer, enthusiastic sportsman, with neither gun, rod, umbrella or other instrument of death, armed only with sketch and note-book, and hearts to drink in the glories of the great wild woods—to the mountains for health and strength to frames not over strong.

We found ourselves on board the "Vermont," the largest of the Champlain steamers; and as it swung out into the channel, went out forward, up odd little pieces of stairway and canvass side hills; ducked under and climbed over iron rods and groped along in the darkness on the hurricane deck to the pilot-house.

As we entered, our eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, made out the form of Rockwell, the chief pilot, with two assistants, wrestling with the many-spoked wheel, which throbbed and trembled as they forced it over to one side while the lights ahead seemed to swing swiftly past as we swept around a sharp bend in the channel.

A quick, low word of command, and the chain rattled and the wheel spun around like lightning as they jumped away from it.

"Now," said the pilot.

Six hands pattered on the polished spokes, and the air seemed full of clawing, jumping shadows.

"Over with her."

The wheel creaked and snapped with the strain brought to bear on it; the lights away out ahead, that had passed across to the right, now raced wildly back to the left, and we circled around in the darkness, out of which, into the circle of light that surrounded us, came reedy shores and low lines of bushes, seeming almost to brush against us as we passed.

"Steady now. Good evening, gentlemen."

The last half of the sentence, while it was friendly, was evidently intended as a sort of reconnoissance. It had inquiry in it, and said plainly, "I want to hear the sound of your voice."

We said, "Good evening."

"Up a little — steady — let her run — Oh, yes; I didn't recognize your voice — hard over that light's out again — you are a little hoarse; ought to take something for that."

"We were; a trip to the mountains;" and he said it was an excellent plan — let her chaw; the reaction will clear her — wished he could — luff a point — among the grand things — said she was light aft, and clawed to starboard; asked if we could fully indorse Tyndall's theory of nebular hegira; thought the Greek slave a perfect figure; said she sucked mud through here, sometimes, and they had to be careful of her flues; wanted to know if we had given the evolement of solar faculae much thought; descended with Darwin to our remote progenitors; gyrated among the wheeling constellation; floated through eternity; touched on the creation; paddled around with Noah; got lost with the children of Israel; skittered along down through the dark ages; said it wasn't going to rain, which suggested Sodom and Gomorrah; admired Joan of Arc — said she carried an awful head of steam, but her boilers were good; wanted our opinion as to the probable origin of creative energy and of the cohesive materialism of latent force. Shades of Egypt! the professor wilted, and we had to admit that Moses himself couldn't have taken us out of the scientific wilderness, and Rockwell thought Moses wasn't much of a pilot anyway.

Thus he mixes art, science and physics while demonstrating perfection in navigation; peering out into the darkness, seeming to *feel* rather than see the channel; now circling around a lamp hung out as a guide, then away toward others that seem to pass and repass each other, as we sway to and fro, where in places a deviation the width of the boat to the right or left would bring it on the muddy banks; at times seeming to hang out over the reeds, anon waking a whole swarm of hissing, chuckling echoes as we run close under a rocky wall; then onward, into broader strips of water, under the frowning promontory of Ticonderoga; then we went below.

## CHAPTER III.

### LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

**G**HE first white sporting man that ever visited the Adirondacks was Samuel de Champlain, a Frenchman, who, in 1609, joined a company of native tourists on a gunning expedition to the southern borders of the future State park, where he fell in with a party of Iroquois and succeeded in bagging a satisfactory number. Samuel, besides being an enthusiastic sportsman, was of a vivacious, happy disposition, as witness his felicitous description of the manner in which he, at the first shot, brought down three out of four Aborigines, who broke cover, then pursued and killed some others; he should, however, receive no credit as a marksman, for he used a beastly arm called an "arquebus," a remote progenitor of the terrible blunderbuss—a shot-gun, which same, I think, all will agree is beneath the dignity of a true sportsman to point toward such game. After this adventure, which happened the same year that Hendrick Hudson sailed up the river that now bears his name, and eleven years before the original pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock, he returned home and wrote an interesting account of the affair, calling the sheet of water explored after himself—Lake Champlain. Just two centuries after his passage in a canoe, the first steamboat was launched on the lake. When he came, the Indians called it *Cani adere quarante*, spelled in various ways, and said by learned authorities who copy it from some one else, to mean "the lake that is the gate of the country." By the early French who did not choose to recognize Champlain's right to the name, it was known as *Mere les Iroquois*, or "Iracosia." A book published in 1659 speaks of it as "the lake of Troquois, which, together with a river of the s:<sup>m</sup>a

## THE ADIRONDACKS.

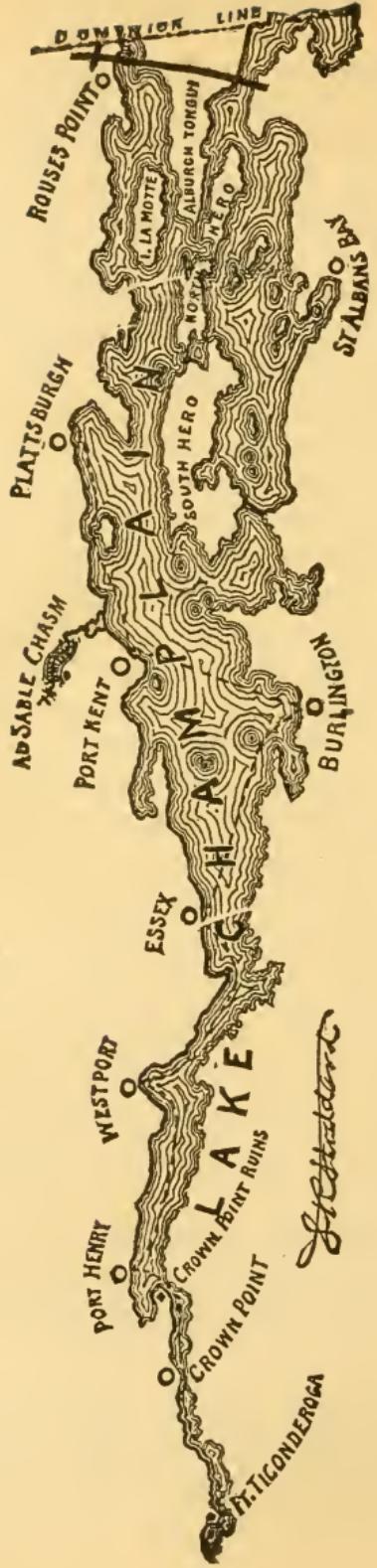
name, running into the river of Canada, is sixty or seventy leagues in length. In the lake are four fair islands, which are low and full of goodly woods and meadows, having store of game for hunting. Stagges, Fallow Dear, Elks, Roe Bucks, Beavers, and other sorts of beasts." In shape it is very like a long, slim radish, with Whitehall at the little end; then comes the long root and outbranching river fibers. At Burlington, quite a respectable radish, then blotches of rock and island, and, beyond that, the leaves spreading out on either side and toward the North.

On the east is Vermont, sweeping away from the lake in a broad, cultivated plain, then gradually ascending to the ridges of the Green mountains; along the southern and central portion of the lake, the rocky western shores step down to the water's edge and backward, rising up peak on peak the highest, misty with distance or hidden by the clouds that gather around; then wild, broken and grand, the Adirondack mountains. Here and there are little bits of cultivated land and breaks in the mountain-gateways to the wilderness, then as you near Burlington, they fall away back into the interior, and a level, well-cultivated country presents itself.

According to the United States coast survey, the distance from Whitehall to Fort Montgomery is  $107\frac{1}{4}$  miles; its greatest width across, from the outlet of Ausable river,  $12\frac{1}{8}$  miles, and greatest depth (at a point  $1\frac{7}{8}$  miles south-east of Essex landing) 399 feet. Measuring down into Missisquoi bay, on the east side, extending into Canada, and separated from the outlet by Alburgh Tongue, the extreme length of the lake may be found at about 118 miles. Its elevation above tide is 99 feet.

It contains a number of beautiful islands, principally near the north end, the two largest known respectively as North and South Hero, and collectively as Grand Isle, a county of Vermont.

THE NEW YORK & CANADA R. R., extending along the west shore of the lake, is the missing link in the air line chain between New York and Montreal, supplied by the



Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, in 1875, and in connection with the Rensselaer & Saratoga Railroad and Hudson River at the south, and a section of the Grand Trunk from the Canada line north, is the main artery of travel between the two great cities. At various points, rail or stage routes diverge, leading to the central portions of the wilderness.

WHITEHALL is at the head of Lake Champlain; 219 miles north of New York, 78 from Albany. As we break through the ledges and approach from the south, the valley spreads out toward the east in a fertile plain; at the right, toward the north, is quite a mountain, girded with outcropping ledges that run up from the east at an angle of about thirty degrees, and are broken off precipitously on the west; all along this front, houses cling one above another like rows of martins' boxes, and wooden stairways run zigzag up the sides, which, if bought by the acre, would bring the most measured perpendicularly. Climbing the stairway we look down on the business portion of the village, close, compact and city-like below and thinning out gradually up the hill on the west. Going still higher, a pathway is found leading to the summit which is comparatively clear and affords a wonderfully fine mountain view for a little exertion.

Whitehall was originally called Skeenesborough, after Col. Philip Skeene, who accompanied Abercrombie in 1758; was wounded in his attack on Ticonderoga and, after Amherst's victorious advance in the following year, was appointed commandant at Crown Point, at which time he projected the settlement. In 1765, he obtained a grant of the township and, in 1770, took up his residence here. On the breaking out of the Revolution he took sides with the Royalists, accompanied Burgoyne in his expedition against Ticonderoga and was captured with him at Saratoga; his property was confiscated by act of Legislature in 1779.

WOOD CREEK, that from its very head, has flown sleepily along, seems to have awakened suddenly and with a quick start, a joyous little run, a little foam and a little racket plunges over the rocks, and dies out in the muddy lake at

our feet. Close to the falls the canal boats and small steamers come, and line the banks of the bayou-like lake that leads away to the north through what seems a basin scooped out of the mountains, its marshy bed filled here and there with pieces of "made" land on which are steam mills, and long piles of lumber, representing the principal business of the place.

At Whitehall, the train divides,—a part going east and north *via* Castleton and Rutland, the remainder north, down along the principal street, through the tunnel, out at the north edge of the village to the lumber district, and across the marsh-bottomed basin toward a notch cut out of its farther rim.

Just before entering the rock-cut alluded to, we see on the east a short double crook, in the narrow channel, known as the Fiddler's Elbow, where the large steamers were compelled to send a line ashore and "warp" round into a proper position to proceed; here, under water, are the hulks of some of the vessels engaged in the battle of Plattsburgh, in 1814. On the high point of rocks just over and slightly to the north of the Elbow is Fort Putnam, where the old colonial general,—Israel—lay in ambush, waiting for the French and Indians under the command of Marin.

The steamboat dock, formerly the northern terminus of the road, with its half-demolished sheds and old elevator, is, paradoxically speaking, left on the right as the train skims over the surface of the marsh on the long trestle, straight as the arrow flies, for over a mile, and over the draw at the outlet of South bay, along which Dieskau led his men to attack Fort Edward, failing in which they turned toward Lake George and fell in with Col. Williams on that memorable 8th of September, 1755.

Winding in and out we continue along the west shore breaking through rocky points and cuts, where the clay has been sliced down and removed like huge chunks of cheese, revealing on their face horizontal strata that must at some time have been the bed of the lake. On the east, at intervals, are the odd, little light houses and posts where lanterns were hung to mark the tortuous channel. Low reedy islands

and points float outward from the shores, and the grand, rocky gateways opening up as we advance, reveal vistas of wondrous beauty, strips of far-reaching water, and the blue of distant mountain peaks. Between the solid points we cross on trestle work or made land, and which same openings have proved a delusion and a snare to the unfortunate contractor doomed to wrestle with them.

Twenty-two miles from Whitehall, our rope of travel is divided in three strands, the one at the left branching off around Mount Defiance to the foot of Lake George, the middle continuing on by rail along the west shore, and the remaining one proceeding in nearly the same direction by steamboat, touching at the principal points by the way.\*

FORT TICONDEROGA is 24 miles from Whitehall on a bold promontory between the waters of Lake Champlain and the outlet of Lake George.

Here were enacted the principal events in the play of the lake; here savage tribes contended for the country on either hand; here three great nations struggled for the prize of a continent, and precious blood flowed like water for this, the key to the "gate of the country," by its position elected to become historic ground; as such, let us glance briefly in passing.

Claimed by the Hurons and Algonquins on the north, and the Five Nations, on the south, Lake Champlain was permanently occupied by neither, but the gateway between two sections that were continually at war with each other, the bloody middle ground over which each party in its turn swept carrying ruin in its path. This had driven all who would have occupied it beyond the mountains, and the lovely shores remained in unbroken solitude. Thus Champlain found it when, in July, 1609, he sailed south with the Indians from the St. Lawrence to make war upon their southern enemies, and "encountered a war party of the Iroquois on the 29th of the month, about ten o'clock at night, at the point of a cape which puts out into the lake on the west side." They each retired until the morning, when a battle ensued. Champlain

was kept out of sight until they marched to the attack. He says: "Ours commenced, calling me in a loud voice, and, making way for me, opened in two and placed me at their head, marching about twenty paces in advance until I was within thirty paces of the enemy."

"The moment they saw me they halted, gazing at me and I at them. When I saw them preparing to shoot at us, I raised my arquebus, and aiming directly at one of the three chiefs, two of them fell to the ground by this shot, and one of their companions received a wound, of which he died afterward. I had put four balls in my arquebus. Ours, in witnessing a shot so favorable to them, set up such tremendous shouts that thunder could not have been heard; and yet there was no lack of arrows on one side and the other. The Iroquois were greatly astonished, seeing two men killed so instantaneously, notwithstanding they were provided with arrow-proof armor, woven of cotton-thread and wood. \* \* \* They lost courage, took to flight, and abandoned the field and their fort, hiding themselves in the depths of the forests. whither pursuing them I killed some others. \* \* \* The place where the battle was fought is 43 degrees some minutes latitude, and I named it Lake Champlain."\* Ticonderoga is 43½ degrees north latitude and probably the cape referred to "which puts out into the lake on the west side."

The French claimed the country by virtue of Champlain's discovery, and in 1731, while at peace with Great Britain, they advanced to Crown Point and erected Fort St. Frederick.

The English claimed this territory by right of purchase and treaty with the Five Nations, and feeling that something must be done to prevent further encroachments of the French on British soil, General Johnson was sent, in 1755, to drive them away, going by way of Lake George, where he halted for a few days, when Baron Dieskau made a dash around French mountain, defeated Col. Williams' party and attacked the main army, in which he was defeated. He then returned to Ticonderoga and began the erection of a fort which he called "*Carillon*."

\* Documentary History of New York.

+ Dr. G. F. Bixby, whose researches among historical matters relating to the Champlain Valley has made him an authority, in a paper read before the N. Y. State Historical Society in 1889, brought evidence to show that "the cape" referred to by Champlain is the one on which Crown Point ruins now stand. The evidence was accepted by the Society as conclusive.

In 1757, it was occupied by Montcalm, who marched thence to the capture of Fort William Henry.

In 1758, Abercrombie made his unsuccessful attack on the old French lines, which resulted in his total defeat, with a loss of nearly 2,000 killed and wounded.

The following year Amherst entrenched before the lines, and the French, feeling that they could not successfully resist him, abandoned and set fire to the works, which the English took possession of in the morning. They then advanced on Fort St. Frederick, the French retreating down the lake; their hold on Champlain gone forever.

Amherst repaired and enlarged the works at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on a scale of great magnificence, but never a shot from the frowning embrasures was directed against an approaching foe. Peace between the nations soon followed and the forts were allowed to fall into a state of ill repair and were poorly garrisoned when the revolution broke out. Crown Point had only a sergeant and 12 men and Ticonderoga 50 men all told, when in the gray of the morning of the 10th of May, 1775, Ethan Allen and 83 of his "Green Mountain boys," stole in through the wicket gate and demanded its surrender "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Crown Point was on the same day taken possession of by a party of Allen's men under Seth Warner, and soon after a sloop of war was captured by Benedict Arnold, by which the colonists gained command of the lake.

The following year Arnold, in command of a small flotilla, was defeated near the Four Brothers' islands by General Carlton, who advanced as far south as Crown Point, then retired into Canada.

In 1777 there came sweeping from the north the conceited, the pompous, the brilliant Burgoyne with 7,500 men and laid siege to Ticonderoga. St. Clair, then in command had barely sufficient troops to man the principal works, and when the English took possession of Mount Defiance, from which they could drop shot right over into the fort, he decided to abandon it and did so on the night of July 4th; all the stores that could be taken were removed, guns were spiked and at mid-

night a dusky throng moved away across the chain bridge. Unfortunately for the Americans, a house on Mount Independence was set on fire and the light revealed the fugitive army to the watchful enemy, who immediately pursued. The greater part retreated toward Castleton and were followed, engaged and beaten ; the English, however, suffered terribly, it is said, losing ten to one of the Yankees. The rest moving up the lake toward Whitehall were pursued by the British who broke through the chain bridge and reaching the head of the lake almost as soon as they, captured most of the stores and ammunition, the men retreating to Fort Ann ; after this Burgoyne moved south to Saratoga, where his march of triumph was changed to one of defeat, for he found the GATES too strong for him to pass.

After "Saratoga" the British retired into Canada, but in 1780 the old fort was again occupied by the troops under General Haldiman, at which time occurred those bloodless battles of diplomacy, where Allen plotted treason with such consummate sagacity, that his country's enemies rested on their arms and " peace reigned throughout her borders."

Then came another enemy, silent, but resistless as the march of time. Rain and sunshine, frosts to racking and tempests to beat upon the old walls, until they totter and fall away, disappearing, one by one, and pointing to the time when naught shall remain but the name it bears, and that uncertain in the mists of the past.

"TICONDEROGA" \* — the generally accepted extract and boiled down result of over a dozen different Indian names, all, however, having something the same sound — as *Tiende-roga*, *Cheonderoga* — meant to them the *coming together*, or *meeting of waters*, † instead of the generally accepted version of "Sounding waters."

CARILLON, the name given it by the French, meaning music, racket, a chime, may have been suggested by the "Sounding waters" near by.

The old battery on the bluff, at the steamboat landing, is

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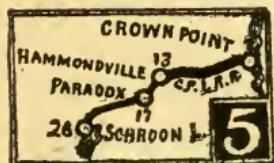
\* Colden, 1743. Pownall, 1774.

said to have been the original Carillon. Back on the higher ground are the barrack walls, trenches, two bastions, and the best preserved portion of the ruins—a bomb-proof room, which some people say was the magazine, while other authorities contend that it was the humble but equally necessary bakery. On the east, by the side of the road, is the old fort well. Leading from the south-east corner of the parade toward this, is the covered way, through which Ethan Allen went in the gray of the morning, in 1775. On the west is Mount Defiance. Between it and the fort the outlet of Lake George enters Lake Champlain. Opposite the point at the south-east, the lake is narrowed down by the near approach of Mount Independence, which was also fortified while St. Clair held command. Between the two points ran the chain or floating bridge.

The lake here turns toward the north, thus washing three sides of the promontory. Among the oaks, just west of the tunnel, is the old French lines, reaching over the ridge and nearly across the peninsula. The trenches and embankments are clearly defined, as are also the outlines of several redoubts, cast up at about the same date. Across the locust-covered flat, just north of the ruins, from a point near the drawbridge, lay Ethan Allen's route in 1775; and on the plain, near Addison Junction, according to the best authorities, occurred the encounter between Champlain's party and the Iroquois.

CROWN POINT is 11 miles north of Ticonderoga. Here, on the shore, are the furnaces of the Crown Point Iron Company, and the terminus of a narrow-gauge railway, which extends back 13 miles to iron mines at Hammondville, 1,300 feet above the lake.

Thence, by stage, to Schroon Lake.



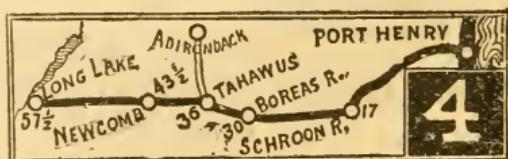
CROWN POINT RUINS are about six miles north of Crown Point landing. The lake is here narrowed down by the land extending from the west on which the ruins stand, its point marked by a stone light-house, Chimney Point approaches from the east side. Beyond the light-house, at the narrowest place in the passage, are the scarcely visible remains of Fort St. Frederick, built by the French in 1731. This point became a noted trading post, where the savages came to exchange peltry for civilized fire-water and other necessaries. Under the protecting guns of the old fort it developed into a village of 1,500 inhabitants, the remains of lines of cellars and flagged walks, extending back toward the west, still showing signs of its old-time prosperity.

The ruins of Crown Point proper are seen farther over at the west, as the boat passes through the narrow opening to the broad lake. It was commenced by Amherst in 1759, and completed at an expense of over ten million dollars. The extensive earth-works, and the walls of the barracks, still in a good state of preservation, indicate the strength and extent of the fortification, from which, however, no gun was ever fired at an approaching foe. Dr. Bixby designates the shore of the peninsula west of the ruins as the probable site of Champlain's battle with the Iroquois in 1609, given in the explorer's own words on page 14.

FORT FREDERICK (landing) is just north of the light-house. A board walk extends from the dock back to the ruins. Refreshment rooms, a public pavilion, etc., have been built here by the Champlain Transportation Company, for accomodation and entertainment of excursion parties that may land here.

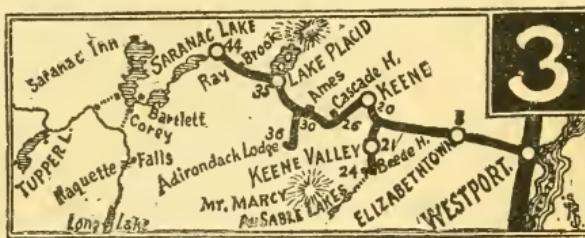
PORT HENRY, two miles north-west of Crown Point Ruins, is exceedingly picturesque, with a number of elegant private residences, occupied by the iron magnates of that section.

THE LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND MORIAH R. R. is seven miles long, extending from Port Henry to the ore beds at Mineville,



1,300 feet above. The grade at one point is  $256\frac{1}{2}$  feet to the mile. The average is 211 feet. It contains three "Y's," where the nature of the ascent renders a curve impracticable. Mineville is the centre of the mining operations of the region, and is a wonderful revelation to the novice in mining scenes. The Chever Ore Bed is two miles north of Port Henry, near the lake shore. The Adirondack Springs are situated on the mountain slope, midway between Westport and Port Henry.

WESTPORT is a pretty little village, on a deep bay, setting into the western shore, fifty miles north of Whitehall. It is the natural gateway into the mountains, *via* Elizabethtown and Keene



Valley (see page 149), and possesses attractions of its own that recommend it strongly to the summer visitor.

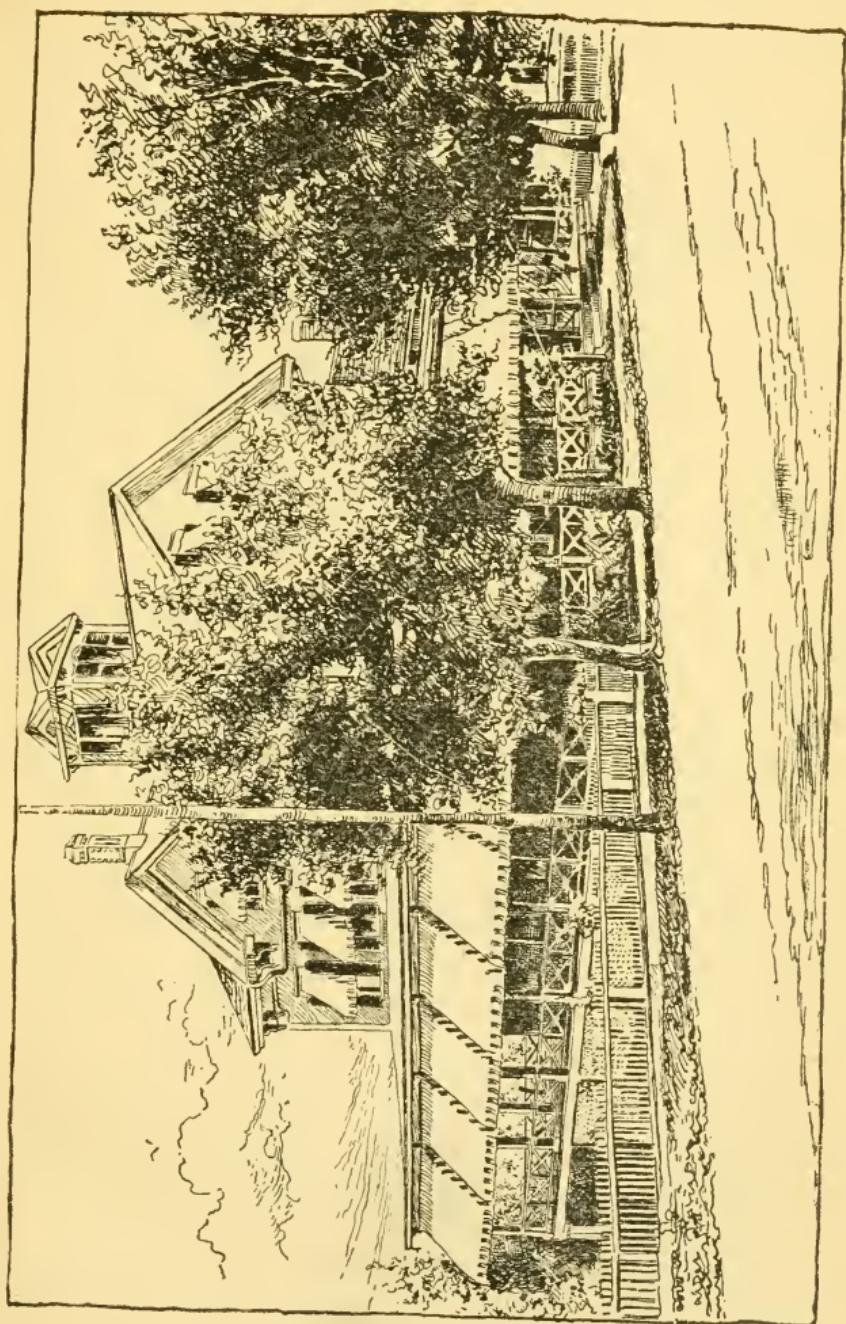
THE PLEASANT VIEW HOUSE, at the depot, is open the year round, and affords a convenient stopping-place for parties arriving by night trains, or who may not choose to go to the village; capacity thirty. Rates, \$2 per day; \$8 to \$10 per week. C. A. Fordham, proprietor.

THE RICHARDS HOUSE has been long established, and has a host of friends. It is situated at the northern border of the village, overlooking the picturesque shore that circles toward the north, and terminates in the point where the luckless steamer Champlain was wrecked in 1875. The immediate surroundings are pleasant, the accommodations of the hotel proper being increased by its annex, the quaint, historic Mansion House, that has done duty in old times as a hotel; being in fact, the first one built at Westport, and now refitted for the use of summer guests. The requirements of boating and fishing have not been overlooked, and everything necessary for the sport can be secured at the office. Saddle horses also and comfortable rigs for shore rides or more extended trips

into the wilderness can be had at fair prices from the hotel livery. The proprietor is really what all hotel men are supposed to be—affable, courteous, and obliging ; and by sheer pluck and enterprise has built up a thriving business. Accommodations are here offered for 75 guests. Rates, \$2 per day ; \$8 to \$12 per week. M. A. Clark, proprietor.

THE WESTPORT INN stands on the brow of an abrupt eminence a hundred feet above the lake, and overlooks a wilderness of orchard and shrubbery, the picturesque steamboat landing, and the great sweeping amphitheatre of the hillsides that lead away to right and left in the circling shore of the bay. The house without is very attractive, with broad piazzas and plenty of shade. Within, it is neat, well, even richly, furnished and supplied with bath-rooms, electric bells, etc. The table is spoken of in the highest terms of praise, the service is kindly and efficient. Accommodations in the "Inn" and its cottages are sufficient for seventy guests. There is a pure water supply and perfect drainage. The drives up and down along shore or westward into the mountains offer great variety with every varying change of scene, and excellent livery rigs may be secured here under the patronage of the house. It also offers the usual variety of boating and fishing facilities, with boats for sailing or for comfortable rowing in the shallow water and charming inlets along shore. There are bathing places also, with good bottom and convenient bath-houses. A circulating library is at the command of those who may not have provided themselves with desirable reading matter. The Post-office is but a few steps from the door, the telegraph office ten minutes' drive distance. Omnibusses run to and from all trains and boats, and stages depart for the Adirondacks twice daily. The Inn will be under the management of Mrs. O. C. Danniell, late of "The Michewaug," Petersham, and Mrs. Henry C. Lyon, who rendered such efficient service here in 1889.

STEAMER CHATEAUGAY, Capt. Baldwin, leaves Westport at 7 A. M. daily, Sundays excepted, and touching at Cedar Beach, Essex, Burlington, Port Kent, Bluff Point, Plattsburgh, Gor-



WESTPORT INN.

don's and Adams', reaches North Hero at 12:20; returning, touches as above, and arrives at Westport 6:45.

This boat belongs to the C. T. Co., and was launched at Shelburn Harbor, November 1, 1887. It is 203 feet long, and 59 feet wide over all. Water line, 195 feet; beam, 30 feet. The hull is of rolled steel plates, made from Chateaugay ore, with a wrought iron frame, braced in the most substantial manner, and provided with water-tight compartments. The engine is a vertical beam, jet condensing engine, 44-inch cylinder, 10 foot stroke. The paddle wheels are of the new "feathering" pattern, 23 feet in diameter. The boat draws four and a half feet of water, and will make 20 miles an hour.

STEAMER VERMONT, Captain Rushlow, is of the same line, is a graceful vessel, designed specially for pleasure travel. This boat leaves Plattsburgh at 7 A. M., touches at Bluff Point, Port Kent, Burlington, Westport, Port Henry, Fort Frederick and Crown Point, and reaches Fort Ticonderoga about noon, connecting there with trains for the south and for the steamer on Lake George, returning over the same route reaches Plattsburgh about 7 P. M. Steamboat and railroad tickets are interchangeable between Ticonderoga and Plattsburgh.

THE "WATER LILY," a small steamer, runs from Westport to Vergennes daily on arrival of steamer Vermont from the south, returning in the morning to connect with the south-bound boat. The Water Lily is notable among steamboats as having a lady at the wheel, in the person of Mrs. Captain Danniels, who is said to be the first and only regularly licensed lady pilot in the United States. It affords a delightful afternoon trip across the lake and up the picturesque Otter Creek to the city of Vergennes. Fare \$1.00; round trip \$1.50. This route forms an interesting link in the line of travel from Boston to the Adirondacks, and is deservedly growing in public favor as it becomes better known.

VERGENNES, the eastern terminus of the Water Lily's trip, is eight miles back from the lake following the course of the river—which by the way is the longest stream in Vermont—although in an air-line but little more than half of that dis-

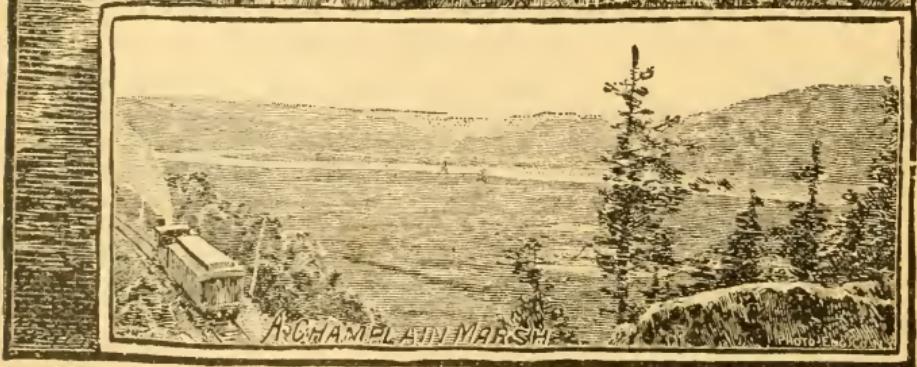
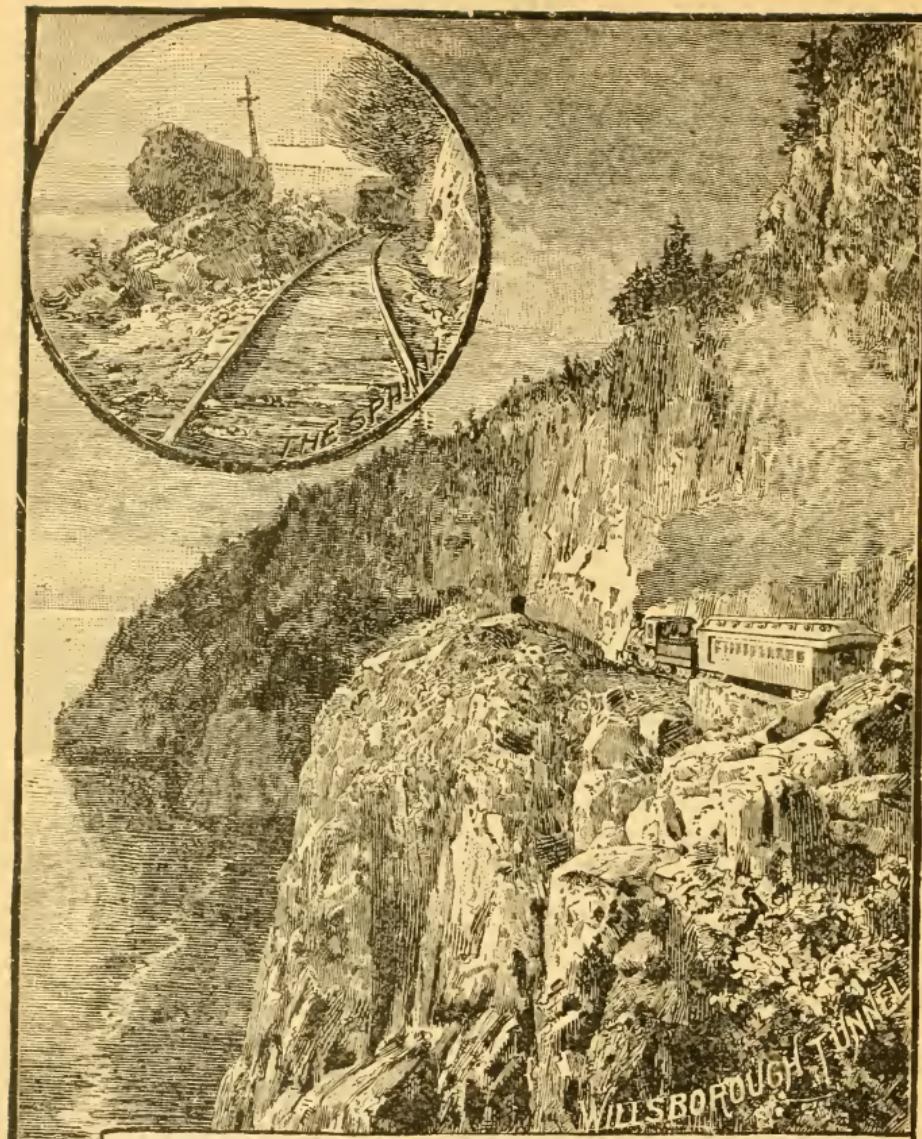
tance. Vergennes is one of the oldest cities in New England, dating its organization back to 1789, and is celebrated as the smallest incorporated city in the country. It has a population of about 2,000 inhabitants, with all the honors and added dignity of a mayor and board of Aldermen. It stands on the hills sloping to the stream, its streets regularly laid out, attractive and picturesque in its New England simplicity. Its freedom from malaria is proverbial. It is healthful and delightful, while the quiet loveliness of its surroundings, with the grand outline of the Green Mountains on the east, and the Adirondacks across the lake at the west, offers a combination that is duly appreciated by the artist and the lover of restful nature.

THE STEVENS HOUSE was the one thing needful to make this a desirable resort for those who enjoy the mixture of country air and freedom, with the pleasant and social advantages of a town and good hotel accommodations. The house is owned and under the personal management of Mr. S. S. Gaines, and ranks among the best in New England. It is in the centre of the city facing the park, and has accommodations for about 100 guests. The proprietor possesses executive ability that is felt on every side, showing itself in the neatness and order maintained throughout the establishment. There are very pleasant drives about the city, which may be extended indefinitely over the hills and through the valleys of this picturesque country. Guests of the hotel with their baggage are carried to and from train and boat for 25 cents the round trip. Telegraph, telephone, and express offices are in the house. Board costs from \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week.

Passengers leaving Boston in the morning (Fitchburgh depot), reach Vergennes in the middle of the afternoon. Leaving New York in the morning, arrive in time for supper. Trains for New York and Boston, with sleeping car attached, pass Vergennes at about 9 P. M.

\* \* \* \* \*

CALAMITY POINT is on the west, about two miles north of Westport. Here the steamer Champlain was wrecked in



VIEWS ON THE NEW YORK AND CANADA RAILROAD

1875 while running north on her regular night trip. The immediate cause of the disaster has never been explained, as the night was no more than ordinarily dark, but since that time, day or night, when running, the pilot houses of the sister boats invariably contain two competent men. Captain Rushlow of the Vermont was then in command of the Champlain, and it was due to his cool self-possession that no panic ensued to lead to loss of life.

SPLIT ROCK is at the northern termination of the mountain bearing the same name, north of Westport. It is a rough fragment of perhaps a half acre in area, separated from the main rock by a narrow passage.

ESSEX is a small village on the west shore, 10 miles north of Westport, where the steamer touches, then passes out into the broadening lake, gradually nearing the Vermont side in the approach to Burlington. Back, inland, are the two highest peaks of the Green Mountains—Mansfield, 4,350 feet above tide, and Camel's Hump, the *Leon Couchant* of the French. A prominent object, as we approach the city, is Rock Dunder, a sharp cone of rock 20 feet high, believed to be the famous "Rock Reggio," so frequently mentioned in colonial records. Farther out in the lake is Juniper Island, and still farther the Four Brothers, where occurred Arnold's second engagement with Pringle, resulting in the total defeat of the former. Away across, on the west shore, is Willsborough Point, a low peninsula about four miles long by one mile wide. The Green Mountain View House stands here; capacity about sixty. Back of this is Willsborough Bay, with its precipitous western shore, along which high above the water, runs the "D. & H." Railroad.

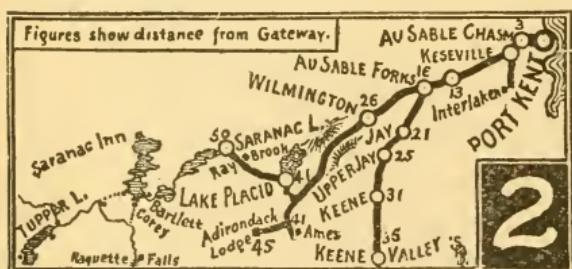
BURLINGTON is a city of nearly 15,000 inhabitants. It is one of the largest lumber marts in the country, standing fourth in the order of business. The firms represent a capital of \$4,000,000.00. One hundred and fifty million feet of lumber are sold annually from this market. The Champlain Transportation Company has its general office here. The Lake Champlain Yacht Club has an elegant club house a little way north of the steamboat landing.

Among public buildings of note are The University of Vermont, the Medical College, Billings Library Building, Vermont Episcopal Institute, St. Joseph's College, Park Gallery of Art, Fletcher Free Library, Mary Fletcher Hospital, and The Young Men's Christian Association building.

On the high land back of the city, overlooking Winooski Valley, in the Green Mountain Cemetery, lies the body of Vermont's famous son, Ethan Allen. A monument of Barre granite, 50 feet in height, surmounted by a statue of Allen, marks the spot.

**HOTELS.** Hotel Burlington, a new house, capacity 100, rates, \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day, \$10.50 to \$15.00 per week, Delaney & Harrington, proprietors. The Van Ness and American Houses, rates, \$3.00 to \$3.50 per day. L. S. Drew and H. N. Clark, managers.

PORT KENT is 10 miles from Burlington, the steamer running almost due northwest from the latter point and veering only slightly from its course to pass around Trembleau Point. Below, the town is not very attractive; but above,



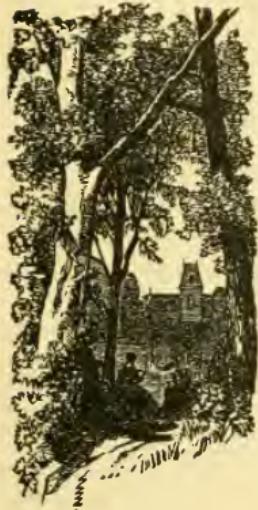
along the brow of the hill, are several very pleasant, comfortable-looking houses. Among them is the old home of Elkanah Watson, whose ac-

count of travels in 1777 contains the best record we have of the towns and villages at that period. The house may be identified by the tall columns along its front.

AU SABLE CHASM, three miles distant, is reached from Port Kent over the new K., A. C. & L. C. R. R., which crosses over just below Rainbow Falls, to Au Sable Chasm Station, and continues along the west side of the river to Keesville, for which see page 44.

## CHAPTER IV.

### AU SABLE CHASM.

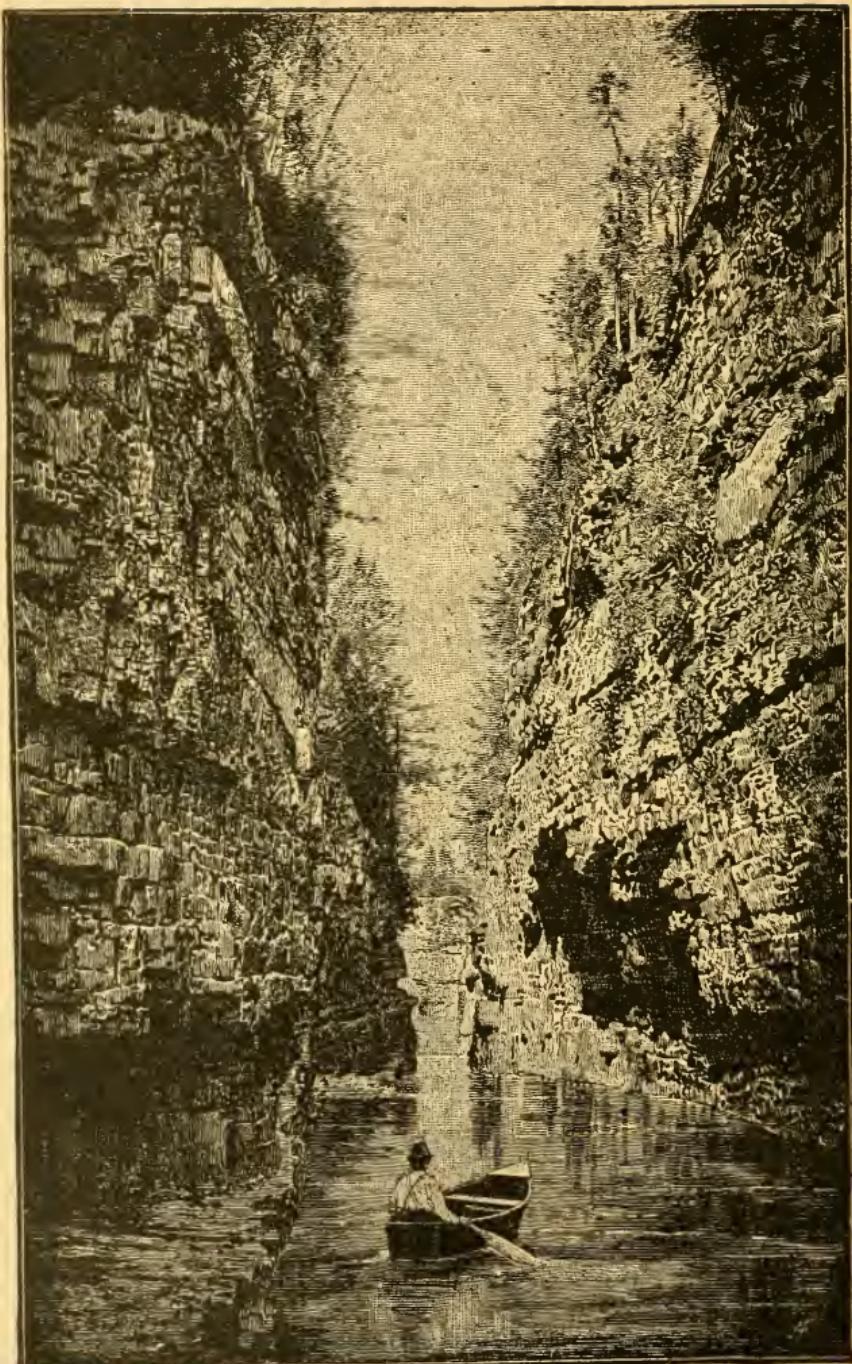


U SABLE CHASM is the Yosemite in miniature. The Au Sable River, coming out from the mountains of the south, through the valley past Keeseeville, breaks, after many a rush and tumble, over the rocks into Au Sable Chasm, in the beautiful Rainbow Falls, then hurrying downward through devious ways, creeping under towering cliffs, resting in dark places where the sun never shines, finally emerges from the gloom into the broad willowy way to mingle later, after many twists and turns,

with the quiet waters of Lake Champlain.

It is a vast fissure in the Earth's surface, its walls, that now stand apart, were apparently united and solid in the past ; projections on the one side are faced by corresponding depressions on the other ; strata, broken off here are continued over there. Low down are found petrified specimens of the first orders of animal life and ripple marks made when the rock was in its plastic state—the bed of some lake or ocean—and above these, in successive layers, towers nearly a hundred feet of solid rock.

Who can say what ages have passed away since the restless sea beat upon this unknown shore and left the marks of its wavelets for us to wonder at ? Thought is lost away back in the eternity of “The Beginning” when darkness was upon the face of the deep. Later came the dawn of Creation, and in its full light the lowest of animal creatures lived their brief day

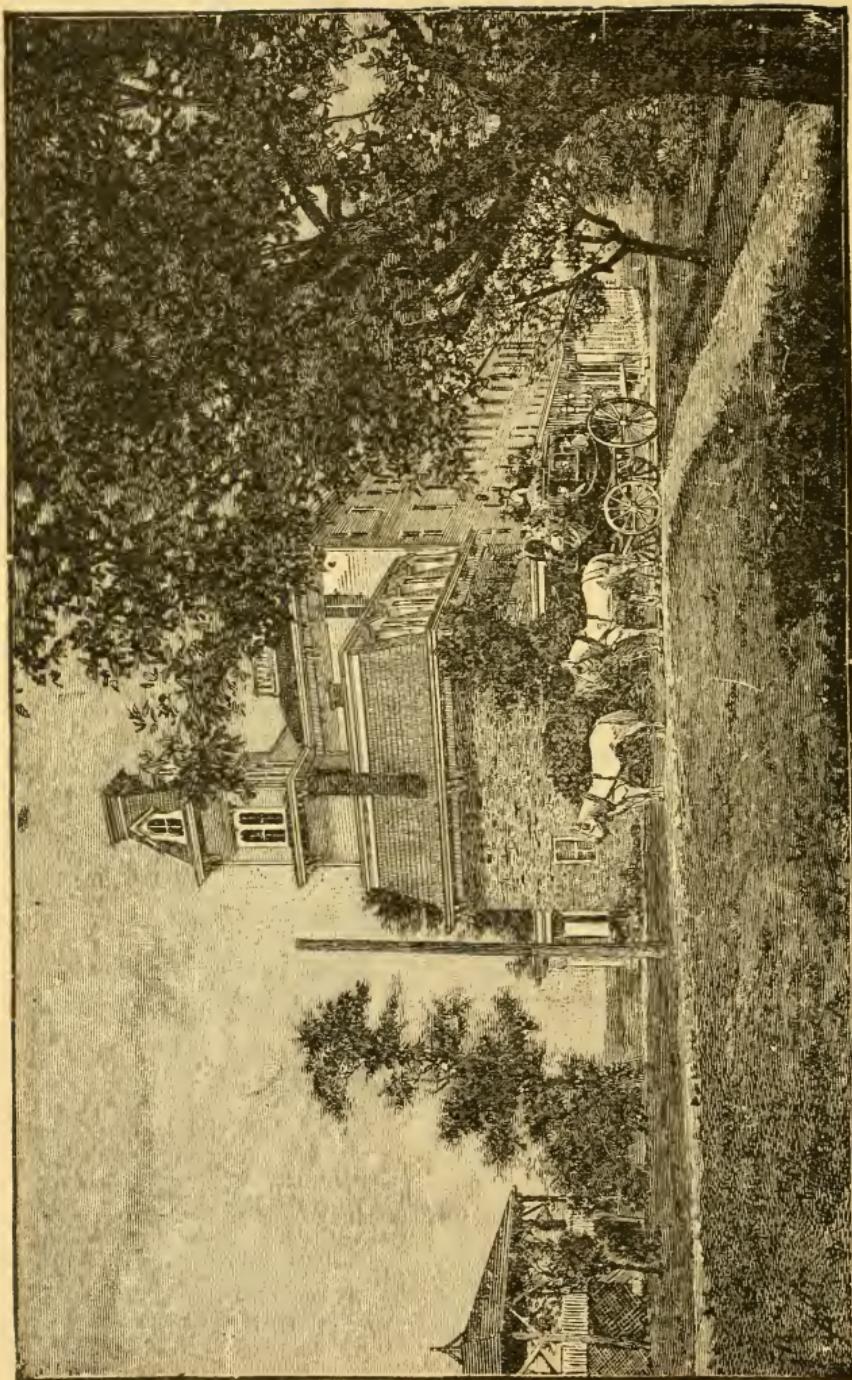


THE GRAND FLUME.

and added their mite to old Ocean's bottom. Long ages rolled away, and floods swept over the uneasy world that reeled and staggered with the pulsations of its heart of fire. The thin shell bubbled up into mountain ridges and broke like crackle glass, then, cooling, left its marks in ragged heights and fearful depths. Then came great icebergs, grinding the uplifted points to atoms in their course, polishing, leveling and filling up the openings. Then the water fled away, leaving the seams and cracks filled with the rich alluvium gathered in passing centuries, holding in its bosom the germs of vegetable life that in time covered all with a mantle of green. The yearly rains descended, and floods swept down from the mountains above, washing outward the loose deposit that had filled the great crevices, and revealed this wonderland of "The Walled Banks of the Au Sable."

Au Sable Chasm had been of local interest for years, but was little known outside until about 1873, when a couple of Philadelphians, to whose attention it had been called, acquired possession, and built stairways, galleries and bridges, which, with the aid of boats near the lower end, enabled visitors to pass through its entire length. In 1879, the wooden galleries were replaced by stone walks with substantial iron railings, bridges were erected above high water mark or made movable, so as to be taken up at the close of the season and put back in the spring, and new boats were placed in the navigable waters below Table Rock, to carry visitors through the otherwise inaccessible portions. The admission to the chasm is 50 cents; the boat ride, 50 cents additional. The boats are in charge of experienced men, and although exciting, the ride is attended with no danger, so the most timid need not hesitate in going.

THE LAKE VIEW HOUSE may be seen on the high ground toward the west as the steamboat passes north from Port Kent. It overlooks Rainbow Falls, the little hamlet known as Au Sable Chasm, the valley of Au Sable above the falls, the village of Keesville, something over a mile distant, and beyond all, the sharp outline of Whiteface Mountain. Toward



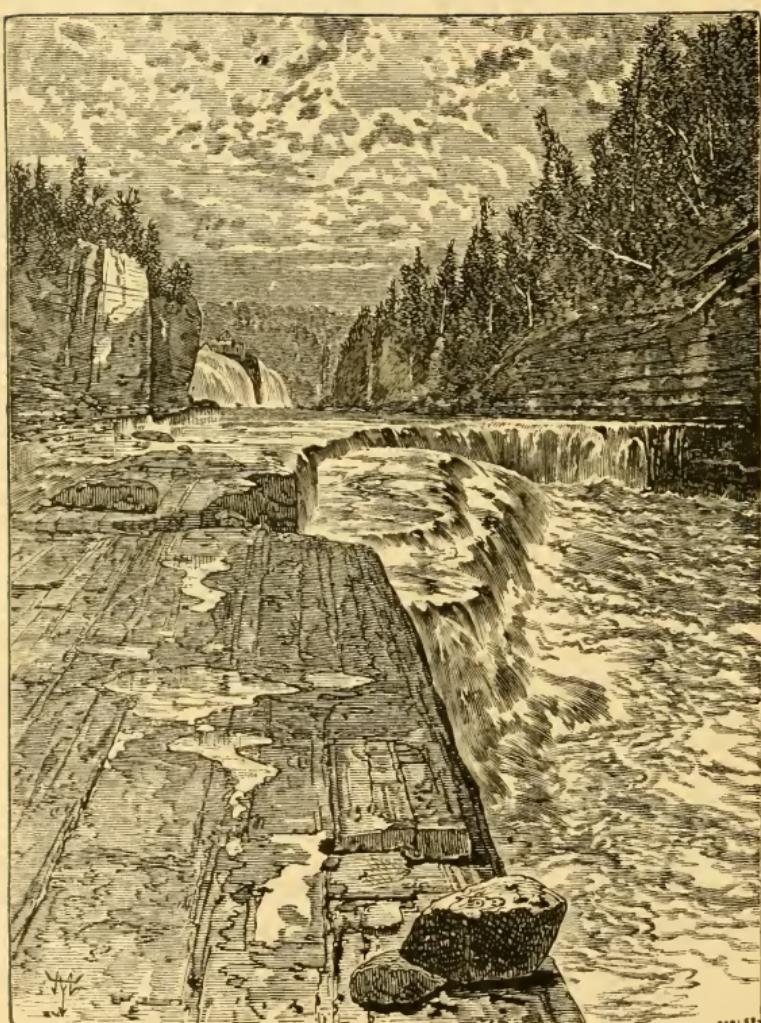
LAKE VIEW HOUSE.

the east, field and forest unite in one broad, grand slope to the shores of Champlain.

The house is four stories in height, with a tower lifted considerably higher, and an open platform on the roof, which gives the beholder a view, sublime in its extent and diversity. The main portion was built in 1874, added to in 1877, and again in 1879. The new part (not shown in the cut) being an extension of the first and second stories toward the north, giving a spacious dining-room and desirable sleeping apartments. Along this on the east is a broad piazza, giving a lake frontage of nearly two hundred feet. Connected with the principal sleeping-rooms are bath-rooms, closets, and other modern appliances for the comfort of guests. Water for general use and to guard against the accident of fire, is forced to the top of the building from the river below. The house is lighted with gas. An open pavilion on the west is one of the breeziest of lounging places imaginable. Southeast of the house are the billiard and bowling alleys and stables. A livery is connected with the hotel, and telegraph and telephone wires enter the office. The house is furnished in a most complete and substantial manner, and the beds are of the best. The table is supplied with vegetables grown on the hotel farm. Altogether the place can be truthfully spoken of in high terms of praise.

Wm. H. Tracy, manager for two years past, is this year lesse of the Lake View House. Mr. Tracy's faculty of making friends and keeping them has brought many guests who will give him good wishes in his new venture, and no doubt contribute to his success by their continued patronage. That he is efficient and popular is proven beyond question, and his presence at the head of affairs here may be accepted as an assurance that whatever can be done to make the visitor's stay agreeable, *will* be done without ostentation, quietly and in good order.

Passing from the Lake View House to the main road a few rods north, and descending the hill toward the west, the entrance to the Chasm is reached. Admission is gained through



HORSESHOE FALLS.

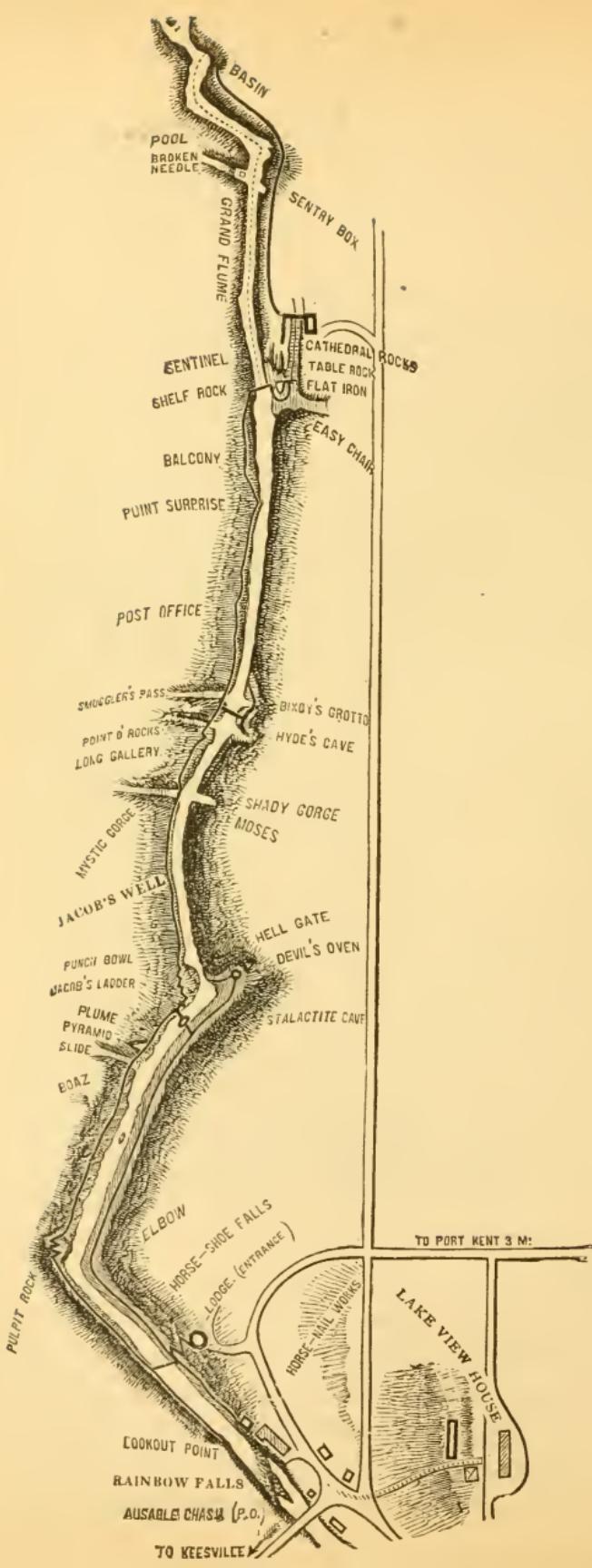
"The Lodge," a picturesque building, octagonal in form pagoda-like, unique and attractive. Within will be found photographs, books and curios pertaining to the place, and the most gracious of wardens who will show you down the steep stairs that lead through the cleft rock to the bottom. Before descending, note the queer effect the stained glass in the lodge windows gives to objects seen through them, where the blue makes frosty winter, and the red the most insufferable of summers of the same objects.

RAINBOW FALLS, at the head of the chasm, flings its mass of water from nearly 70 feet above into the gulf below, and from an equal height, when the conditions are right, a stream like a great waterspout is thrown away out over head from the flume of the works above. Horse Shoe Falls is nearly opposite the entrance. Note its suggestive shape from the lookout, before descending the stairs.

PULPIT ROCK faces us as we approach the Elbow, which is the first turn below the entrance. Split Rock shows on the left at the farthest point visible as you turn around the Elbow. The rock which stands at the left of the opening made by the splitting off of a large fallen mass is called the Elephant's Head, and with the morning sun lighting up the massive front, the name does not seem inappropriate.

Stop when you reach the end of the bridge that crosses here. The Devil's Oven is in the wall which shuts off our farther advance on the right of the stream. Why "Oven" is not so clear, for if you climb the rough rocks and enter its 30 feet of depth, you will not find it the superheated place suggested, but rather the reverse. The same tropical imagination that conceived of this and some of the other names applied to places here, gave to the narrow passage-way at our feet the name of Hell Gate, and looking, one does not really wonder at the fancy. From Hell Gate rising in a great sweep heavenward, away from the rushing waters, is Jacob's Ladder.

Across the bridge we go, around the rocky abutment toward the left, clinging perhaps to the iron railing which prevents our sliding into the water below, beneath overhanging rocks,



over the seething water, across the bridge which spans the Devil's Punch-Bowl—pausing perhaps to glance into the green depths of the Fernery at our left—down across the worn rocks, then zig-zag up the side to a higher level. Here is one of the most remarkable specimens of rock boring in the country, called Jacob's Well, showing where some vagrant stone, caught perhaps in an eddy when the stream ran here, and whirled about continually, ground its way down through the strata of soft rock, until it wore itself out in vain beatings against its prison walls. Here a bridge crosses Mystic Gorge, to the Long Gallery beyond which, descending, we come to Point of Rocks. Note high up the sides of those rocks the segments of a large bowl similar to Jacob's Well, and backward the rapids which, seen from this point, in the sunshine at noon are very beautiful. Opposite this point is Hyde's Cave, named after a venturesome individual who, in 1871, let himself down by a rope from the rocks above and was the first to reach its dual entrance. Below the bridge, which leads to Hyde's Cave, on the same side of the stream, is Bixby's Grotto.

Returning to the north shore, Smuggler's Pass, directly opposite the Grotto, is crossed by a bridge. You may follow along the ledge if you like and lose yourself from sight where, back from the river, this passage winds into quite a large chamber. More stairways are found as we proceed, then comes the Post Office. This post office has neither Post Master nor distinguishing name in the postal department, but nevertheless does a large business, peculiarly its own, as the observant visitor will notice. No charge is made here for drop-letter or cards and many avail themselves of the privilege.

Clinging close to the rocks protected by the iron railing we pass along high up at this point, then through the Hanging Garden, and, descending, cross to Table Rock.

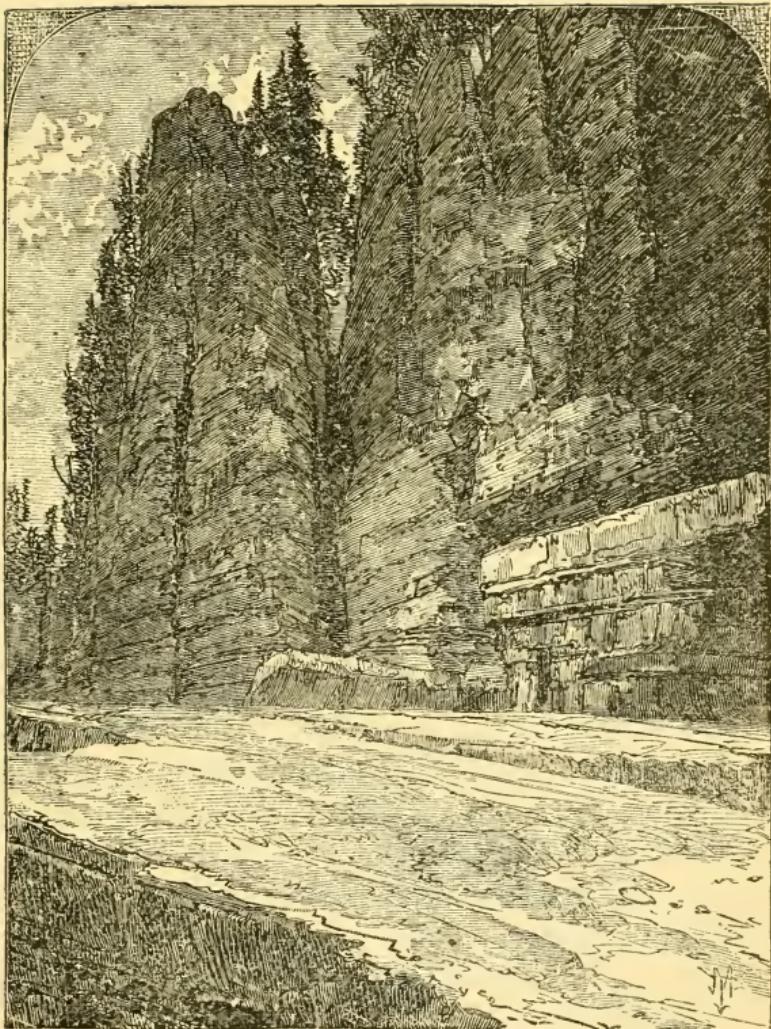
From the upper point of Table Rock look backward through the Upper Flume. See Column Rocks at the farthest visible point on the left, and, if the sun be right, notice the Altar-cloth hanging over the water at the right. Turning; the

Anvil is before you, partially hidden perhaps, by the rustic canopy which has been built against it to afford shade for such as may care to take advantage of it when, for the two or three brief hours in the middle of the day, the sun pours its beams down into this open space. Back of the Anvil, Cathedral Rocks rise a hundred feet above the level floor, suggesting in their broken lines, some vast cathedral's ruined towers and aisles. "The Sentinel" stands guard at the outer corner of Cathedral Rocks.

Through a cleft in the lower edge of Table Rock we descend and enter the large batteaux found waiting here for the passage through the Grand Flume and beyond. Do not fear, for these boats are strong and serviceable to withstand the hard knocks they get at times, and in charge of stalwart boatmen who will guide us safely through the exciting passage below. The Grand Flume reaches from Table Rock for some distance down. Here the water runs straight away, shut in by walls that rise perpendicularly up for more than a hundred feet, while the dip of the rock-strata on either side gives one the queer sensation of running down quite a steep hill.

Here, at the narrowest place, the cliffs are scarcely ten feet apart and the sky above seems but a narrow ribbon of blue. The water seems to round up in the middle and actually to run on edge. No plummet has ever been found to sound its depths. Over this spot the main road crossed years ago and the place is spoken of now by the older inhabitants as "High Bridge." A story is told to the effect that when after a time the bridge was condemned and the plank taken off leaving only the naked log stringers stretched across, a horseman went over one dark and stormy night, unconscious of his danger at the time, although remembering afterward that as he approached in the intense darkness, his horse had hesitated and when urged, moved forward in fear and trembling.

The Lower Gate-Way ends the Long Flume and ushers us into the Pool. The Sentry Box is at the right as we emerge into the open space. On the left there is a larger *creavasse* in which, leaning, stands the Broken Needle. At the Pool, the river turns sharply to the left and leads downward over danc-



THE SENTINEL.

ing rapids where we go until, rounding to the right, we enter quiet water once more, and finally pass out into the basin where, at the landing, carriages are taken to convey us back to the hotel.

It is well to have passed through Au Sable Chasm once in a life time. Such scenes make man realize the puny creature that he is, for—in the somewhat stalwart language of Will Carleton :

“ — To appreciate Heaven well

It is good for man to have some fifteen minutes of Hell.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Photographs of the Chasm may be procured at the Lake View House, where large books, showing the series, are on exhibition.

STAGES leave the Lake View House for Lake Placid every morning, Sundays excepted, at 7 30. Fare, \$4.

THE CHASM HOUSE is on the west side of the river, toward Keesville. It is a substantial-looking stone building, and affords accommodations for 25 guests. M. Whealon, proprietor. Rates, \$2 per day, \$10 to \$14 per week. This house is open the year round.

KEESEVILLE is on the Au Sable River, four miles from Port Kent, and nearly two from Au Sable Chasm. It is one of the thriftiest and most enterprising little villages in the state. It contains a number of fine private residences and public edifices, built of the beautiful, creamy sandstone which underlies this section of the country. The water-power is utilized in the twine, wire, and iron manufactories, and by the Au Sable Horse-Nail Company, here, and at the Nail-Rod Works, on the road to Au Sable Chasm. It has numerous churches, a graded school, and a wide-awake weekly—the Essex County *Republican*—which keeps the public in a healthy state of agitation.

H. M. Mould, druggist and bookseller, supplies many things required in the woods—and the sportsman will do well to consult his needs before going into the farther country. Mr. Mould's assortment of things, ornamental and useful, is large and well chosen.

THE INTERLAKEN is at Augur Lake, a charming bit of water two and a half miles south of Keeseville. It is under the management of Charles Fury, and will be held open summer and winter hereafter. The house is three stories high, with extensive verandas, and, as a concession to those who may fear fires, has inside and outside stairways for the upper floors. Accommodations are offered for about 100 guests. The lake affords fine boating and fishing. Beyond the lake rise the rocky walls of Poke o' Moonshine and Baldface mountains. At the south is the wild Poke o' Moonshine Pass, and near by is Augur Chasm, one of the many wonderful freaks of this section, in character like that of Au Sable Chasm. Connected with the house is an extensive farm, from which the table is supplied. In the immediate vicinity of the house are well-kept croquet and tennis grounds, and extensive pine groves are near by. A well-appointed stable affords the means of riding or driving at will. Special conveyance will meet guests at Keeseville on the arrival of trains if notice is sent in advance. Fare, 50 cents. Rates are from \$7 to \$12 per week; \$2 per day. For particulars, address the manager, at Keeseville.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Returning to the steamer, we see, three miles north of the landing at Port Kent, the sandy mouth of the Au Sable River. "Au Sable" means "a river of sand." A wooded depression in the ground above shows the course of the river. Across from this is the widest uninterrupted portion of the lake, being here nearly eleven miles wide. Measuring into Mallett's Bay, the distance is nearly thirteen miles.

VALCOUR ISLAND is about six miles north of Port Kent, the steamer passing between it and the main land on the west. Here, Oct. 11, 1776, occurred the first naval engagement of the Revolution, between the British, commanded by Captain Thomas Pringle, and the Americans under Benedict Arnold. The British plan was to send a fleet from the north to capture Ticonderoga and clear the way for a junction with the army of

the south, that should come by way of the Hudson. Early in the spring they began the construction of ships at St. Johns, and the last of September the fleet, consisting of a three-masted vessel carrying eighteen guns, and two schooners with thirteen guns each, with smaller vessels—twenty-nine vessels in all, mounting eighty-nine guns, manned by picked seamen and practiced gunners—moved south to the attack. When it became known that preparations of this nature were in progress at St. John, Arnold was commissioned to construct vessels to oppose them, and massing all possible help and material at Skenesborough (now Whitehall), set about the work with tremendous energy, and in August put afloat a number of flat-bottomed sailing craft and row galleys, carrying altogether 84 guns and 152 swivel-guns. The largest of these vessels was the “Royal Savage,” a two-masted schooner carrying fourteen guns. With this force Arnold sailed north, going as far as Windmill Point, then returning, took up a position in the narrow channel between Valcour Island and the main land.

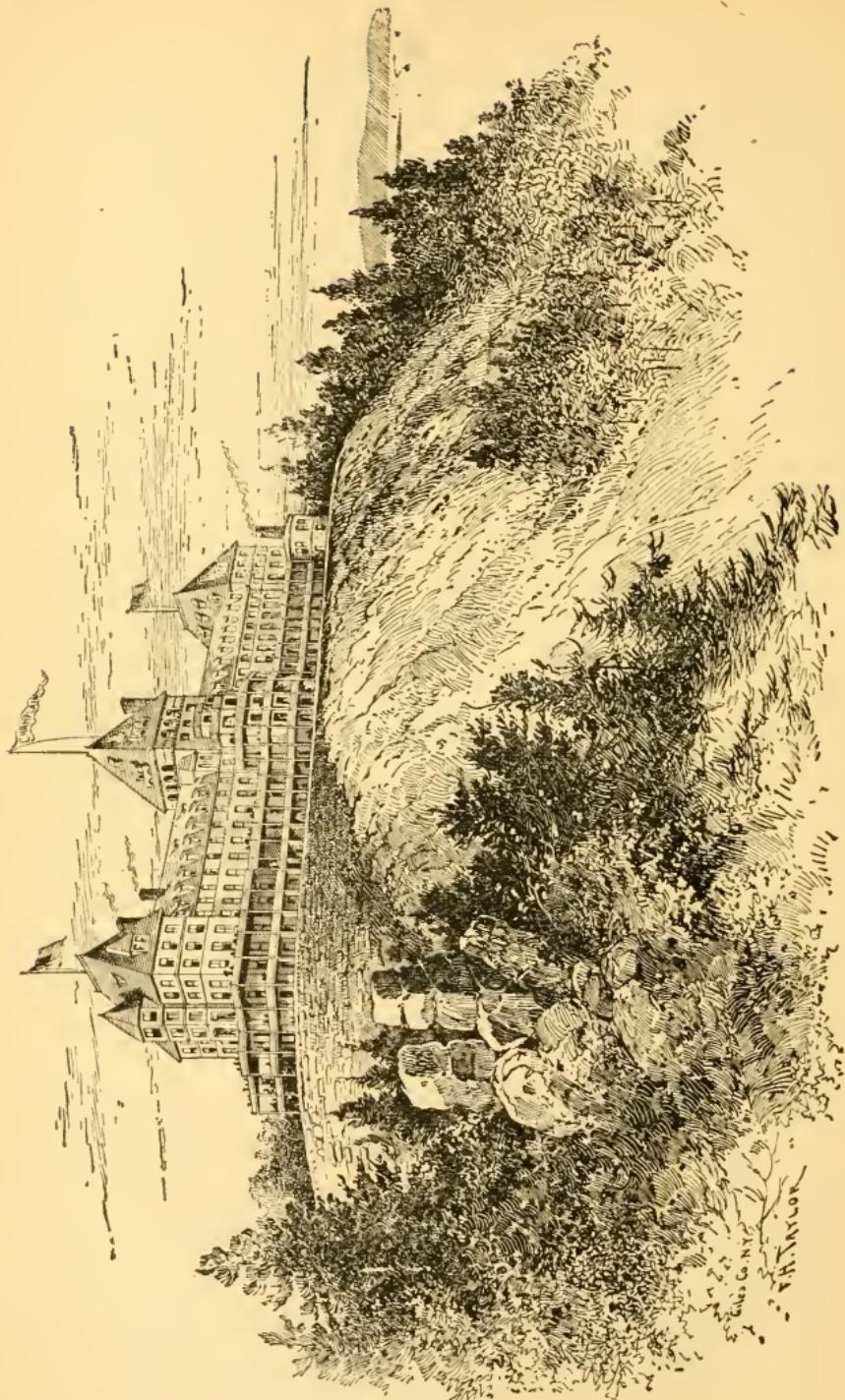
The British fleet, running before the strong north wind, passed on the outside of the island and some distance beyond, before discovering the position of the Americans. So severe was the wind that the larger vessels could not be brought back to attack and only some of the smaller ones with the schooner Carleton finally succeeded in getting in position. The engagement continued most of the afternoon during which the “Royal Savage” was disabled, and drifting on the rocks was abandoned. During the night it was set on fire by the British and sunk. Portions of the hull can yet be seen when the water is still, resting on the bottom where it then went down. The attacking vessels were recalled and anchored in line at the south to cut off the retreat of the Americans. During the night however, the Americans slipped through the British line and in the morning were discovered making industrious tracks toward the south and safety. The British pursuing, over-hauled Arnold near the Four Brothers and a running fight ensued which demonstrated the superiority of

the British vessels and gunners. The remnant of the American boats, almost disabled, was grounded in a bay on the Vermont shore near Panton and set on fire, and Arnold and his men made their way through the woods to Crown Point. In these engagements, although defeated, Arnold acquitted himself in such a manner as to win the admiration of his enemies and the approval of his superior officers. Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn., Jan. 3d, 1741, and died in London, June 14, 1801. As a youth, turbulent; as a soldier, ambitious, bold to rashness and jealous of his fellow officers; dishonest. The transition from discontented rebel to infamous traitor was easy. He was a brilliant commander, his fall was like that of Lucifer.

Valcour Island was the spot selected for "A communal home, based on the principles of social science," where the "Dawn Valcour Community" dawned on the astonished world of 1874, grew into a mighty power (on paper), with "Col." John Wilcox to furnish the intellectual, and "Uncle" Owen Shipman the temporal home; where congenial spirits were invited to commingle in promiscuity, but all too soon were on the ragged edge of individuality, while the musical auctioneer warbled over the odds and ends that remained to satisfy outside demands. In the words of one of its leading members, the thing "busted;" and the "Dawn" was merged into twilight, to furnish another lesson on the practicability of free love.

HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, the superb, is seen on the bold headland that puts out from the west shore just north of Valcour Island. It does not come upon you suddenly, as a revelation. You have seen it over the lake for miles back on your course, before the steamer had touched at Burlington, perhaps, or from the car window as the reeling train swung around Trembleau Mountain nearly ten miles away, and at intervals ever since as the road wound in and out along the shore. Now, as you approach, its magnificent proportions come out in grand relief against the sky.

"Commanding" is not misapplied here. The hotel stands



on a height that breaks away abruptly in all directions for a space, then in gentler slope reaches the level of the lower shores north and south, the water on the east, and the valley toward the west where the trains of the D. & H. flash like gleaming shuttle through the vari-tinted web of cultivated

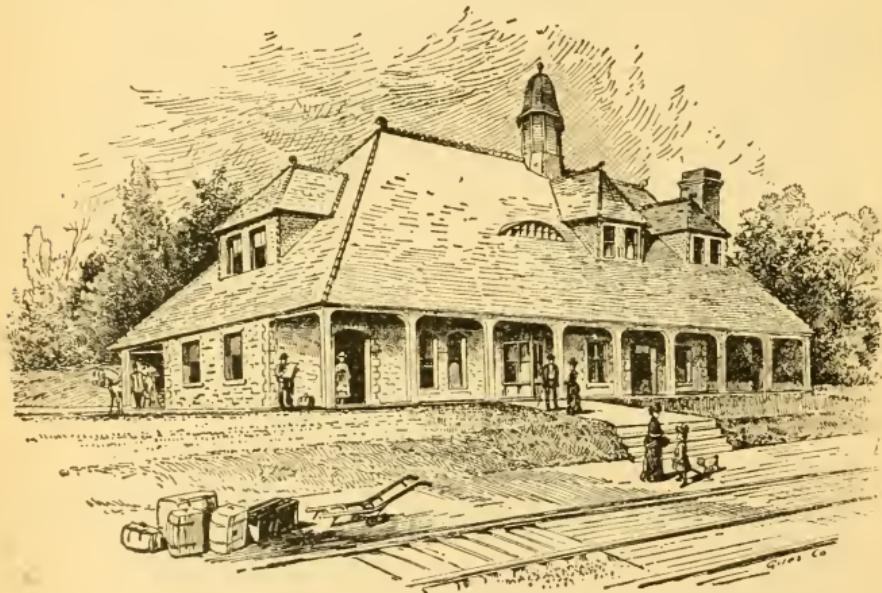
fields and cross-line country roads. Long colonades; broad piazzas conforming to the swelling contour of facing, east, south and west; breezy porticos, and balconies hung along its sides or perched high up on tower and sharply sloping roof, give grace and lightness to the structure that rises above the tops of the trees crowning the rugged bluff. Distance gives to it the lightness of a castle built of straws, the closer view reveals it solid and substantial as the most realistic could wish.

At a moderate elevation it commands in an unbroken circuit a panorama that for picturesque variety and beauty is equaled perhaps nowhere in the country. Having no near mountain heights to dwarf its own strong setting, it looks out from its own native wilderness over land and water diversified and changeful. It is restful, rather than overpowering with great heights and dismal depths. Right and left runs the valley with its checker-board of field and woodland; its network of roads; its quaint farm buildings gathered here and there in little knots that form hamlets and prosperous villages, and beyond, hills rising into the ranges of the Adirondacks that stretch across, pointed at intervals with the grander mountain peaks. Towards the east a broad swath has been cut out through the green trees down to the water's edge, where busy life attends as the steamers come and go. Here gleam the beach of "The Singing Sands" circling in a broad belt toward the south, between the restless water and the thick growing cedars. Toward the north are perpendicular cliffs that attain quite a height—the bluffs which undoubtedly gave to the point its name. They are cleft asunder at one place and made memorable by the tradition of the White Squaw and the Bloody Hand that left its marks on the walls and later as the place where smugglers successfully landed their stores free from suspicion because of its seeming inaccessibility to those who were not in the secret.

Valcour Island lies like a garden below, bordered with its varying belt of shrubbery. Beyond stretches the broad lake, dotted here and there with islands, to the shores of Vermont.

the Green Mountains beyond rising into the heights of Camel's Hump and Mount Mansfield. North and east are Grand Isle and the Great Back Bay; at the north Cumberland Head, the sweeping circle of Plattsburgh Bay, where occurred that splendid naval battle of 1814, the last, as the Battle of Valcour was the first, with the mother country—and nearer, the little island where sleep the dead of that eventful day.

Within the hotel is found everything that appertains to a—oh much, and ill-used term—first-class house. Every modern appliance tending to the comfort of guests will be found here,



D. & H. RAILROAD STATION.

and that its management will be all which time and experience has shown to be the most acceptable to the travelled public, may be confidently expected, for is not that prince of hotel-keepers, O. D. Seavy of Hotel Ponce de Leon, to be at its head?

Excursions may be made by steamboat from this point south to Ticonderoga or north among the islands and on to the fishing grounds of the Lake. A fleet of boats, ranging from the light Whitehall skiff to the dainty little steam yacht, are here for charter. Drives are many and varied, and equipages here to suit all occasions. The distance from New York is 308 miles; fare, \$8.05. To Montreal, 77 miles; fare

\$2.71. Quick and convenient train service will be maintained throughout the season north and south. Trains on the Chateaugay Railroad leave in the morning, arriving at Saranac Lake and the various hotels reached by the Chateaugay Railroad in time for dinner.

CRAB ISLAND, some distance north of Valcour, is the burial place of the common sailors and marines who fell in the battle of Plattsburgh. North of this, and projecting well out across the lake, is Cumberland Head, from which the shore recedes toward the north and west, then comes back in a wide sweep, embracing the waters of Cumberland Bay.

THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH took place here in 1814. Stripped of detail, the account of this decisive battle is as follows: On a beautiful Sabbath morning, September 11th, 1814, the American land forces under General McComb, and the American fleet under Commodore Macdonough, were simultaneously attacked by the British land and water forces, under General Sir George Provost and Commodore Downie. The engagement resulted in a complete victory for the former, only a few small boats of the enemy effecting a successful retreat. At the commencement of the naval engagement, the British land forces, consisting of 14,000 infantry, advanced against the Americans, 3,000 strong, entrenched at points along the south bank of the river, but were repulsed with a loss of 2,500 in killed, wounded and missing. They also lost immense stores, which were abandoned in their retreat—which served them right for breaking the Sabbath. The ruins of the old forts are to be seen on the south outskirts of the village. The largest—Fort Moreau—is in the centre, Fort Brown, on the bank of the river, and Fort Scott near the lake. This is a regular army post now. The barracks, about a mile south of the village, near the lake shore, built in 1838, are occupied by a company of soldiers belonging to the regular army.

PLATTSBURGH is on the west shore of this bay, a thriving village of 8,000 inhabitants. It is of considerable commercial importance, being on the direct line between New York and Montreal, 311 miles from the former and 74 from the latter. It is the northern terminus of the Au Sable (Branch) Rail-

road, and from it the Chateaugay Railroad penetrates the mountains toward the west. Plattsburgh is thoroughly cosmopolitan, with an opinion to offer on every question of the day, exerting no mean influence through its wide-awake newspapers, the, *Daily Telegram*, and the *Sentinel and Republican*—the latter instituted in 1811, and, notwithstanding its age, one of the most reliable and ably conducted democratic weeklies in the state.

The first settler in this region was Count Charles de Fredenburgh, a captain in the English army. The warrant conveying the land to him bore date June 11, 1769.

The property reverting to the state after the Revolution, was granted, in 1784, to Zephaniah Platt and others, and incorporated into the town of Plattsburgh, April 4, 1785. A company was then organized which, in June of the same year, erected a mill at Fredenburgh Falls. The estimate of expense contained, among other items, the following: "For bread, \$65; for rum \$80." They used a great deal of bread in those days.

In the year 1800 Plattsburgh was the county seat, its territory extending from Lake George on the south to Canada and the St. Lawrence River on the north and west. The village then possessed a population of less than 300, and within the county limits were owned at this time 58 slaves.

THE FOQUET HOUSE is at the depot, and affords a convenient stopping place for parties arriving late or desiring to take an early train out.

THE WITHERILL HOUSE is near the post-office. It is elegant in its appointments, its pictures and decorations displaying a high degree of artistic taste.

THE CUMBERLAND stands at the corner of Trinity Square. It is one of the oldest hotels, and has a large patronage. G. S. Corbin, an ex-railroad man, liberal and popular with the traveling public, is the proprietor. A free bus runs to and from all boats and trains, and ample time is given parties arriving on the sleeper from the south to get breakfast and a view of the surrounding country, if so inclined, before starting

up the Chateaugay Railroad for the interior. Rates, \$2 per day; \$10 to \$12 per week.

There is also an excellent restaurant in the depot, under railroad management. Here a good lunch can be had at a moderate price, or a comfortable meal during the twenty minutes usually given for that purpose between the arrival and departure of trains.

In a private letter to the author, that enthusiastic sportsman, Dr. George F. Bixby, editor of the Plattsburgh *Republican*, says: "In the universal rush for the woods and waters of the Adirondacks, Lake Champlain has been shamefully overlooked; here are islands which now appear in all their original beauty as when Champlain first saw them, the abode of eagles, so secluded are they, and here is better fishing, all the year round, than any other body of water in Northern New York can boast of; big hungry fish, voracious pike, huge black bass, as well as the muscallonge—that nearly extinct fish—the noblest and gamiest that swims, ready for the fisherman at all seasons. In their season, water fowl abound—enormous black ducks and wild geese, with smaller game in abundance. Lake Champlain is also, of late, attracting the attention of canoeists, yachtsmen (both steam and sail) and camping parties, on account of facility of access from the Hudson and St. Lawrence for all kinds of craft; hospitality of inhabitants; pure air; pure water; delightful scenery, eligible camping grounds and abundant bases of supplies, all offering irresistible attraction to those unable to endure the fatigue incident to a lodge in the vast wilderness, or that other class who are 'constitutionally tired,' and to whom distance lends enchantment to the view of Adirondack peaks. To such I offer a word of advice—halt near the north end of the lake, in some of the comfortable homes, whose doors will be thrown open for a moderate consideration, or encamp beneath the friendly shade of some island grove, where the punkies cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

ROUSE'S POINT, according to the United States Coast Survey, is 107 miles north of Whitehall. It is the most important port of entry on the frontier. Five railroads centre here, viz.: The D. & H., leading to New York, the O. & L. C., to Ogdensburg and the Thousand Islands, the Grand Trunk to Montreal, the Portland & Ogdensburg to the White Mountains, and the Central Vermont to Boston and the south-east.

HOTEL WINDSOR is on the lake shore a short distance south of the little village, far enough to be free from its bustle and removed entirely from the annoying sounds of traffic and confusion at the busy station. It commands a widely extended view of the lake, its islands, and the distant mountains of Vermont, whose swelling sides and rounded peaks change continually under the passing shadows like the shifting forms of the kaleidoscope. Along shore and over among the islands are famous fishing grounds where the skillful angler—and sometimes those not so highly skilled—find very satisfactory sport with the voracious pike, the gamey bass, and the dainty yellow perch. A photograph is shown by the proprietor of the hotel, where a string of about three dozen pickerel, pike, bass, and Muscallonge with a certified weight of 130-odd pounds, show the result of a single day's sport. A lithographic copy of the photograph has a "fishy" look, but the photograph is proof positive, for "the instrument never lies." The house is nearly new; fresh and inviting in appearance, the furnishing is good, the beds of the best, while the table is exceptionally nice. The proprietor is Charles F. Beck, of the well-known Florida House at St. Augustine, Florida. Steam yachts for excursions, sail-boat and skiff for fisherman and idler; riding, driving, and the regulation lawn sports are available here, so that none need lack for amusements.

A free carriage runs to all trains. New York morning papers arrive early in the evening. Telegraph in the hotel office. Price for board, \$2.50 to \$3 per day; \$12 to \$15 per week.

THE COQUETTE is a screw steamer with headquarters here. It is a steel hull, 114 feet long and 22 feet beam, with a cabin on the main deck, a platform with awning above, buffet and other conveniences. Captain Rockwell (Pilot Rockwell of our narrative 73) is the commander. The Coquette leaves the Windsor at about 7:30 in the morning, touching at the island landings, at Plattsburgh and Port Kent, and arrives at Burlington about noon. Returning, reaches Rouses Point about 6, in time for supper and to connect with trains for the north and west.

FORT MONTGOMERY, a little way north of the long bridge, is an interesting ruin belonging to the United States. About a mile north of this a belt of woodland marks the boundary line between the United States and Canada.

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The O. & L. C. railroad runs west from Rouses Point to Ogdensburg from which place the Thousand Islands can be reached by boat or rail. For a portion of the way this road runs through wild land and from it several important gateways enter the Adirondacks.

CHATEAUGAY is 45 miles west of Rouses Point, a somewhat thriving country village of about 700 population with two hotels, stores, etc. Chateaugay Chasm,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of the station, rivals Au Sable Chasm in many respects, and deserves to take rank among the wonders of the Adirondack region. It is about a half mile in extent, walled in by perpendicular cliffs, through which the river runs, descending in its first leap a distance of 50 feet; thence by numerous broken steps, throughout its entire length. It is rendered accessible to the public by means of stairways, galleries, etc. The Chasm House stands at the entrance. It is much resorted to by local picnic parties and by wonder-seekers from a distance.

CHATEAUGAY LAKE (Lower) outlet is 8 miles south of the station. Stage daily. The lake is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and is connected with the Upper Lake by a navigable stream about



the same length. A steamer runs at intervals through the two lakes, and a road along the east shore affords means of transit. The hotels of the Upper Lake are "Merrill's," "Rolph's" and "Indian Point House". See page 59.

MALONE, the county seat of Franklin, is 57 miles from Rouses Point and 61 from Ogdensburg. It is a flourishing village, and one of the important towns of the state. "Hotel Flanagan" is the leading house. Rates, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day. W. R. & S. J. Flanagan, Proprietors. Lake Titus, 8 miles south, may be reached by special conveyance.

This pretty sheet is about 2 miles long, and a quarter that in width. Limited accommodations may be found at the outlet. The Mountain View House is at the State Dam, on the Salmon River, 13 miles from Malone. Accommodations are here for about 30 guests, R. G. Low, proprietor. Post-office, Malone, N. Y. Rates, \$10 to 15 per week, \$2.50 per day. Indian Lake is one-third of a mile north, and outlets into the river above the State Dam. From it a trail leads north to the road running east to Ragged Lake ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, including the "Figure Eight"). The two are connected by a short stream and one-third mile carry. The name of each is descriptive enough. Ingraham Pond is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles west of the head of Ragged Lake. Across from the shore opposite the Ragged Lake House, a trail leads east 1 mile to Mountain Pond; thence northeast 4 miles to the outlet of Chateaugay Lake. Mechanic Lake House is 25 miles from Malone, and 12 miles from Paul Smith's Station. Will accommodate 75. Rates, \$10 to \$17.50 per week; \$2 to \$3 per day. A. R. Fuller, proprietor. Meacham Lake is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles long. Its outlet is the east branch of the St. Regis River.

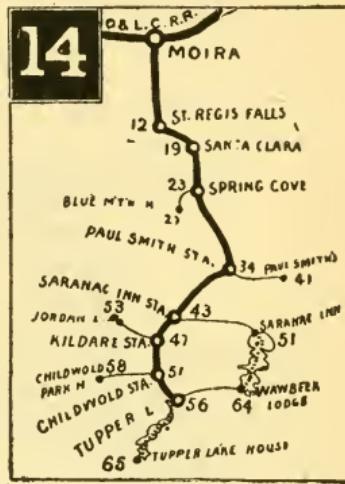
THE NORTHERN ADIRONDACK RAILROAD extends from Moira, 70 miles west of Rouses Point, south to Tupper Lake Station, a distance of 56 miles. The Blue Mountain House (P. O. Santa Clara), near Blue Mountain of the North, is four miles southwest of Spring Cove (daily stage 75 cents), will ac-

commodate 50. Board \$1.50 per day; \$6 to \$9 per week. H. Phelps, proprietor.

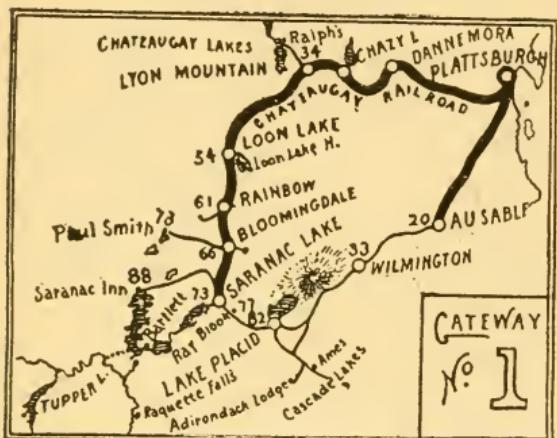
Stages are taken at Paul Smith Station for St. Regis Lake (see page 60); at Saranac Inn Station for Saranac Inn, 8 miles distant (see page 106); at Childwood Station for Childwood Park House, 7 miles (see page 108), and at Tupper Lake Station for Wawbeek Lodge, 8 miles (see page 105.) Steamboat runs from Tupper Lake Station to the hotels on Tupper Lake (page 109). During the summer, a through train service is maintained from New York via the N. Y. C. and R. W. & O. Railroads.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE CHATEAUGAY RAILROAD extends from Plattsburgh to Saranac Lake, a distance of 73 miles. The first section was built by the State to reach Clinton Prison, at Dannemora, 17 miles from Plattsburgh. In 1880, it was extended to Lyon Mountain, 17 miles further; but the influx of Adirondack tourists was increasing, and the road, that climbed an altitude of 2,000 feet to Lyon Mountain, must go farther into the wilderness. So it was extended to Loon Lake. In 1888, 19 miles more were added, bringing it to Saranac Lake, distributing its passengers by various stage routes that branch from it to a score or more of summer hotels. By it tourists reach Chazy, Chateaugay, Loon, Rainbow, St. Regis, and Upper and Lower Saranac Lakes, Ray Brook, Lake Placid and Mirror Lake, reaching even into Cascade Lakes and Adirondack Lodge. A Wagner sleeping car leaves Grand



Central Station, New York, daily the year round, for Plattsburgh, where passengers are given time for breakfast before leaving for the interior. During the pleasure season, passengers can leave Grand Central Station 7:30 P. M., connecting with trains leaving Plattsburgh 7:30 A. M., and reach the various



resorts in time for dinner. Passengers can leave New York at 6 P. M. by Hudson River night boats and by the Adirondack special from Albany or Troy, reach Plattsburgh at 12:20 and Saranac Lake 4:30 P. M. the following day.

This enables passengers to take the stage ride from the railroad to the various hotels in the cool of the day. Drawing room cars are run on all trains. Sleeping and drawing-room car accommodations can be secured in advance at any of the stations. A Sunday train each way will run during July and August.

Leaving Plattsburgh, the road runs south for a short distance, out past the U. S. Barracks; then swings around toward the west, and crossing the Saranac River 10 miles from Plattsburgh, climbs diagonally up out of the valley.

DANNEMORA is 17 miles from, and 1,300 feet above, Plattsburgh. Clinton Prison is situated here, and affords a quiet home for a number of people of leisure, who pass their time in meditation, making clothing, and other congenial pursuits.

From Dannemora, the road swings westerly, around the south side of Johnson Mountain, and north, near the west shore of Chazy Lake; then, west and southerly to the mines; running 17 miles to reach a point nine miles distant in a straight line.

CHAZY LAKE is nearly four miles long and a mile wide. Chazy Lake House has an advertised capacity for 50 to 60

guests. Rates \$2.50 per day; \$12.00 to \$16.00 per week. Open, May to October 15. This house stands near the north end of the lake, and may be reached by boat from Chazy Station. Fare 50 cents.

LYON MOUNTAIN is the centre of extensive mining operations of the Chateaugay Ore and Iron Company, and exists at the pleasure of that corporation. In 1878 it contained only a few scattered houses; it now has a hotel, stores, and churches, with about 2,500 inhabitants, and is in a thriving condition. It is peculiarly a mining town in appearance; lacking, however, the usual accompaniment of gambler and rumseller, for people of that ilk are not tolerated here. The attention of all good moral people, who say these two evils should be licensed, because prohibition can never prohibit, is respectfully called to this spot.

UPPER CHATEAUGAY LAKE is about four miles in length and one broad. It empties at the north, through a winding stream, into the Lower Lake, which is somewhat smaller than the upper. It is picturesque with its surrounding mountains and rugged shores. It is reached by stage from Lyon Mountain, 4 miles, and from Chateaugay Station on the O. & L. C. R. R. by a 6 mile stage ride and by connecting boat through the lower lake and narrows. It has a number of summer cottage-camps on the west shore. Seth Thomes, of clock fame, is on the east side near the south end. Hon. John H. Moffitt, M. C., has a camp on the island near the centre of the lake.

A small steamboat leaves the foot of the lower lake on the arrival of the stage from Chateaugay station twice a day during the season, running through the lower lake and the connecting stream and through the upper lake, landing at all camps and hotels, making a distance of about 8 miles. The trip through lakes and winding river is a pleasant and interesting one, the fare 50 cents.

RALPH'S is on the east shore  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Lyon Mountain (stage fare 50 cents). It has capacity for about 100 guests. Open from June 15th to October 1st. Rates, \$3.00 per day; \$12.00 to \$16.00 per week. J. W. Hutton, Proprietor.

Here will be found tennis, billiards and bowling, for lovers of such amusements, boats, guides and camp supplies for the

sportsman, and fishermen who know the places wherein lurk the trout for which this lake is noted. The house and environment is specially attractive because of its air of neatness that extends from office to kitchen ; the beds are of the best and the table equaled by few of the most famous. There is a telegraph office in the hotel and two mails daily. The New York morning papers arrive early in the afternoon. The proprietor is agreeable and obliging. During the summer season he is here to make things pleasant for the visitor. When winter comes he is off like the birds to Florida where he entertains his cold blooded patrons from the north. House and man are equally voted a success.

MERRILL'S is near the outlet, with accommodations for about fifty. Rates \$10.00 to \$14.00 per week, with a discount for small children. Post-office ("Merrills," N. Y.) and telegraph office in the house. Oliver Young, proprietor. The house stands about 60 feet back from the water's edge on rising ground. It is one of these long rambling cozy sort of structures that gives you a sense of homelike welcome, never felt before the triumph in classic architecture. The view from the house is beautiful, showing the entire stretch of the lake with the surrounding mountains closing it in. Merrill's has been for years a noted resort among old hunters and fishermen. The smaller game birds and water fowl are here in their season, squirrels and foxes abound, and deer and bear are not uncommon additions to the list of the killed. It gives also by its position near the outlet, a choice of lake or river fishing according to day or season. It furnishes outfits and supplies for hunter and fishermen. It maintains special baited buoys in the lake for trout and shad at the service of its guests. For home amusements is a tennis court and base-ball ground. For riding or driving, horses and carriages can be had. For fishing or rowing, boats, guides and outfits to suit. Stages meet all trains at Lyon Mountain, about four miles distant. Fare 50 cents. Steamboat through to the lower lake connecting with stage for the railroad at Chateaugay. Fare, steamboat and stage, \$1.00.

THE INDIAN POINT HOUSE is on the west side of the lake near the south end; capacity about 40 guests. Rates, \$1.50 per day, \$8 to \$10 per week. Post-office address, "Merrill's, N. Y." R. M. Shutts, proprietor. The accommodations are in a group of buildings that have grown to meet the increasing demand of visitors, and the equipment consists of some of the best beds made, and furniture comfortable enough to fill all reasonable desires. It is strictly a temperance house, no liquor being sold on the premises. Steamboats run regularly to connect with the stage at Ralph's and through to the Lower Lake to connect with stage for the O. & L. C. Railroad. Fare to railroad, \$1. Mr. Shutts is a veteran hunter and fisherman, and his house is admirably located for lovers of wild-woods sports. Some of the best fishing grounds of the lake are close by the house. At the back is a dense forest that reaches out into the wild section, through which trails run to smaller sheets of water that are little known except to the local hunter and fisherman. All requisites for sport are supplied when wanted.

\* \* \* \* \*

The railroad swings around the west side of Lyon Mountain affording a beautiful and extended view of Chateaugay Lake at one point where the woods have been cut away for that purpose. Then come forge and coal-kilns, and beyond, winding west and south, the road penetrates a wild and interesting section, heretofore almost an unknown wilderness, until Loon Lake is reached. Loon Lake extends south from the station, and is about two and a half miles long, with high banks and irregular shores.

The Loon Lake House stands on the high ridge which, like the rim of some wide-mouthed volcano, holds the lake within its circling walls at its south end, while beyond, the land drops rapidly down into the deep valley of the Saranac. The house is roomy, well furnished, and, together with the cottages, has capacity for about 300 guests. Price for board, \$3.50 to \$5 per day, \$17 to \$25 per week. Ferd. W. Chase, proprietor. Post office, Loon Lake. Stages meet all trains at Loon Lake Station; fare 50 cents.

Skirting the western shore of the Lake the train swings around the east side of Long Pond, and winding in and out between other small ponds and among low sand dunes that are scantily covered with tufted grass, reaches Rainbow Station, 61 miles from Plattsburgh.

THE RAINBOW HOUSE is three miles west of Rainbow Station. Fifty guests can be accommodated here. Board \$2.50 per day; \$10.00 to \$15.00 per week. J. M. Wardner, proprietor. Post office, Rainbow, N. Y.

This house has more than the usual number of attractions for the hunter or fisherman, as might be expected, where the proprietor himself is an ardent lover of sport, and combines with a hearty good-fellowship a knowledge of the habits and haunts of wild game possessed by few. Mr. Wardner is cordially seconded in all his enterprises by his efficient help-meet, who counts among her accomplishments that of a taxidermist and gives practical evidence of her work by filling every corner of the house with native specimens of the art. The house is finished in a most substantial manner with native woods, and arranged to be warmed comfortably throughout in case of a sudden lowering of the temperature, such as may be expected here by the early fishermen or the hunter who tarries for late shooting. This is noted fishing ground and claims the proud distinction of yielding the largest lake trout on record, one having a weight of 52 pounds. Numerous small ponds in this vicinity yield excellent fishing while Rainbow Lake, and Wardner Pond (which comes close up to the house) with adjacent waters have been stocked with 800,000 trout fry the past five years, affording rare sport and astonishing results, sometimes to even the unpracticed fisherman. Telegraph office and post office are in the house. Carriages run to all trains at Rainbow Station, fare 75 cents. Recent improvements have been made in the surroundings that will be appreciated by visitors. The large farm connected with the house insures a supply of farm products, fresh and healthful.

## THE ADIRONDACKS.

BLOOMINGDALE (station) is 66 miles from Plattsburgh. Here stages are taken for Bloomingdale and Paul Smith's.

THE CRYSTAL SPRING HOUSE, just outside the hamlet of Bloomingdale, is one and a half miles east of the station. Stage fare, 25 cents. It is a pleasant and attractive place, with a reputation for homelike comfort seldom attained by houses much older. It is nicely finished and comfortably furnished. M. L. Baldwin, the original proprietor, again assumes the management. Accommodations are here offered for 30 guests. Board \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week, \$2.00 per day. Mr. Baldwin is manifestly filled with a desire to make and keep friends, and his house is eminently satisfactory.

ST. REGIS LAKE HOUSE, familiarly known as Paul Smith's, is seven miles west of Bloomingdale Station. Stage fare, \$1. Paul Smith came here in 1861, and built a small house among the pines, on Lower St. Regis Lake, for the accommodation of sportsmen. It had a rapid growth in business, and soon reached remarkable proportions. The house has a stated capacity for 500 guests. Rates, \$4.00 per day, \$21.00 to \$30.00 per week. A. A. Smith, proprietor. Post-office, "Paul Smith's." This point is reached also from the Northern Adirondack Railroad, over which during the season of pleasure travel cars are run from Grand Central Station, New York, without change. For descriptive and excursion book of the section covered by this route, address A. C. Allison, G. P. A., Moira, N. Y.

LOWER ST. REGIS LAKE is about two miles long by one broad, discharges west through the middle branch of the St. Regis River. It is about 1,600 feet above tide. The surrounding country is tame compared with the mountain districts, the only elevation of any considerable importance being St. Regis Mountain.

SARANAC LAKE (village) is 73 miles from Plattsburgh. Fare from New York, by rail, \$11.75. For matter relating to this section see page 95.

PEASLEVILLE lies among the hills about ten miles due west from Hotel Champlain on the little river that empties into the lake at the south of Bluff Point. It is a place comparatively unknown to the summer tourist—outside the great public thoroughfares where the pleasure-seeker goes up and down. It is reached best over the Au Sable branch of the "D. & H." railroad from Plattsburgh to Peru, thence by carriage six miles west. It lies between two parallel mountain spurs that project eastward from the great Adirondack system, enclosing the Salmon River Valley. The elevation is sufficient to give it a pure and bracing atmosphere, and the views from its near heights are far-reaching and restful. On the one hand, the valley stretches away toward old Whiteface till it is lost in the higher land of the Adirondack plateau; on the other, it includes the most beautiful portion of the Champlain Valley, the broad lake and the Green Mountains beyond. At frequent intervals the river is fed by little streams from living springs on the mountain sides, with water as pure, sweet and wholesome as the earth affords. Brook trout fishing—good before and seldom indulged in here except by the local angler with the crudest of tackle—has recently been greatly improved by stocking the principal streams, and affords very satisfactory sport to the fisherman, experienced or otherwise. Partridges are abundant on the mountains, and, with squirrels, afford fit targets for the fowling piece which is the only firearm that one needs to take to this section. For amusements, Davis Pond, a mile long by a fourth that in width, gives opportunity for boating while the many picturesque roads that branch out as the valley widens at the east and west ends, afford unlimited extent and variety that cannot fail in some instance, at least, to prove delightful. Accommodations can be found among the farm houses in the valley (or on the mountain sides, if one is inclined to seek the greater elevations) where wholesome country fare, with an abundance of fresh farm and dairy products can be had and willing and unstinted service, respecting which address Arnold & Ricketson, Peasleville, Clinton Co.. N. Y., for particulars of names and places.

THE AU SABLE BRANCH R. R. extends from Plattsburgh, 40 miles, in a southwesterly direction, to Au Sable Station. Coaches leave Au Sable on the arrival of morning train from Plattsburgh and stage from Au Sable Chasm, going *via* Wilmington Notch, where dinner is had; arriving at Lake Placid at about 3. Fare from Au Sable Station to Wilmington, \$1, to Lake Placid, \$2.50.

A stage runs daily from Au Sable Forks, 13 miles above Au Sable Station, to Keen Valley, 20 miles south, *via* Lower and Upper Jay.

When, in '73, the Professor and I made our first visit to this section, there were no palace cars to set us down in the midst of the lake country, nor even a coach to carry us to the interior, but instead we journeyed in a chartered rig, from Au Sable Chasm to Wilmington and beyond. If you will come with us on that trip we will show you a section delightfully wild and picturesque, as yet only partially developed and not appreciated at half its true worth—a section remarkable for striking features, even in a country whose untiring charm is its variety; its strong contrasts, and its rapid changes.

Following the route shown in gateway No. 2, we were in due time deposited on the steps of the old Whiteface Mountain House at Wilmington, where we were confronted by a big, square-looking fellow, with pants in boots and signs of fun in his clear, blue eye. We enquired if he was landlord.

With a quizzical look down at his working-clothes, he replied: "Well, I don't know. It's been so long since we had company, that it don't pay to keep a landlord; but you'd better come in." So we entered, and were soon as comfortable and contented as a good supper and a roaring fire could make us.

WILMINGTON gives marked evidence of former prosperity, and, at some past time, was a centre of considerable importance. Now it is a little hamlet, combining the old and the new picturesquely enough, prettily located on the west branch of the Au Sable River, where it flows along under the east base of Whiteface Mountain.

BLISS' HOTEL, situated on the west side of the river, is where visitors now find entertainment, instead of at the old Mountain House, where we stopped on our first visit. Greatly increased travel makes this hotel important, it being a convenient stopping and dining place for travelers over this route to Lake Placid. The proprietor is both capable and obliging, which fact, with his appetizing meals and excellent accommodations, has given the house a good reputation on its merits. From Bliss' to the summit of Whiteface is six miles, and saddle-horses for the ascent may be had at the hotel. Still water on the river affords a mile and a half of pleasant boating. Distances from Bliss' are as follows: To Au Sable Station, 13 miles; to Lake Placid, 16 miles; to Wilmington Pass, 6 miles; to Big Falls, 4 miles; to Flume,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The house accommodates 30 to 50 and offers real attractions to permanent guests, as well as hungry wayfarers. Rates \$8 to \$12 per week; \$2 per day; 75 cts. per meal. L. M. Bliss, proprietor.

THE STORRS HOUSE, for some time past the only hotel here, is on the east side of the river. Capacity 30. Board \$8 per week; \$2.00 per day; 75 cents per meal. Ira H. Storrs, proprietor.

Stage daily from morning train at Ausable Station, running through to Lake Placid. Returning, leaves Lake Placid in the morning, and passing through Wilmington, connects at Ausable Station with afternoon train to Plattsburgh, and stages for Keeseeville and Ausable Chasm. Fare to Ausable Station, \$1.00; to Lake Placid, \$1.50.

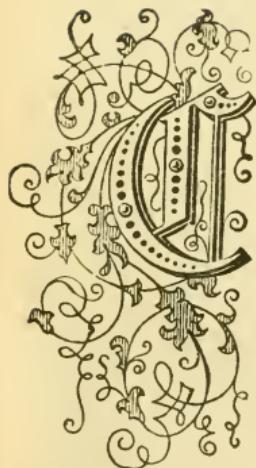


SUMMIT OF WHITEFACE MOUNTAIN.

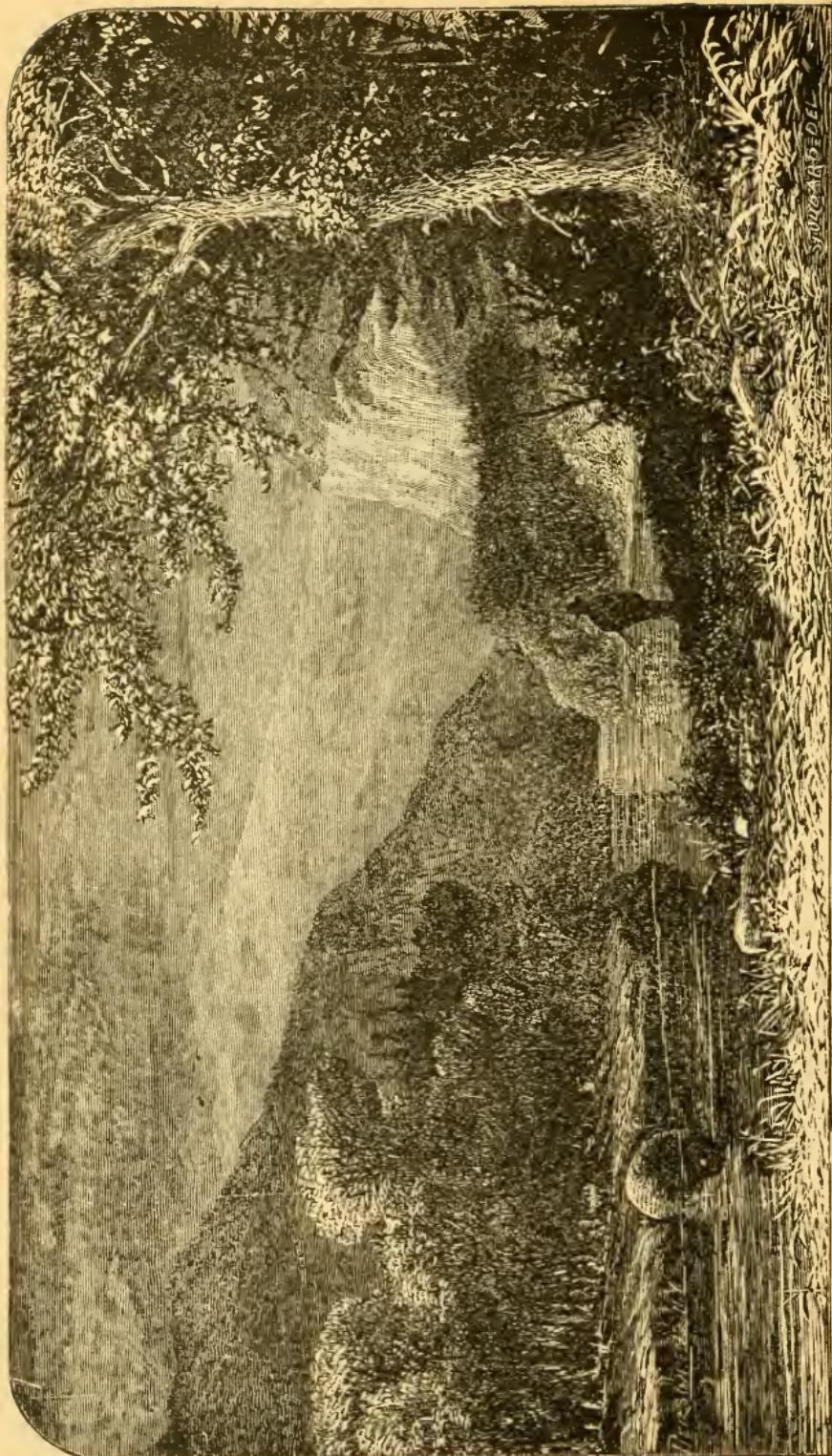
## CHAPTER V.

### OLD WHITEFACE.

UT off from its kindred on the south by Wilmington Notch, and on the north by one almost as deep, pyramidal in form, although somewhat the longest north and south, its base clothed in inky spruce and balsams, its naked granite head among the clouds "Old Whiteface" stands one of the finest mountain peaks in the Adirondacks.



"I'll tell you what I'll do," said our warm-hearted landlord at night as we sat discussing *pro* and *con* the ascent of "Old Whiteface," "if you will stay over I will take you two miles up the mountain—as far as we can conveniently get with a wagon—and send a guide to the top with you, for



WILMINGTON NOTCH.

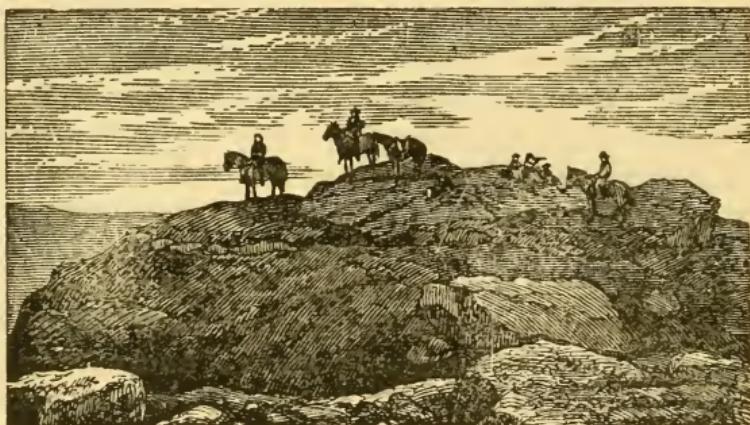
STUDY OF NATURE

it's the grandest mountain view to be had in the Adirondacks, and I don't want you to go away without seeing it." Of course we accepted, only insisting that he go with us. So at nine in the morning, with the thermometer at 48, we set out up the mountains; we left the wagon which returned to the hotel, with instructions to meet us at sunset, and proceeded up the bridle path toward the summit, traveling about a mile westerly then turning toward the south, entered the standing timber and began the ascent in earnest.

At the end of a half hour we had gone another mile and came out on an open space called "Lookout Point," half way to the summit. Here the blueberries grew thick, and we scraped whole handfuls from the bushes and ate them—in ten minutes gathering all we cared for. Then we resumed our course and pressed upward through the dark woods, scrambling up the steep path where great rocks alternated with pools of black muck in a semi-liquid state, trodden and mixed by horses' feet, and we wondered that horses could climb such places with a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of humanity on their back; but Baldwin said to his knowledge not an accident further than being lost for a night, ever happened on the mountain. We reached the shanty, three-fourths of a mile from the summit, a little past noon, and here occurred a desperate encounter between three men on the one side and six slices of bread and butter, supported by other fixtures, on the other, which resulted in their total defeat and destruction.

The shanty is in a small clearing, at the highest point where wood and water can be obtained, has log sides, with a roof, part canvass, part bark. Within is a parlor and cook stove; along one side, raised a little above the floor, a platform that looked as though it might do service as Brigham Young's family bedstead, was covered with spruce and hemlock branches, and blankets. A sort of cross between a stairway and ladder led up to the ladies' dormitory under the sharp roof, through which the stars could peep in places. Here, in the bed which was over nearly the entire floor, "permiscus like," we could discover signs of the tender feeling with which the fair sex was regarded—in the springy moss and fine leaves which had been stripped from the hemlock branches, on which

the lords of creation slept down below. The pipe from the stove in the lower room, where a fire can be kept roaring all night, passed up through this one, and altogether it was a cosy, jolly, fun-provoking place to be in, where, as our guide remarked, "if there was any fun in a fellow it was going to show itself." We, in imitation of others before us who had written their names in every conceivable and reachable place in the building, registered and proceeded on our way to the summit.



"Pretty rough work," said Baldwin, "but hundreds of people come up every year and ride clear to the top. A big doctor came here from Buffalo with his family and a four-horse team that he had been all over the country with—a very valuable team, too,—and when he said he was going to the top of the mountain with them I tried to stop him, and I offered to get horses that were accustomed to the road for nothing, rather than have him hurt his, but no; 'other horses have been there, have they not?' said he, and when I told him yes, he said, 'then mine can go;' so he took them out of the harness and put his wife, a woman that would weigh two hundred, on the fieriest one of the lot and started, and I felt bad for I knew something would happen, and they rode those horses to the very top and just turned around and"—. We gazed down over the fearful precipice at our feet while our hearts seemed to cease their motion as he slowly concluded—"and rode down again without getting a scratch!"

"But how can ladies manage to keep on the horses' backs, where it seems almost impossible for the horse to get along alone?"

"*Manage!*" said he, "like a man, of course, astride, and it makes me laugh to see them sometimes when they find that they've got to go in that way. So modest when they start, some of them, that they are dreadfully afraid of showing their feet, but they soon get over that and come down with colors flying. I don't know as they would ever have done it if Mrs. Murray, wife of the Rev. Adirondack Murray, hadn't set the fashion herself. She's a dashing, independent sort of woman, who don't let thoughts of what people may say interfere with her plans. Well, after Mrs. Murray set the example, we had no difficulty, and now lots of them go up in that way; as, with the horses we have and a guide at their sides, there is not the slightest danger in making the ascent." The regular price for a horse and guide is six dollars, or four dollars for the horse alone; but unless a lady is perfectly at home in the saddle, she will be apt to wish she was "*at home*" in reality. It is needless to add that the Turkish costume is considered the most appropriate for this style of amusement.

All the way up we had noticed fresh tracks made by three several persons — one, a man's, which also appeared to have descended, and two evidently made by ladies — one short and thick, the other slender and dainty in its manner of touching the ground. It had been a matter of wonderment to us, and "*Little Foot-prints*," as we styled the owner of the dainty stepping foot, was a constantly recurring subject of speculation. "Where is Little Foot-prints? who is she? is she pretty? — of course. And the other — why are they apparently alone, when the Big Foot has gone back?" questions that we hoped soon to solve; questions that preyed upon the Professor, as the oft-twirled moustache and passage of his fingers through his auburn locks would seem to indicate. Of course it was nothing to me, and only out of mere curiosity that I managed to reach the top first, but "where was Little Foot-prints?" Not there, certainly, for the summit, the sides and the backbone of the mountain up over which we had passed were primeval, unyielding rock. They had not re-

turned by the path ; they might have plunged down the sides in some other direction, but the feeling took possession of us that our "Little Foot-prints" had taken wings and flown up among the angels, just a little higher than where we stood.

How can I describe it—the wonderful beauty of the day, the clear, crisp atmosphere surrounding us—the great purple-rimmed basin, in the center of which, lifted up on a pinnacle, we stood, while the mighty, sweeping dome of heaven came down all around and blended with the mountain edges. A keen, wintry blast sweeping past, penetrating even through the heavy blankets that we had brought from the house below; the bits of ground frozen nearly as hard as the rock on which they rested; every stunted bush and blade of coarse grass which clung to the wind-swept summit gleaming with frost needles and sparkling like spun glass in the bright sunshine while below, the country lay spread out in the glory of its autumnal dress, its gold and crimson, brown and green, its pearly lakes and threads of silver, its purple hills and mellow distance, over which lay a mantle of tender blue haze, seen only in autumn—not smoke—but something that suggests the thought of the myriad millions of pale, sweet ghosts of falling leaves and dying flowers. Back toward the north ran the sharp ridge up which we had toiled, naked and dark for a quarter of a mile, then a stunted growth of balsams gnarled and twisted; a few live branches low down at the surface, the tops dead and dry; then, as we look further the spruce and cedar grow dark and thick down to the belts of birches and maples below. Away off to the east is Lake Champlain, lost in the mist toward the north, shut in by the Green Mountains, and beyond, the white hills of old New England. To the south lay the great peaks of the Adirondacks. "Haystack," "Marcy"—the cloud-piercer of the Indians, "Colden," with the white track of the avalanche down its side, and others—a long line of giants, their dark blue crests rising like ocean billows—grand and changeless in their mighty forms, overwhelming in their sublimity.

Away toward the west a lower set of mountain waves are seen, over a comparatively level tract of country cut and outlined with a confused network of ponds and streams, with

nere and there a broad, shining sheet of water; Lake Placid at our feet, the Saranacs and Big Tupper's farther away, and a host of others, too numerous to mention, while over the purple rocky rim of the mountains to the north stretched the faint blue of the level Canadas, through which was the silvery gleam of the mighty St. Lawrence.

Turning once more toward the grand Indian pass we see the fields of North Elba, and — a mere speck — the home and resting place of old John Brown. From the pass above, the Ausable rises and comes toward us; here and there we catch glimpses of it, a mere thread, through Wilmington Notch, under the great wall, through the natural flume at our feet, past the little village and away to Keeseville beyond which it plunges down over the rocks at Birmingham, and finds its way out through the dark chasm to Lake Champlain.

Seventy years ago an avalanche of loose stones and the gathered moss and vegetable deposit of ages went down the western slope of this mountain and the exposed surface, whiter than the rest, is said to have given it the name; but there is a more reasonable theory, as the line can hardly be noticed unless covered with snow, that the old giant's naked brow, for so long a period covered with snow, suggested the name of "Old Whiteface." On the topmost point, firmly attached to the rock, we found the card of the chief of the Adirondack Survey, a metallic disk with this inscription: "Whiteface Mountain, Station No. 2. Verplanck Colvin, S. N. Y. Adirondack Survey, 1872." All around, the surface of the rock was scarred and chiseled with the names of former visitors while on one, cut deep and clear, were the words.

"Thanks be to God for the mountains!"

and every heart joined with that grand old mountain peak in saying, "thanks be to God for the mountains." A great, dark, litchen-covered, chaotic mass of broken rock forms the summit; to the north and south the ascent is gradual, but on either side it is almost perpendicular for many feet, then curves outward and is covered by the dark evergreens. We gazed down from the dizzy height,

"We heard the troubled flow  
Of the dark olive depths of pinea, resounding  
▲ thousand feet below."

We marked our homeward course through the glistening lakes, away around the blue serrated summit of Mount Seward, then started on our descent. A sudden exclamation from our guide brought us to his side, where he was inspecting what we took to be the track of a naked foot.

"What is it?"

"A bar—been here since we went up—going down, probably, to the blueberry patch. We may see him if we go careful."

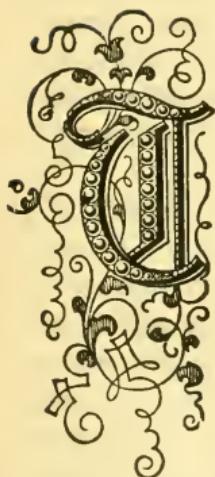
And carefully we went, following the track along out to the blueberry patch, and there we lost it. We waited, watched and ate berries until the shadow of the mountain like a great pyramid reached out and touched the little village; then we started.

"Maybe you'd better lead," said Baldwin, making a desperate effort to keep his feet from getting the advantage of him, while an ax, tin pail and sundry other articles jingled and thumped about on every side. "It bothers me to have folks treading on my heels." So lead we did—the result of which may be inferred from a remark he was overheard to make that night, to the effect that it beat somethin-or-other how them fellows came down that mountain, "and," said he, "when I'd get some ways behind I'd drop into a dog trot to catch up, then I'd hear that little fellow snicker and the long-legged one would cover six feet at a step."

## CHAPTER VI.

### "ON THE ROAD."

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
And his soul goes marching on." — *Old Song*.



THE morning following our ascent of Old White-face, he had draped his shoulders in a mantle of mist, modestly hiding his face in the clouds, and although the sun came out toward noon and the clouds went scurrying across the sky like a routed army before the advance of an enemy, a legion still hung around his iron head, skulked in the rents and hollows of his furrowed side and crowded close under the lee of his protecting form. It was interesting to watch this vast host — this white-robed army of the sky — seeming almost human in its maneuverings to gain a place of safety from the fierce west winds which tore it into fragments and strung it out into shreds, and rolled it up into great balls to be dashed against the mountain, and separating, pass on either side to wheel into line beyond, or entering the surface current mount up the steep, and shooting out over the sharp crest, curl downward into the billowy mass below, where it clung like some tattered signal of distress, its ragged, wind-whipped end stretching away out toward the east.

After dinner we took a carriage, sandwiched the driver between us, and started for North Elba. Att. Clyne was the driver's name, a pleasant young fellow, who had rather hear or tell a good story than to eat, and that is saying a good deal for him. He inaugurated a series by telling of the wonderful speed of the particular beast behind which we were riding, the truth of which he would demonstrate when we arrived at

a suitable piece of road. We never came to that suitable piece. Once we thought we had, and he encouraged her a little with the whip. She felt encouraged for about ten feet, and then rested while we got out and strapped a couple of pieces of whiffletree together which we had discovered dangling at her feet, then we went ahead carefully. About two miles south of Wilmington is the natural flume, a long furrow through the rock like the track of a giant plowshare, through which the water shoots like a flash of light. Some call it a wonder; but, with the fellow at Niagara, we might say "it would be a greater wonder if the water *didn't* come down, it comes so easy." Our road still led up along the river, now flashing out broad in the sunlight as it rippled over the stones, now quiet, and then plunging over the "big falls" seeming to lose itself in the cavernous depths below.

WILMINGTON PASS is the natural gateway to North Elba from the north, a notch cut out of the mountain, through which the west branch of the Ausable flows, it is one of the finest, if not *the* finest, combination of river, rock and mountain scenery to be found in the Adirondacks, and was especially beautiful in its autumn dress, as we saw it on that early October day. The road ran along up by the river, fringed and canopied by the crimson and yellow maples, the great, ragged, rough-armed birches, the cone-shaped balsam, the dainty-limbed tamarack and scarlet-berried mountain ash. The pass seems to have been caused by some mighty power that turning neither to the right nor left, struck this mountain range and passed through and onward, carrying every thing before it out on the plain beyond, leaving the broken walls on either side to frown down on the torn rocks below, and, when the tempest raged, to thunder back defiance at each other. Then time covered the rocks with mosses, the floods brought rich offerings and dropped them in the bottom-land, trees sprang up and others found lodgment in the cleft rocks, and now all is covered with nature's mantle. No, not *all*, for at our left, the naked rock rises up, straight up, fully five hundred feet, at places even projecting beyond its base and seeming ready to fall as great masses have already fallen, through and around which the road goes, at times with barely suffic<sup>l</sup>.

ent room to pass between them and the narrow, swift-running river on the other side. Across the river at our right is a narrow fringe of bottom-land trees, then rising, precipice above precipice, and cliff on cliff, is Old Whiteface, his feet washed by the river, his head still among the clouds, and—. There stands that fast beast out to the full extent of the reins, with the pieces of broken whiffletree on either side.

“GR—ROOP!” The sound was richly musical and unmistakably African for “get-up.” We were resting, if you please, three of us in a buggy, right in the middle of the road, the Professor and I rapturously enjoying the lovely scenery and innocently talking about subjects entirely foreign to the situation, while “Att.” sat squeezed in between us, holding on to one end of the reins and using some very choice language in regard to the mare who stood out at the other, looking around occasionally to see why some one didn’t make a move to get her back where she belonged.

“Gr-roop!” Letters cannot express the sound. The nearest approach to it is when some sea-sick mortal rushes to the vessel’s side and vainly attempts to give up his own dinner to the fishes. We got out and tied the traces back to the cross-bar, put the broken whiffletree in the wagon and sent “Att.” forward to make repairs.



“GR—ROOP.”

**of legs and straps and wooden bars**

“Gr-roop!” *whack!* a pair of sorry-looking objects appeared over the brow of a little knoll behind us, rising slowly as rises the stately ship above the watery horizon, first two pairs of hairy ears, then a pair of venerable heads swaying from side to side, then their entire forms loomed above the sandy horizon, and we looked up through a swaying thicket

"Camels, by dain!" said the Professor excitedly, catching sight of what appeared to be the hump peculiar to the "ship of the desert."

No, not camels, Professor, but ancient specimens of horse architecture; style, gothic, with a tendency toward many gables, and that which you think the hump is a French roof of buffalo skin to protect them, or the harness, or both, from the rain. Framed in nature's noblest mold those beasts undoubtedly were; but the party who supplied the flesh was apparently short of material, or else they were clothed in their summer suit. Their harness fenced them in and bound them round about suggesting suspicion of a latent fire within that might, if aroused, burst forth and rend straps of an ordinary width, as the lightning shivers the mighty oak.—Straps? they crossed and covered those noble animals until they looked like a railroad map of Massachusetts, and at every crossing was a big patch of buffalo skin. They looked kindly at us, with eyes out of which all coltish frivolity had long since flown. Then the expression seemed to change to one of mild surprise as the wagon gently pressed against them and they found it easier to trot down the hill than to hold back. As they forged up alongside they stopped. They had evidently been driven by a sewing machine agent or some candidate for office, and thought they must stop for every man they saw. We instantly propounded the following conundrum to the driver:

"Why can't we ride in that extra seat?"

He gave it up at once and we got aboard the buckboard. "Gr-roop!" *whack!* we were under way. The driver was a good-looking fellow, intelligent, well-informed, and decidedly attractive in his way, even if his skin *was* a few shades darker than regulation and his hair unexplorable in its kinkiness. We inquired his destination and he told us North Elba. As St. Helena suggests the first Napoleon, so North Elba brings with it the picture of an old man with white hair and flowing white beard, crazy some said, but with wonderful method in his madness; a carpet-bagger in Kansas where he took an active part in the troubles which in 1856 assumed the formidable proportions of a civil war; the "Old man of Osawato-

inie," whose presence was marked by dissensions and blood-shed; who urged men on to murder in the name of freedom

and read his Bible all the time: who in 1859, with a mere handful of men, struck the first hard blow at the institution of slavery in the South, and which, probably, more than the eloquence of all the Phillips and Sumners in the world, tended to precipitate the war by which, through rivers of blood, four million slaves went free. He was called "a visionary," "an old fool," but men who have given the subject study say that it was the best organized conspiracy that ever failed, reaching out as it did over the entire Southern States.

The blow struck at Harper's Ferry was to be the signal for a general uprising of the blacks, but he misjudged his men and — failed.

A fanatic he undoubtedly was. He seemed to feel that he was specially called not only to free but to educate the blacks. He secured a large tract of land here at North Elba to demonstrate his theory, and had established quite a colony. Then feeling that the time had come, he, with three sons, a son-in-law and a few others who had become converted to his belief — twenty-two in all — played at Harper's Ferry — and lost. They were soon surrounded, and the negroes, to whom they trusted so much, let them fight it out alone. One son escaped, another was shot dead, and still another lay dying by his side, while the old man fought on; and at last, when overpowered and compelled to surrender, he locked the secrets he possessed in his breast that his friends might not



*John Brown.*

suffer, and died as he had lived, firm in the faith that in some manner he was the divinely appointed agent who was to lead his children out of the land of bondage. He murmured not against the people for whom he suffered, who had deserted him in his direst need, but stopped to kiss a little negro baby on his way to the scaffold, seeming to show by the act, how willingly he laid down his life for them and the cause he had espoused.\*

Then the body of old John Brown, the convicted murderer—this felon with the mark of the hangman's rope on his neck—was taken down from the gallows and borne through the country whose laws he had transgressed, while bells tolled and cities were draped in mourning for his sake, to his old home among the mountains—For he had said: "When I die, bury me by the big rock where I love to sit and read the word of God," and there, one terribly cold day in bleak December, a few who had loved the old man, laid his body and covered it up in the frozen ground,

"And his soul goes marching on."

Yes, the spirit of old John Brown goes marching on, and with it, keeping time to the music of the old song, whole armies marched to battle, and with the victory came that for which the old man worked and died.

"Gr-roop!" *whack!* Back to the reality of a darkey belaboring a pair of absent-minded and almost absent-bodied horses, and they supremely unconscious of the fact. We ventured to inquire if our driver was one of John Brown's pet lambs, and he with, as Mrs. Partington would say, considerable "asparagrass," gave us to understand that he was not.

"He established a colony of blacks up here, didn't he?"

"Yes, sah, but they ain't heah now. We are the only family of colo'd folks in town."

"Where are they now?"

"All gone." "Gr-roop!" *whack!* "See dat hoss—Gone; nobody knows where."

"How many were there of them?"

"Mebbe fifteen or twenty families—don't know, didn't think much of 'em."

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\* See Note on page 82.

"Slaves, I suppose, that the old man had run in here from the South?"

"No, sah, not one. G'lang!"

"Where *did* he get them?"

"Oh, from New York, mostly, I guess — not much account-Niggers. Gr-roop! what you 'bout?"

"He was generally considered a fanatic, wasn't he?"

"San?"

"You thought him a monomaniac?"

"A — yes, sah. Ge-long, thah."

"You say they are all gone; what has become of them?"

"Don't know; they couldn't make a livin' heah; too cold for 'em; wa'n't much used to work, I guess, an' couldn't stan' the kind they got heah. Most of 'em was barbers an' sich, who thought they wouldn't have nothing to do when they come heah, an' after the old man died they couldn't get along, so they dug out, some of 'em, an' some of 'em died, an' one ole niggah froze to death."

"How was that?"

"Well, he went out huntin' one day in winter and got lost in the woods. He had a compass with him, but when they found him they found where he had sat down on a log and *picked his compass to pieces*, and then sot there till he froze to death."

It is a well-known fact that some unused to the woods will become so effectually "turned around" that they will be certain that something is the matter with the compass to make it point wrong, and even distrust the sun itself if it happens to be in a different position from that which they think it *ought* to be.

"Dem hosses gettin' kinder tired," remarked their master; "don't get along over *this* road very fast."

We accepted the information with polite incredulity, as is becoming in those to whom an unnoticed fact is first made apparent.

"Been on the road a whole week —"

"Getting from the Forks?" we innocently inquired.

"Oh, no, sah; it's only fifteen miles to 'Sable Forks. I've

been carryin' a young lady 'round to see the country, drivin' them hosses steady for a week—"

"Without feeding? Well, now, I don't wonder they—"

"No, no, sah; I feed 'em reg'lar, only they run out all summer an' I haven't got the hard feed in 'em yet. They ain't very fat just now, but they's good hosses for all that."

Then he whipped up lively for two or three rods past a hanty, where we saw Att. busily engaged on what he was pleased to call a whiffletree, to take the place of the broken one. Then we <sup>were</sup> good-bye to our sable friend and sat down by the river <sup>to</sup> make a sketch of the scene. Feeble and unsatisfactory, perhaps, but a shadow, at least a suggestion, of foaming, sparkling sun-bright water, dancing along among the stones; great, shaggy, yellow birches, golden beeches, crimson maples and tangled depths of dark green, while through openings in the trees, the gray cliff showed grand and strong, appearing even greater than itself through the tender blue of the luminous haze that intervened. Then we all got in behind the fast horse and continued on our way. Up along the river, through a dark, level tract, almost a swamp, where the balsams grew thick and the trailing moss hung in masses from their branches, out into the open country, where we saw pleasant homes, well tilled fields, and the river winding smoothly through the fertile meadows of North Elba.

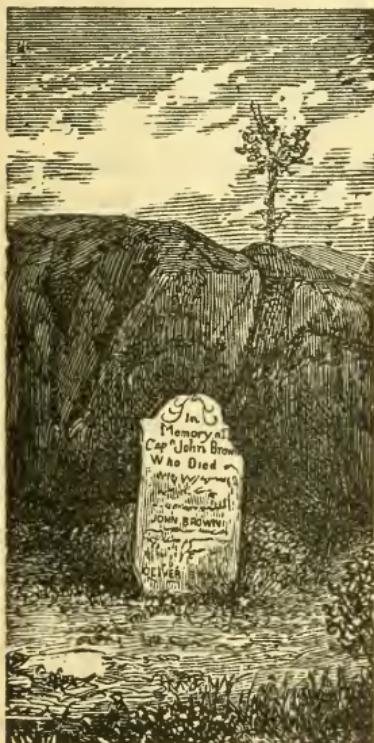
After a while we came to a place where the houses were a little nearer together than anywhere else along the road, so we called that North Elba; but the population is rather thin at the best, and the country to a great extent devoted to grazing and grass growing. Winter up there seems to be the chief season and never disappoints them in coming, and it is seldom that a year passes when snow is not seen on the mountains near by every month excepting August. It is said to be very healthy, so much so that the only manner of taking off is a habit they have of freezing to death, and when this happens, as is often the case in summer, they do not find it necessary to bury them, but (if Att. is to be believed) simply lay them away somewhere exposed to the pure balsamic air and in the course of six or seven weeks they moss over. John Brown was only covered up as a protection against curiosity

hunters, who have a habit of chopping off pieces of fossils and the like, and who have broken off pieces of his tombstone to such an extent that it had to be boxed up to keep enough for directory purposes.

Here at North Elba we strike the post-road, running in a north-westerly direction from Elizabethtown to the Saranac lakes. Turning to the right we proceeded about a mile until at the entrance to a lane, which led off toward the south, we saw a sign bearing the inscription, "John brown Farm, Refreshments if desired" (at least that is what we made it out to be), together with an index finger, which was probably painted by some admirer of the old man's to indicate his present home, which direction, if followed, would take the traveler several degrees higher than we could hope to get in the Adirondacks, so we took the middle course—the lane—through a strip of woods, into the open field, and with the dusk of a solemn twilight settling down over us, stood by the great rock that he loved so well and by the side of which, at his own request, he was buried. The farm is shut in on all sides by the thick

forests which, on the south, stretch away in unbroken solitude to Indian Pass and the great peaks of the Adirondacks. It has been purchased by a company at whose head as prime mover stands Kate Field, and now held as a sort of public park which is annually visited by hundreds who, from curiosity or reverence for the old saint, make pilgrimages to their Mecca of fanaticism. The house and outbuildings stand in the open field; near by is the "big rock" and grave, surrounded by a rough board fence.

As we entered the inclosure a little girl came out to remove the box from the headstone, which it was found necessary to cover to preserve from the destroying hand of the relic-hunter. Unlocking and



## THE ADIRONDACKS.

removing the box we saw an old fashioned, time-stained, granite-like stone, the corners chipped and broken off, and defaced so that in places some of the inscription was entirely gone. The upper half was in the quaint characters of "ye olden time," the lower half of a recent date; the face bore the following inscription :

"In memory of Capt<sup>in</sup> JOHN BROW Who Died At Newyork Sept<sup>r</sup> Ye 3 1776 in the 42 year of his Age.

"JOHN BROWN Born May 9 1800 was executed at Charleston, Va, Dec. 2. 1859.

"OLIVER BROWN Born Mar. 9, 1839, was Killed at Harpers Ferry Oct. 17. 1859."

On the back was the following :

"In memory of FREDERICK son of John and Dianth Brown, Born Dec 21. 1830 and murdered at Osawatomie, Kansas, Aug 30, 1856 for his adherence to the cause of Freedom."

"WATSON BROWN, Born Oct 7, 1835 was wounded at Harpers Ferry & died Oct. 19, 1859."\*

The grave was strewn with faded flowers; a florist's leaden cross and crown filled with the same lay on the little mound, and under it the body of Old John Brown, alone! of his large family not one remaining to watch over him, but in their place strangers, who knew less of the old man than we who lived far away. His widow, and five children out of his twenty, are still living, it is said, scattered over the West, some of them in California, some nearer.

The stone which marks the head of his grave was brought from Massachusetts and placed where it now stands, and we were told that the "Capin" John Brown, whose name heads the list, was his father, in which case (if the Captain *was* his father) he must have been born an orphan, as this one died something over twenty-three years before young John was born. In fact there must be some mistake about it somewhere, as even after careful investigation there we could not find out that he ever *had* a father, and we would respectfully suggest that it receive the attention of the genealogical authors, who, for the paltry sum of a hundred dollars, will trace any man's

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\* See note "B" on page 82.

pedigree back in an unbroken line to dukes and earls, or better even for an additional inducement. We passed up over the big rock bearing the inscription, cut in large letters, “John Brown, 1859,” and to the house to learn something more concerning it.

“Don’t you want to stay all night?” said the little girl, with an eye to business.

I glanced at the grave, the cold rock and the dreary, darkening fields around, and said “No.” Then a boy member of the family cornered Att., and eloquently held up to him the advantages of seeing the “stun” by daylight; but Att. couldn’t see it. Then the loquacious lady of the house met the Professor at the door with the continuation of what the boy and girl had started, but the Professor being a modest man threw the responsibility on me, and, alas! all I wanted was information.

“We can accommodate you if you want to stay,” said she, bringing the register.

We said no again, counted, and found that over four hundred besides ourselves had registered during the summer.

“Got as good rooms as anybody, and every body who has stopped here has been satisfied,” continued she insinuatingly.

“Almost everybody buy these,” said the little girl, producing a pair of stereographs of the grave and rock; “fifty cents for the two.”

We meekly produced the plaster and inquired if they owned the place.

“No,” said the mother, “we’ve only been here a little while, but take in strangers who want to stay all night and—”

“This is the house old John Brown used to occupy, isn’t it?”

“Yes, but we’ve fitted it up new some since, and now you can’t find any better rooms—”

“What has become of the widow and children?”

“I don’t know just where, but out West somewhere, I believe. We just take care of it and keep folks who—”

“It seems to be all forests to the south; is there a path leading from here to the Indian Pass?”

“Yes, parties often come through it and stop over night or get something to eat; and I don’t like to say it myself, but they always seem satisfied with our fare. Now—”

"I am gathering information for a book on the Adirondacks, which is my reason for asking so many questions. Now if you have any interesting information concerning this locality I will be—"

"Well, now, I think if people knew that we were prepared to keep folks and was always prepared to get up meals, with game and trout always on hand, they would come more; and if you will just state—"

"All right; *good evening, madam.*"

"We should like to—folks say they were just as well kept as at a hotel—might just mention trout—game dinners—venison nearly all the time—barn room—people—haven't—found it—out—much—yet—it's—getting purty—dark—hadn't—you—better—stay. And as we passed out of hearing the thought would come that if the old man could sleep there unmoved for a term of years, the angel Gabriel would have to be in pretty good lip to start him at the end of that time.

**NOTE A.**—Hon. Orange Ferriss, Commissioner of Claims at Washington, is authority for the statement made to him by Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, that a design was formed to liberate John Brown, in pursuance of which 40 determined men met at Charleston, previous to the execution, thoroughly organized and with a plan which could not have failed, if undertaken under the existing circumstances. The old man was notified of the proposed attempt, but the spirit which had actuated him all along spoke in his reply: "No; I am of more use to the cause now dead than living"; and he died for the cause when life could have been his for the asking. True to his memory is the State which has placed among the honored ones at the national capital the statue of the champion of bleeding Kansas—"the old man of Ossawatomie."

**NOTE B.**—The body of Watson Brown was brought here and laid near the father, October 12, 1882, after remaining unburied for nearly twenty-three years. Considered by the authorities of Virginia as that of a great criminal, it was given after death to the Medical College at Winchester, and there preserved as an anatomical specimen—the mother appealing in vain for the privilege of giving it Christian burial. Later, when the town was occupied by the Union forces, it was carried off by an Indiana surgeon, and kept by him as a curiosity, until in 1882, when he informed the survivors of its whereabouts and offered to restore it for more decent interment. From Indiana the poor buffeted body went to the mother in Ohio, and finally here, accompanied by her, the brothers Owen and John, Jr., sister and widow, and was finally laid to rest beside the "big rock," where he had played as a boy, while learning strange theories of "duty."

## CHAPTER VII.

### NORTH ELBA—LAKE PLACID—THE ST. REGIS AND SARANAC REGIONS.



ORTH ELBA and Lake Placid can be reached from Westport and Elizabethtown by stage daily during the season of summer travel. The route leads through a country beautiful in natural attractions, passing at the south base of Hurricane peak and through the northern portion of Keene Valley.

KEENE is a pretty little mountain-girded hamlet, with churches, telegraph and telephone offices, and a number of stores of a sedate and peaceful character. The great mountains are on the east and west, and the east branch of the Au Sable River runs north through the picturesque lowlands.

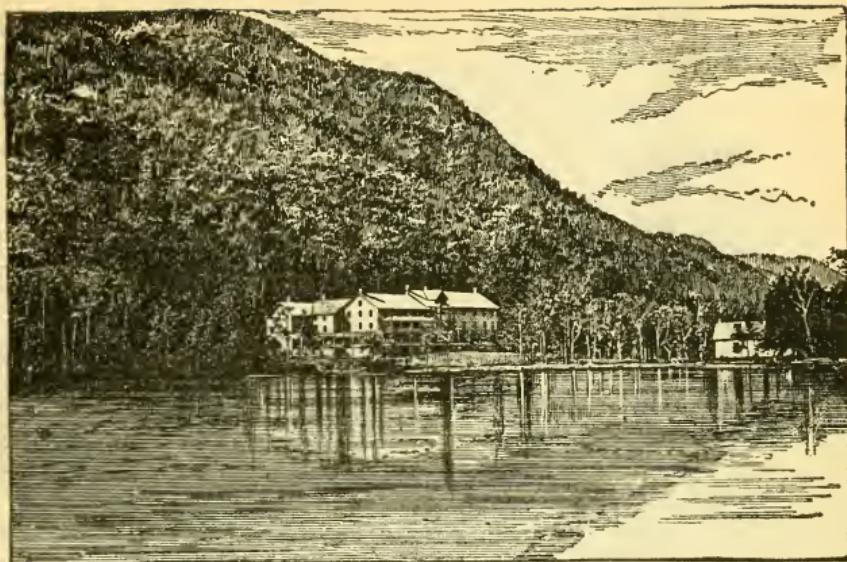
THE KEENE CENTRE HOUSE furnishes comfortable accommodations to travelers at \$2.50 per day; \$10 to \$15 per week, and is open the year round.

CASCADE LAKES, formerly known as Edmond's Ponds, are six miles west of Keene, and a thousand feet higher; their altitude being 2,038 feet above tide. The road follows up beside the brawling stream that comes through a notch in the west mountains, and strikes the main lake at its east end; thence follows along, on the north shore, for something over a mile, when the west, or upper, lake is reached. Long Pond Mountain rises abruptly along the south side, and Pitchoff Mountain on the north; forming a narrow defile, where the lake lies like a deep, still river, while the road holds a precarious footing on the *debris* that has fallen from the cliffs above. Originally one continuous strip of water, it was divided into

two, near the western extremity, by a deposit evidently brought down by the stream which foams over the precipitous wall on the south, in a succession of cascades, a thousand feet in extent—in the rainy season, a foaming torrent; in time of drouth, a mere thread of silver hanging down over the dark rocks.

THE CASCADE LAKE HOUSE stands nearly opposite, on the only available bit of land found in this part of the notch. It was built in 1878. W.F. & S.H. Weston, proprietors, P.O., Cascadeville. It is 16 miles from this point to Saranac Lake, nine miles to Lake Placid, and 26 miles to the railroad at Westport. A broad, double piazza faces south, commanding a view up and down the two lakes, and of the Cascade across the way; affording a delightful lounging place of a hot day, when the wind, which is seldom still here, draws up or down the notch. The house is provided with fireplaces and is comfortable and homelike. The post office is in the house, as is also a telegraph office. The fare is excellent and abundant. Board, \$3.00 per day; \$12 to \$17.50 per week, children under 10 years of age, special. Very satisfactory to the transient guest are the dinners served here at \$1.00. For amusement, space has been found for an enclosed tennis court out under the trees; for croquet, another bit reclaimed near the house; and still other space for a bowling alley was made close by. There are boats for guests on both lakes; large, comfortable ones for the timid; light, guiding-boats for the hunter and fisherman. These lakes are owned by the proprietors of the Cascade Lake House, and held by them exclusively for their guests. Originally noted for its big trout, the waters have been stocked and the fish guarded, until now rod and fly are certain to yield good sport at almost any season. To the lover of nature in her wildest shapes, nobler surroundings can hardly be imagined.

West of Cascade Lakes the road climbs up out of the notch, and passing through occasional clearings, crosses over to the more level land of North Elba.



CASCADE LAKE HOUSE.

THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE is four miles west of the Cascade Lakes. It commands a view of rare beauty and extent, well entitling it to its chosen name. This house is perhaps better known as Ames'. It has earned a well-deserved reputation for homelike comfort and hospitality; and in addition to considerable transient custom, gets its full quota of those who, for sanitary reasons, seek the healing air of this high plain. The house will provide for 35 guests. The accommodations are good; the fare wholesome and satisfying, and the service very pleasant and agreeable. Open from July 1st to October 1st, Board, \$8 to \$12 per week; \$2 per day; 50 cents per meal. Telegraph office in the house. P. O., Cascadeville. Mrs. M. S. Ames & Son, proprietors.

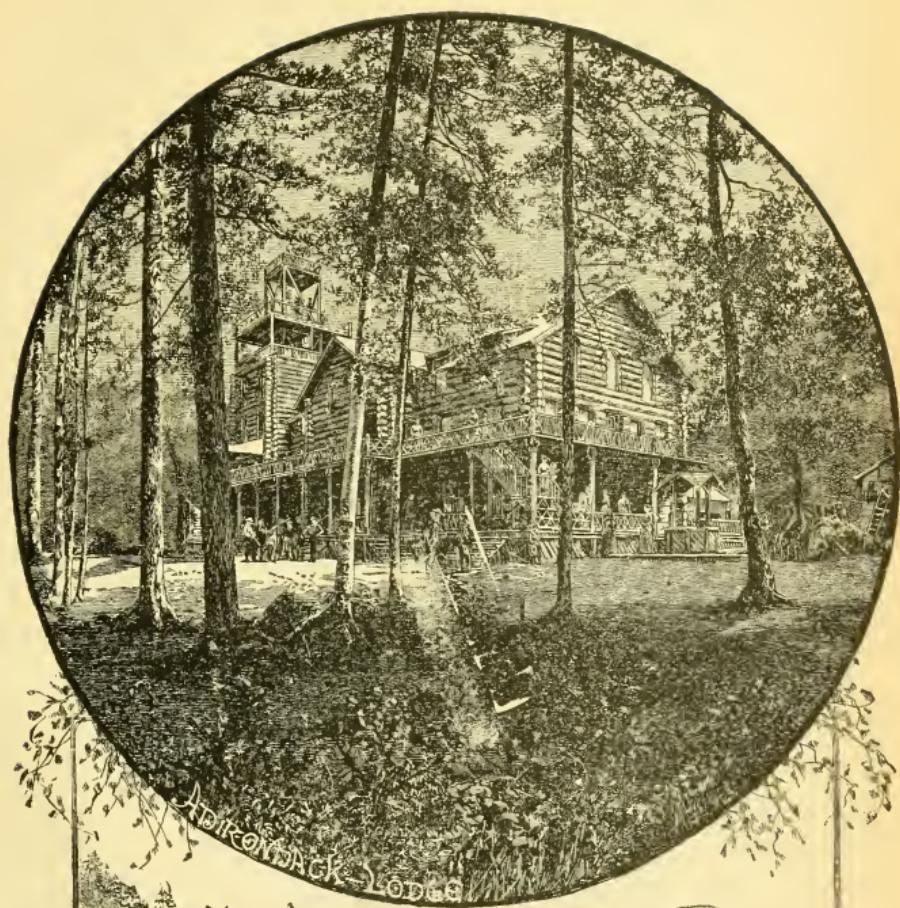
From the Mountain View House it is 22 miles to Elizabethtown, stage fare \$2.50. To Lake Placid, 5 miles, 50 cents. To Saranac Lake, 13 miles, \$1.50.

Toward the south, the slope stretches away down into the valley, then rises in long, sweeping lines to the foothills, thence to higher ridges and peaks, and finally to the grand heights of distant Marcy, the highest mountain in the State, and to McIntire, but little less in stature, the central

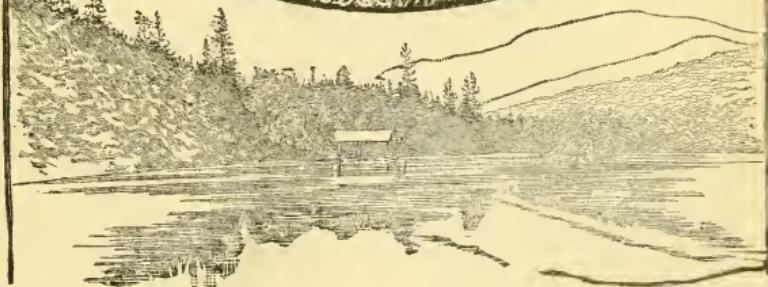
figure in this mountain picture, flanked as it is by Wallface on the west guarding the famous Indian Pass, and Mt. Colden on the east across the wild notch where repose the waters of Avalanche Lake. Throughout all this extent of valley and mountain side, the forests are as nature left them, for the rugged nature of the country has been a check on the lumberman's avarice, and the charcoal burner even has stayed his devastating hand.

Outlined against the broad chest of McIntire—in reality a spur from its side—is a lower summit, Mt. Jo, sometimes called the Bear. Between this and the main mountain, more than 2,000 feet above tide, rests Clear Lake, a lovely sheet of water of about 30 acres in extent, with shores of white sand and a border of shrubs and trees remaining in all their native beauty.

ADIRONDACK LODGE stands here on the east shore of the lake, almost hidden among the trees save where its high tower lifts its head above their tops. This is a new departure in rustic architecture, and forms one of the most unique and picturesque structures in the country; a resort for nature's lovers, where nature's handiwork has been respected. It is of logs, 96 feet front, 36 feet deep, and three stories high, with a rear wing of almost equal size. Forming a part of the building is a substantial tower also of logs, rising above the tree tops and affording such a view as can be found at no other house in the Adirondacks, for with a widely extended vision, not a sign of civilization can be discerned. A broad piazza surrounds the lower portion of the house, its upper deck reached from the rooms above or by rustic outside stairs. Everything about the house or grounds evinces the cultivated taste of the owner, for the same sentiment that protected hoary tree and graceful shrub alike, made cunning joints among the logs, and left their rugged bark intact so that every pilaster, balustrade or railing is still clothed in the rich brown covering that nature gave it. Within, the same good taste prevails. The walls



ADIRONDACK LODGE



are plastered, to be sure, and noise-deadened, but paint and Brussels carpeting are tabooed as not in keeping with the place, the furniture hard wood, plain and substantial. Fireplaces make the principal rooms comfortable on occasion. An electric annunciator puts sleeping rooms and office in communication. The beds are of the best. The windows are large single panes of plate glass in swinging sash. A well at the door with old-fashioned wheel and bucket furnishes the best tonic to be found here or anywhere else. A lawn tennis and croquet ground in an opening near the lake; swings and arbors among the trees, and boats on the water afford means of quiet amusement. There are trails to the summit of neighboring mountains for those who favor long tramps, and shorter walks for those less robust. To the top of Marcy is  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Top of McIntyre,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . To Avalanche Lake, 5 miles. To Indian Pass, 6 miles. To top of Mt. Jo is a 45 minutes' scramble. A bridle path leads through South Meadow to Edmonds Ponds, 8 miles distant. It is about 5 miles by road to the main thoroughfare, which is touched  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile west of Ames'. This road built specially for the house presented great difficulties in construction, which, however, were successfully overcome. Through the season a buckboard stage conveys passengers and mails to connect at Transfer with Elizabethtown and Saranac Lake line. Fare, \$1.00.

Guides, tents and suitable clothing for the purpose may be procured here by parties desiring to go into camp. Capacity of house and camps, about 100. Board per day, \$4; per week, from \$16 upward. Henry Van Hoevenbergh, proprietor. P. O. address, Cascadeville, N. Y.

The Au Sable River is crossed 2 miles west of Ames'. A half mile further, a sign on the left points south toward the last resting place of old John Brown, and another mile brings us to where the main road is left for Mirror and Placid Lakes lying at the north.

MIRROR LAKE is about one mile long by one-third that in width, its north end separated from Lake Placid by only

a narrow strip of land. The attractions here have led to a phenomenal development, and the prospects are that in time a considerable village will line its shores. The post office is "Lake Placid."

MIRROR LAKE HOTEL is first as you approach from the south. It stands at the south end of Mirror Lake, commanding a view of the lake toward the east and north, the picturesque village of Lake Placid struggling along its shores, a bit of Lake Placid itself, and Whiteface Mountain beyond, while stretched along the southern sky, is the grand panorama of mountain peaks. It is a roomy structure, with the necessary comforts of the great hotel of the day. It has ample piazzas and public rooms, electric light, steam heat, an elevator. It is furnished richly and comfortably. It has spacious halls and sleeping rooms with high ceilings, and it is capable of thorough ventilation and of the most perfect sanitary conditions. Within are billiards and bowling. Without, all amusements common to out-door life are at command. Here grace-giving tennis and the more sedate croquet, claim each their admirers, while those who would row or fish can be provided with all that is necessary for comfort or pleasure. Riding and driving, staple amusements the world over, may be indulged in here, and those who care to, can find ample facilities and ways that may be varied at will and found interesting always.

There is a telegraph office in the hotel, and mails come and go twice a day. Stages arrive and depart for the railroad at Saranac Lake, morning and afternoon, and run daily to Keene Valley, Elizabethtown, and Westport, and to Au Sable Chasm.

THE GRAND VIEW HOUSE, standing on the hill at the west is owned by the same company as the Mirror Lake House and is under the same management. This house is appropriately named, for not only does it command the view at north, east and south, common to all, but also the quiet of the spreading forest toward the west, and the far-away mountains that lie about Saranac Lake. This house with its attendant building, linked to it by a covered walk, contains some very desirable

Mirror L. ke.

LAKE PLACID.

Stevens House.



rooms, quiet and free from the bustle of the great hotels with its attendant throng.

Accommodations are provided altogether for 500 guests. Rates \$4 per day; \$20.00 to \$35.00 per week. H. B. Isham, who achieved astonishing success here in 1889, is manager.

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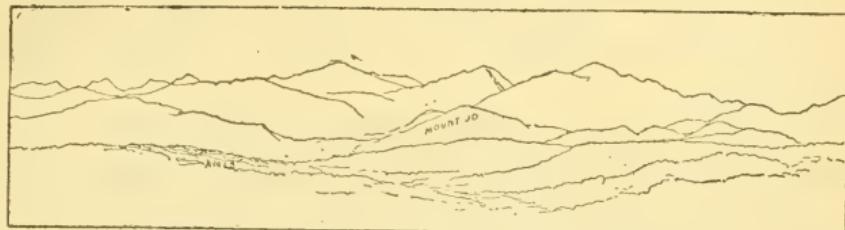
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THE GREAT PEAKS FROM LAKE PLACID.

1 Gothio. 2 Saddleback. 3 Basin. 4 Marcy. 5 Colden. 6 McIntyre. 7 Indian Pass.

THE STEVENS HOUSE built in 1886 is on the high land that separates Mirror Lake from Lake Placid. J. A. & G. A. Stevens, proprietors.

This is one of the largest and best equipped houses and commands undoubtedly the most comprehensive view of any hotel in the Adirondacks. It stands 200 feet above the lake, whose surface is 1,863 feet higher than the sea. From this point may be counted a score of the great peaks. In the southwest is distant Seward; further west is Ampersand; just over the water, at the north, is dark McKenzie; in the northeast, beyond the broad surface of Lake Placid, is the bold crest of Old Whiteface. East and south are Pitchoff, Long Pond, and Porter; and, stretching along toward the west, a long line of giants, are the Gothics, Basin, Marcy, Colden, McIntyre, and the mountains west of Indian Pass. Nearer are the cleared fields of North Elba, and the old John Brown homestead. At our feet are the waters of Mirror Lake, and the collection of native and summer cottages constituting the hamlet of Lake Placid.

The house has a front of over 200 feet, is four stories high, with piazzas on every side, affording choice of wind or sun, and with recent additions affording accommodations for nearly

400 guests. The parlors and dining-room have each an area of about 3,000 square feet. It is lighted by electricity. A hydraulic pump forces water to all parts of the house, and, with hose attachment, is guard against possible fire. The bedding, carpets, etc., came from Arnold, Constable & Co. The beds are of woven wire, and with hair mattresses. The sanitary conditions are believed to be perfect. Telegraph office in the house.

The Messrs. Stevens are also owners of the old Lake Placid House and property ; which, with the land belonging to the Stevens House, comprises all that section lying between Mirror Lake and Lake Placid. This property has been laid out in building lots. Several cottages stand here, others will be built soon, and, in the near future, one may reasonably expect to see this entire slope occupied by elegant villas or cosy cottages, as individual taste may dictate. This is a very desirable place for a summer cottage, being slightly and cool; while its elevated position and the nature of the soil places it above any suggestion of unwholesome air or conditions.

STAGES : O'Brian & Vail's stages run to connect with all trains at Saranac Lake, nine miles distant. Fare \$1.25. Agnew Brothers' stages connect with evening trains, north and south, at Westport. Distance, 35 miles. Fare, \$4.

THE LAKE PLACID HOUSE is at the head of Mirror Lake, east of the Stevens House, with room for about 60. Rates, \$2.50 per day, \$15 per week. Open June to October 15. Mrs. M. S. Elmendorf, proprietor.

LAKE PLACID is over at the north and, although distant from Mirror Lake but a little way, the two are effectually separated by the ridge that runs between them. It is in shape oblong, something over 4 miles in length and about 2 broad, measuring through or between the islands, of which there are three, called respectively Hawk, Moose and Buck. Hawk is small, but Moose and Buck are large, beautiful islands in a line from the

first toward the southwest, the three dividing the sheet into what are locally known as the east and west lakes, making it resemble a large river sweeping around them rather than a lake with islands.

THE WESTSIDE HOTEL is near the southern extremity of the lake and about 40 feet above its surface. In front, a broad passage leads into the East Lake. Through this is seen the striking bluff known as the Devil's Pulpit, the mountains around Wilmington Pass, and in the distance, Marcy and other peaks. The West Lake, stretching northeast, forms the middle ground of a picture of which the distance is the rugged and noble contour of Whiteface—a view pronounced by many the finest of this famous peak. Behind and on either hand is the forest into which run pleasant walks and bridle paths, one of the latter extending to the top of Colborn Peak, a half mile distant. The house is three stories, with spacious rooms, and wide, double piazzas on the north, south and east sides. Oliver Abell, proprietor.

Near by is the summer camp of E. D. Bartlett, one of the most extensive and elaborate of the wilderness, and highly artistic as a whole. "Castle Rustico," on the west shore, opposite Moose Island, is open for guests. It is an immense, gabled structure of logs, rough outside and rustic in. W. F. Leggett, proprietor. Under-Cliff Cottage, on the west shore of the lake, belongs to Dr. C. D. Alton, of Hartford, Conn. Originally a private camp, it has been added to, and as a "sanitarium" offers accommodations to invalids. For terms address Dr. Alton at Hartford, until July 1st. Through the summer address at Lake Placid. Paradox Pond is simply a bay connected with the lake at its southwest extremity.

CHUBB RIVER, the outlet of Lake Placid, runs toward the southwest, and in circling around toward the east approaches quite near to Paradox Pond, very nearly creating another large island. It is crossed a short distance from where the road comes out on the shore of Mirror Lake, in approaching from the south, and soon after joins with the Au Sable to pass through Wilmington Notch.

THE ELBA HOUSE, on the main road, two miles south of Lake Placid, will provide for 18 boarders. It is quaint and picturesque. Of old it was known as Lyons' Hotel. It has now been repaired and refurnished under a new management and furnishes comfortable quarters for 18 boarders. Rates \$1.50 per day; \$6.00 to \$8.00 per week. Open from June 1st to November 15th. R. E. Fisher, proprietor. Guests will be conveyed to and from the railroad at Saranac Lake for \$1.00, distance about 8 miles.

RAY BROOK HOUSE, 5 miles west of the Elba House and 3 miles from Saranac Lake, will provide for 40 guests. Open from June to November. Rates \$3.00 per day; \$10.00 to \$17.00 per week. Duncan Cameron, proprietor. Post office address, Ray Brook.

\* \* \* \* \*

The narrative portions of these pages left us tearing ourselves away from the proffered hospitalities of the John Brown farm, after which we sought entertainment at Lyons' Hotel. The following morning took us to Lake Placid, where we nearly succeeded in getting a cold bath, thanks to our belief that we knew perfectly well how to manage an Adirondack boat, after which, fortified with a dinner, we succeeded in removing Att. from the presence of a fascinating divinity in calico, and started for Saranac Lake.

SARANAC LAKE of then and now differs somewhat. It did not impress me favorably at the time, and we went direct to Martin's. The place held no visible promise of its future then, but nature had made it the natural outlet to the great northern lake country, and now—in combination with its porous soil, the Chateaugay railway, Dr. Trudeau, and Milo B. Miller—has it taken a boom that promises to be of the most substantial and lasting kind. It is a pretty little town, of seven to eight hundred native inhabitants, lying low in the valley; busy and full of enterprise. Around it are protecting hills, and, farther back, mountains. Between the hills run valleys from north, east and south, uniting here so that it is approached by level

roads, winding through the lowlands, from either side. It shows a picturesque blending of the primitive forms of old times with the swell structures of prosperous later days, since it went forth that here was the health centre of the wilderness. It has two churches—Methodist and Episcopal—a graded school, water supply for street and dwellings, stores and hotels, and telegraphic and telephonic communication with the summer hotels of the lake region and the outer world.

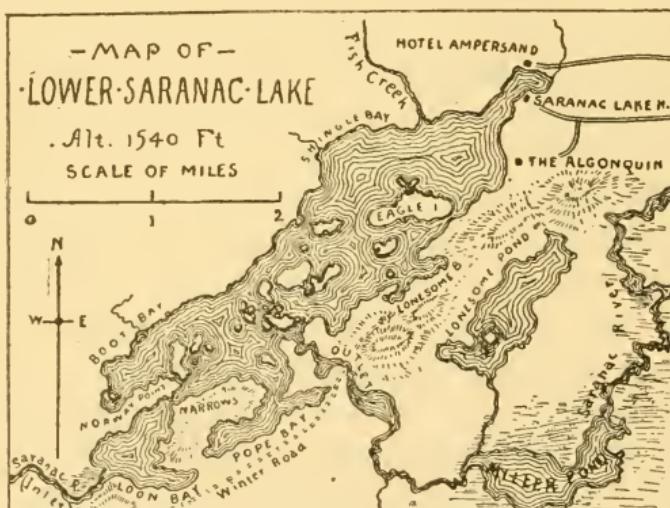
THE ADIRONDACK SANITARIUM is a practical application of the good to be had here. It is situated a mile below the river, on a bluff, commanding a grand mountain view toward the north and east, and well protected from the prevailing western wind. Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, of New York, is examining physician. The institution is under the immediate supervision of Dr. E. L. Trudeau, assisted by Dr. C. T. Wicker. Applicants must be examined either by Dr. Loomis, in New York, or Dr. Trudeau, at Saranac Lake. It is not intended as an asylum for hopeless cases; but to put within reach of sufferers from incipient pulmonary complaints, whose means are limited, the advantages to be derived from the Adirondack climate, a simple, out-of-door life, and good hygienic surroundings, with suitable medical treatment. It consists of a handsome central building, containing dining-room, offices, etc., and outlying cottages, accommodating two to four patients each. The Sanitarium accommodates about fifty patients. A charge of \$5.00 per week is made for each. This is below the actual cost *pro rata*, but the deficiency is made up by annual subscriptions. Dr. Trudeau's experience has made him a strong advocate of the systematic open-air treatment of consumptives, which is carried out at the institution in most cases, and a characteristic scene in mid-winter is that of a dozen or more patients swathed in wrappers of wool and fur, ranged, sardine-like, side by side on the piazza in comfortable steamer chairs, chatting or reading, or engaged in such light occupations as are possible with thickly gloved fingers, often remaining out in what may be called bad weather even, from nine o'clock in the morning until sun-set, excepting during the interval taken

for dinner. Others drive, muffled in furs, or where strength permits—thickly clad and well protected from the cold—indulge in long tramps through the woods or over the hills on snow shoes.\*

“THE BERKELEY,” with capacity for twenty guests and the “Adirondack” providing for as many more, are the village hotels with a local and commercial patronage.

MARTIN’S HOTEL is on high ground, on the road to the lake. The proprietor, William F. Martin, was the founder of the famous old Saranac Lake House. He is an enthusiastic hunter himself, and obliging withal. Accommodations are here offered for fifty visitors. Rates \$2.50 per day, \$10 so \$15 per week, open May to December.

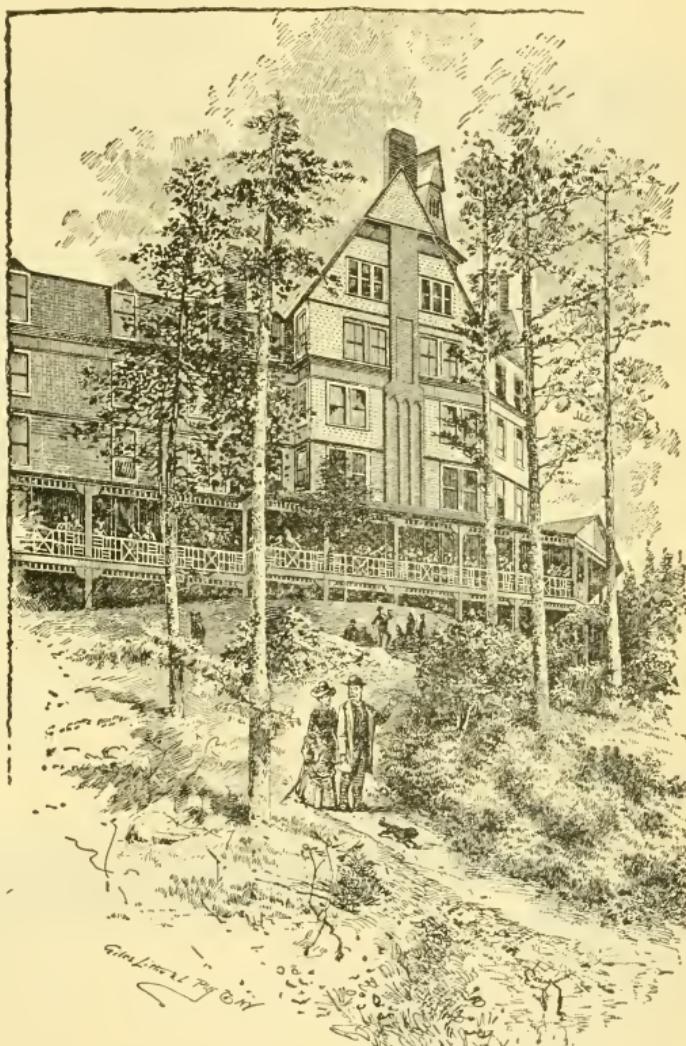
LOWER SARANAC LAKE is a little less than five miles long by one and a quarter wide. Its longest way is from Miller’s



in a south-westerly course to its inlet. Symmetrical as a whole, it is separated into several natural divisions by out-spreading peninsulas and chain-like groups of islands; there being of the latter (counting as such several huge rocks) one for every week of the year.

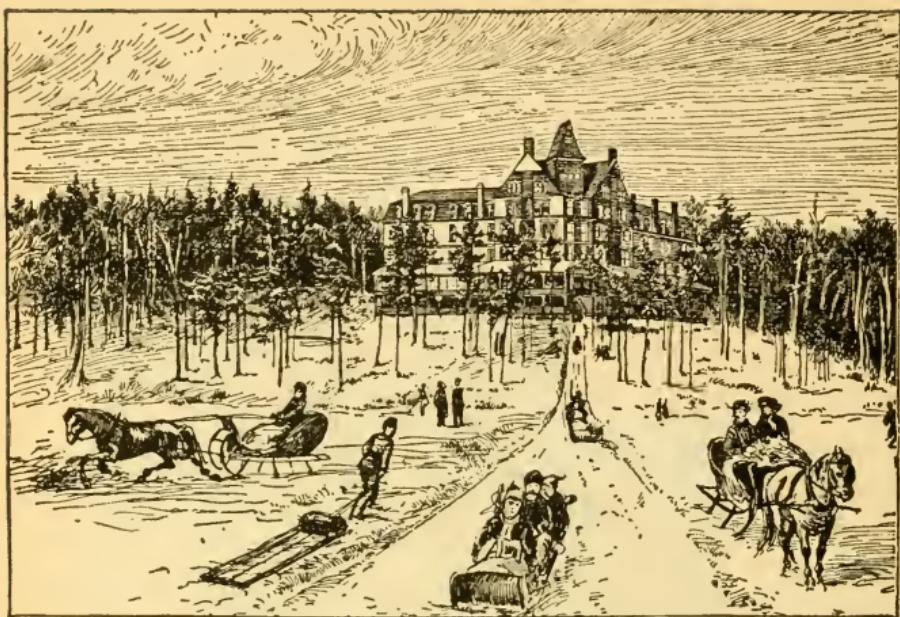
\*SARANAC LAKE IN WINTER. Illustrating invalid life and other scenes containing 12 pages of pictures reproduced by the Photogelatine process, can be had at the book stores, or by addressing the publisher of this book, at Glens Falls, N. Y. Price 75 cents.

HOTEL AMPERSAND, at the extreme northerly end of the lake, was completed and opened November 1st, 1888. In choosing a name for the new house, the above was deemed fitting and appropriate from the vicinage of the shapely mountain that looms up in the south beyond the lake, at whose base nestles a pretty pond bearing the same name, with its outlet in a little stream that finds its devious way at last into Raquette River. The hotel was built and opened

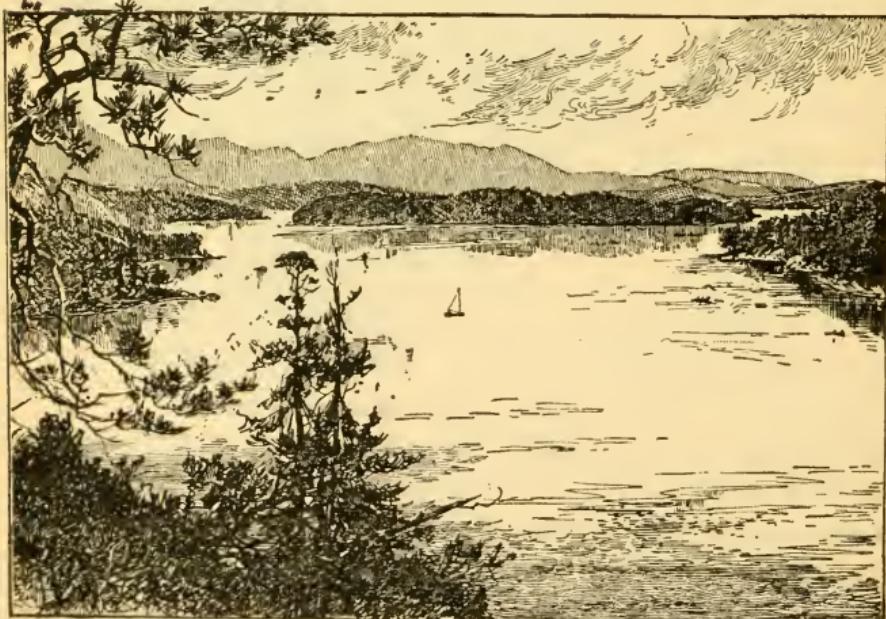


HOTEL AMPERSAND FROM THE WEST.

by the Saranac Lake Hotel Company. It is roomy, rambling and artistic--full of unsuspected corners and pleasant surprises. It is picturesque in its commanding position on a slight eminence, surrounded by pines, hemlocks and balsams, with white birches gleaming here and there among their more sombre neighbors. Arrangements are being made for large additions soon. At present it contains one hundred bed-rooms, thirty-five of which have open fire-places. An elevator makes all floors almost equally

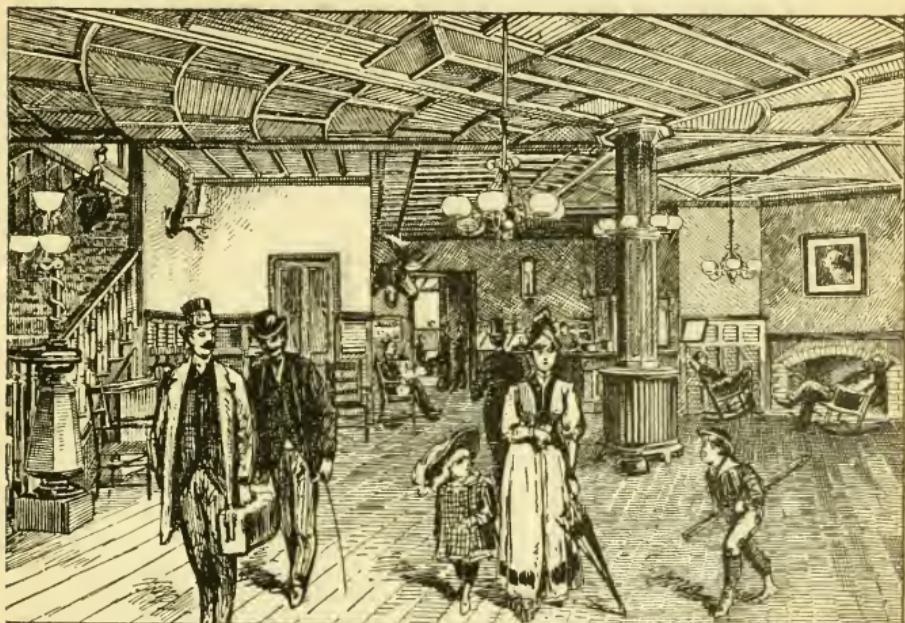


HOTEL AMPERSAND IN WINTER.



SARANAC LAKE FROM HOTEL AMPERSAND.

desirable. It is heated throughout by steam and lighted with gas. The main office is a large room with two large fireplaces, opening on one side into the spacious dining room and on the other into a reception room, ladies' billiard room and

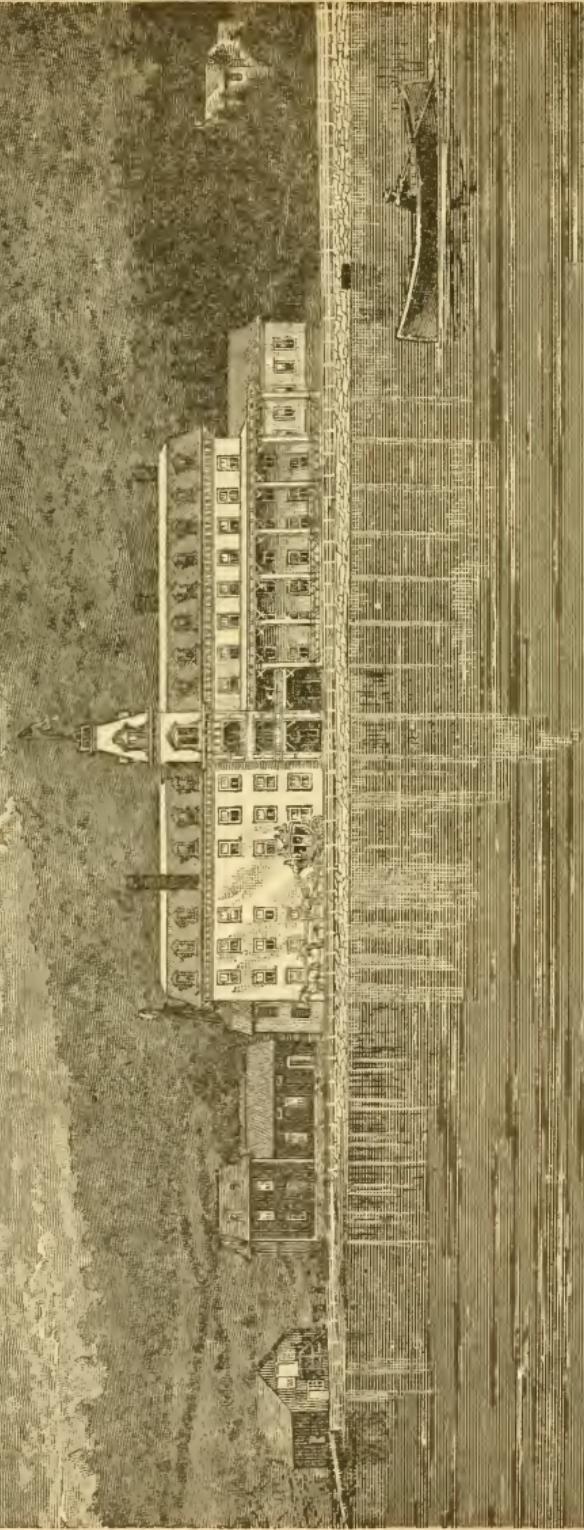


HOTEL AMPERSAND, OFFICE.

parlor. The piazzas are broad and extend along the entire front and on the east side of the house. Although the hotel was built with a special view to winter business, it is open the entire year, and the protecting trees that shield its winter guests from the too severe winds offer a greatful shade to its summer visitors. The telephone, telegraph and post office and general store are in the hotel. The accompanying cuts show glimpses of the house in summer and winter and a view of the lake from the piazza. Board \$21.00 and upwards per week. Transient rates \$4.00 per day. For special rates and particulars address the Saranac Lake Hotel Company, Ampersand, N. Y.

C. M. Eaton and his partner, W. G. Young, the managers, represent energy and enterprise and a knowledge of the

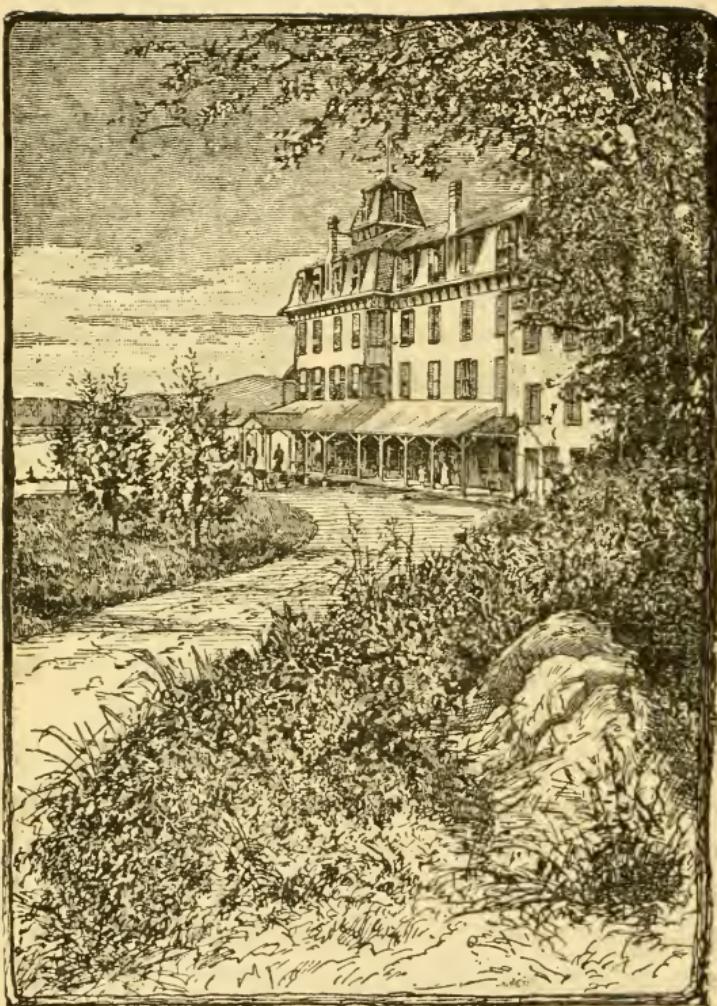
SARANAC LAKE HOUSE.



minutia of hotel service that ensures good management and smooth working throughout. At the beginning, the Amper-sand took position as a popular favorite. With a generous freedom of management not often equalled it has continued so. It is a house about which little can be found to criticize.

**THE SARANAC LAKE HOUSE** is near the northern extremity of the Lower Saranac, one and a half miles from the depot. (Stage 50 cents). It is oftener spoken of as "Miller's" than by its proper name. Good taste is displayed in the general management, and it is justly reckoned among the desirable resorts of the north. It is Democratic in tendency, breezy and delightful with its ever changing patronage. Architecturally it is one of the most attractive of Adirondack hotels. Large fire-places have been built in many of the rooms, and the entire establishment furnished with necessary conveniences. The greater portion of the sleeping rooms are large, well lighted and ventilated, and arranged in suites of from two to six, communicating. The piazza fronting the lake affords a pleasant, covered promenade, and the parlors look out on one of the loveliest of quiet Adirondack scenes. Across the bay, at the right, the shore rises abruptly to a considerable height. At the left, near by, is a dense grove of cedar, balsam and tamarack, with pleasant walks and arbors. Beyond is the broad lake, with its islands and distant mountains. The telegraph, telephone and a branch post office in the hotel. Parties can leave New York at 7:30 P. M., and arrive in time for dinner. Returning by morning train, arriving in New York at 7 A. M. This house has a capacity for 250 guests. Rates \$3 to \$4 per day, \$14 to \$28 per week.

**D. J. GILLIGAN** is proprietor of the Saranac Lake House, succeeding Milo B. Miller, who has so long and so successfully conducted it. Mr. Gilligan was formerly proprietor of the Burleigh House and Fort Ticonderoga Hotel, where he proved an efficient and thoroughly competent hotel man, and under him the house must sustain the excellent reputation it has deservedly won under its late management. In the office, old friends will find the ever courteous and obliging clerk,



THE ALGONQUIN.

H. H. Tousley, late of the Alexander House, whom it is a pleasure to commend. Guides, boats and camp supplies and hunting and fishing requisites can be had here on application.

THE ALGONQUIN (formerly Alexander House) has been purchased by and is now under the management of John Harding, a graduate of Paul Smith's famous hostelry, and for the past two years associate manager of the Hotel Ampersand. The house stands on high ground commanding a comprehensive view of the lake, its islands and the mountains beyond. This is comparatively a new house, finely finished in natural woods, richly decorated, and furnished luxuriously. The sleeping rooms are large above the average; the beds of the best. It has high ceilings and large windows. It has open fire-places, affording ventilation, and, on occasion, necessary heat. It has wide piazzas on three sides, giving 300 feet of promenade protected from rain and sun. The grounds are extensive, having three-fourths of a mile of lake front, with a beautiful sand beach, space for out-door amusements in way of tennis court, croquet, etc., and pleasant walks that penetrate the thick woods, affording means of open or covered promenade as may seem pleasant. Stages connect with all trains; fare 50 cents. Telegraph in the house. Modern conveniences are here including electric bells. A livery will be maintained by the proprietor and single or double carriages furnished at established prices, while boats, comfortably large and steady, or of the cranky Adirondack build, as preferred, can be had, with guides and all the requirements for hunting and fishing. A special feature of the Algonquin, much affected by believers in the efficacy of out-door air, in shape of commodious tents with carpeted floor and all the etceteras of a well furnished bed-room, will be provided for those who prefer tent life to the accommodations of the hotel. That the table will be first-class goes without question. Rates \$3.00 to \$4.00 per day, \$15.00 to \$25.00 per week.

The outlet is about three miles southeast of the Algonquin, where it enlarges to form Miller Pond, then con-

tracting swings gradually around and passes through the village of Saranac.

This entrance to the lake region, always important, is becoming better known, and must in time, by virtue of its position and environment, become one of the gateways on the main line of travel, the other being Blue Mountain Lake; the two forming the terminal stations in the grand round trip through the Saranac and Raquette waters, crossing the Upper Saranac at its outlet and leading into the wilder sections about Big Tupper Lake.

The morning following our arrival at Martin's (now Miller's) we took passage in one of Bartlett's freight boats, which chanced to be going up with brick and other hotel supplies. At the head of the lake, "in the shadow of a great rock," we entered the inlet and sailed up through the lily pads, between lines of tall dead trees, marking what was once the shores of the stream. Something over a mile above we came to the falls—but little more than rapids—where the water shoots down through the rocky channel, with a *swish* and a saucy curl or two at the bottom. Here we stepped ashore, and helped to pull the boat up through the cut, then got aboard and picked our way slowly up stream.

We noticed that the boat displaced two inches of water at stem and 18 at stern, and we labored with the captain to convince him of certain facts but he allowed that he knew how to load a boat, and we dragged over the sandy bottom into Round Lake and up to Bartlett's finally followed by a series of swells such as follow in the wake of a deep sea propeller.

ROUND LAKE is about two and one-half miles in diameter, and, as its name implies, nearly round in shape. It contains several very pretty rocky islands. The shores are bold, and at that time were brilliant in their autumn dress. Passing across, we went out on the west side between two great rocks, and up a slow stream half a mile, to Bartlett's.

THE SARANAC CLUB HOUSE (formerly Bartlett's) is at the foot of a short carry between Round Lake and the Upper Saranac. The portage is by cart, costing 50 cents for boat and baggage. The traffic to this point is generally by water, although possible to reach the house by a road through the woods.

This property has lately been purchased by a company, incorporated as the "Saranac Club" with a charter membership of 20. The stated objects of the club are, primarily, the health, happiness and pleasure of its members, but while the accommodations of the house will be largely required for the club it will be kept open as a hotel and the public accommodated to such an extent as may be without inconvenience to club members.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gentle reader, if your heart does not bound in sympathy with an angler's tale skip this; it is only a fishy experience. While at Bartlett's in '63, we decided to take a trip through the upper lake and return (as the course we had marked out simply led across the south end), and I thought it would do no harm to put out a trolling line—we might strike something. So, after dinner, I applied to the alleged clerk for the necessary articles. He did not appear particularly anxious to spring around and wait on people. He was devoted to his duties behind a little semi-circular desk, which fenced in one corner of the room, and afforded a safe retreat for himself and sundry dark-looking bottles. He appeared tired, but said he would try to rig me up. In the course of half an hour I found him sitting contentedly on the porch, where he had stopped to rest, and was soothed with the information that he didn't believe there was any use trying to troll. I thought so myself, but nevertheless, so long as I had set out with that intention I proposed to persevere, so he started again. After another lapse of valuable time, I found him in the guide-house sitting serenely on a dry-goods box, apparently going to sleep. At last, however, with the aid of our guide, I secured the necessary articles and started. We went and returned, and I

didn't get a bite. I was surprised, for I fished faithfully. Perhaps the velocity of our boat had something to do with our ill luck, as the "gang" to which a shiner was attached would spring out of the water occasionally, and skitter along the surface like any thing but a fish, but I thought they might overlook that little matter. The spirit of Isaac Walton moved within me, and I felt the excitement of a veteran angler at the very smell of fish. I had admired Murray for his wonderful skill in casting flies and things; devoured the contents of "I go-a-fishing" with avidity, and felt able to play any fish and throw any kind of fly in existence. In imagination, with the great piscatorial lights of the age, I had felt my heart thrill at sight of a polywog, and often closed my eyes in an ecstacy of bliss, as I thought of the terrific ravings of a half-ounce sucker when fairly fast. With such feelings surging through my breast, we went in to supper. Ah! can it be possible? Yes, yes, it is! it is!! A school of fish-balls within easy reach! I will catch one. But what true fisherman can act the part of a butcher? True greatness in that line consists not in the amount bagged, but in the manner of doing it. My heart thrilled with the excitement which the angler feels when the gently undulating motion of the atmosphere tells him that his game is nigh. I prepared for a cast. A moment's hesitation occurred, in which the momentous question presented itself whether I had better take my "scarlet dragoon" or "blue-tailed-ibies." I tried both, but not a ripple stirred the quiet depths. Then I tried a spoon. Now I contend that it requires a great deal of skill to cast a spoon properly for a fish-ball, especially at this season of the year. Carefully I played it around over the bread; dragged it slowly across the potatoes, skittered it lightly over the butter, and let it drop where I knew the wary creatures were lying in wait. Slowly it settled down, lightly as the dew into the heart of a blushing rose. A gentle ripple stirred the surface. I felt intuitively that the trying moment had come. A thrill shot up my arm, and throughout my body, to the very pit of my stomach, as the

beautiful creature curled upward and struck—struck hard. Then began the struggle for life on the one side against science on the other—mind against matter. It is an undoubted fact that an intellectual man, with a good spoon, is more than a match for any fish-ball in existance. Carefully I played him, for he was a gamey fish-ball. The surrounding gravy was lashed into fury, and foamed white as the driven snow, but the cruel spoon held him, and, with a sullen shaking, he rested on the bottom—preparing for another run. Now he darts away like a flash of light, and is brought up by my gradually, though firmly-compressing arm ; then he turned, and clove his native element as the thunder-bolt might cleave a summer squash. But the spoon brought him up once more, and he turned directly toward me. It was a critical moment—a moment of terrible suspense.

“Give him the butt !” screamed the Professor, dodging behind the teapot ; “give him the butt !—they always do.”

“Stand firm, Professor !” I cried, wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement as the enraged fish-ball sprang into the air, and made directly for me with my mouth wide open : “stand firm, and the victory is ours.”

I gave him the butt as he came, and the delicate rod bent as a reed shaken in the wind. Oh ! the terrific fire that blazed from the eye of that fish-ball will haunt me till my dying day. Rage, agony, despair, all blended in one, as, shaking the sparkling drops of gravy from his gleaming sides, he sprang entirely over us—plunged downward on the other side. Again and again he renewed the attack. But I desist. Suffice it to say that, in less than an exciting hour and fifty-nine minutes sport, I succeeded in safely landing that heroic creature and laid him—a conquered fish-ball—at my feet. Science had again triumphed.

Mr. Murray says, “the highest bodily beatitude I ever expect to reach, is to sit in a boat with John at the paddle, and match again a Conroy rod against a three-pound trout.” As for me, give me my trusty spoon—or even a sharp stick. I

care not *who* sits at the paddle, and let *me* once more feel the deathless joy of a single-handed encounter with an untamed fish-ball, and I'll murmur not, though a yawning legislature opens and sucks me in forever. Pardon this ebullition; I can never keep cool when excited. And right here, let me lift my voice against the horrible practice of some coarse natures, whose soul never swept upward to a spiritual conception of flies; and who, with no excuse, save perhaps that of hunger, can, with a common hook and line, and filthy worms for bait, snatch a kingly trout bald-headed, and lay him gasping in uncomfortable terror on the ground. I cannot find words of condemnation strong enough to express my horror of this barbarous practice, which is extremely vulgar, contributes nothing to science, and is, in all probability, excessively annoying to the fish.

On the contrary, the scientific allurement of a denizen of the aqueous fluid to the one more volatile is an achievement worthy of a great intellect. The skillful playing prepares the noble creature for its final transition, which, if not actually attended with pleasurable-sensations to the subject in question, is owing to its lack of appreciation of the important part it is playing in the march of intellect. It is also more christian-like and refined than bull-baiting, because less dangerous; and we cannot wonder that great minds — divines even — are sometimes translated by its wonderful fascinations.

UPPER SARANAC LAKE rests at 1,577 feet above tide. It is eight miles long, measuring north and south; about two miles wide at its broadest places; and is divided into unequal lobes by points projecting from its east and west shores. It discharges toward the east from its south end, making a rapid descent of about 35 feet in 100 rods, to Bartlett's. It contains a number of islands; those at the south being rounded or level; those at the north, bold and rocky. The shores partake of the nature of the islands; are thickly wooded, and rise into hills, which can hardly lay claim to the title of mountains, but which are picturesque and attractive. In the distance, at the

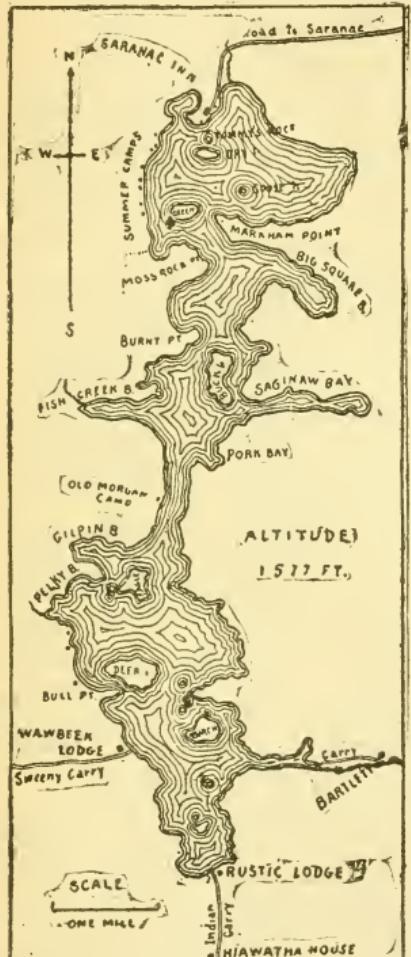
north, is St. Regis Mountains; away at the east, Whiteface; toward the south-west, Ampersand and Seward.

McCoy's RUSTIC LODGE, is at the south end of the Upper Saranac, about three miles from Bartlett's. It stands well up

above the water on the divide between the Saranac, and Raquette Lake waters which latter flows from this point toward the south. From this point the famous Indian Carry extends south one mile to Stony-creek Ponds, affording a very pleasant walk, and is continued around them at the west, two miles farther, ending at the Raquette River. The house is picturesque, half log, half frame, and has been added to as the necessity for greater accommodations were felt, and with several detached cottages of one room each in a line along the ridge facing the lake, has capacity for about 60 guests. It is high, dry and breezy, wholesome of itself and in its surroundings. It commands a fine view of the lake.

Mails are brought here and de-

part daily by a boat leaving Saranac Lake every morning except Sunday, during the season. Telegraph at Wawbeek, 20 minutes distant. The Chateaugay railroad brings this point within 20 hours of New York city. The proprietor, E. R. McCoy, is energetic and obliging. The house is open from May 1st to November. Rates \$2.50 per day; \$10.00 to \$14.00 per week.



MAP OF UPPER SARANAC LAKE.  
(From Survey by Dr. S. B. Ward.)

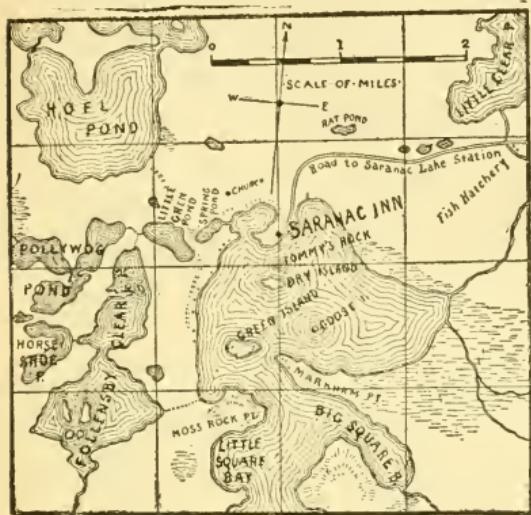
SARANAC INN is at the head of the lake about 15 miles from Saranac depot, to which stages run, connecting with all trains. Fare \$1.50. A new road, to be opened up soon, will reduce the distance to a little more than 10 miles. By water from Saranac Inn to Miller's is 20 miles; to Paul Smith's  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles. At present the road runs through a picturesque section of the country, finally entering the woods, which in places exist in their primeval condition. All the way—except in extremely bad weather—the road is in good condition and the ride a delightful one. The house stands at a point extending out into the lake and commands a broad expanse of water and distant mountains equalled nowhere in the Adirondacks, except from the high land between Mirror Lake and Lake Placid. The land is dry and porous, the peninsula on which the house stands level, and the woods which forms a pleasant feature in its surroundings, are grove-like, resembling a cultivated park in their shadowy depths. Under its present management the Inn has gained the highest praise. The table is exceptionally nice. This house has a capacity for 125 guests. Board \$3.50 per day; \$17.50 to \$30.00 per week, according to rooms. The season is from May 1st to October 15th. A loop of the telegraph extends to this point with office in the hotel. Post-office address "Saranac Inn." D. W. Riddle, Manager.

This place is specially attractive to the fisherman, because of the multitude of small ponds and streams adjacent, there being within a circuit of three miles over thirty that are recognized as among the best trout yielding waters of the Adirondacks. For obvious reasons also, the hunter with limited time, will find this available ground. A good road penetrates the forests; an excellent house renders the isolated position comfortable. It is well out in that wilderness which, north, west and south, is almost unbroken and impenetrable save over the watery highways, where the streams and ponds cover the tract like crystal beads on a net-work of silver. Into this labyrinth comes the deer who delight in the still water and the tender food growing at its edge. With them it is a favorite feeding

ground and they find none better even in the far west. All these attractions tend to make the Saranac Inn an unusually desirable resort.

This is a favorite spot with ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland, and headquarters during their flying trips to the woods. Dr.

S. B. Ward, of Albany, is, also, a regular visitor here; and a map of the lake, personally surveyed, testifies to the practical nature of his amusements. To him the publisher is indebted for a copy of the work, now incorporated in the large map of the wilderness and shown in these pages. A pretty little church on the hill back



MAP SHOWING THE 15 SQUARE MILES BELONGING TO  
THE SARANAC INN COMPANY.

of the hotel, erected in 1885, is open for service during the summer. A number of very attractive private camps are on the bay west of the house, and at various points south.

**WAWBEEK LODGE** is the name of the new hotel at the Old Sweeney Carry on the west shore opposite the outlet of the Upper Saranac; "Wawbeek" is Indian for rock and was suggested by a huge boulder lying on the hill side. Hiawatha "Sees the masses of the Wawbeek lying still in every valley" but the traveler who sees *this* "Wawbeek" has a very pleasant thing to look upon. It commands an extensive view of the lake, a long stretch of water toward the north and another down into the deep arm which forms the outlet towards the east. It is artistic in design and finish, the public apartments spacious and the sleeping rooms large with plenty of windows. Pure water is there, brought into the house from a distant spring, and perfect ventilation and drainage assured. Fur-

nished tents will be grouped around the house for the accommodation of those who during the warm season may prefer them to house room. Wawbeek Lodge is reached from Saranac Lake Station through the Lower Lake and stream by row boat, or by way of the Northern Adirondack Railroad to Tupper Lake Station, thence by stage over the new road now being built through the woods 9 miles to this point. Accommodations will be provided for one hundred guests. Board per day \$3.50, per week, \$17.50 and upwards. Open from July to November. T. Edward Krumholz, manager. Mr. Krumholz is affable and obliging. He was for some time connected with the Saranac Inn where he made many friends. He will no doubt make this a success. "Wawbeek" is the P.O. address. A telegraph station is at the house.

SWEENEY CARRY extends from Wawbeek west three miles to the Raquette River. For transportation of boat and luggage across, the price is \$1.50. Passengers can ride over on a buckboard for 75 cents.

TROMBLEE'S is on the Raquette River, at the west end of Sweeney Carry. Buckboards can be had here by east coming passengers for the three mile trip over, and carrying wagons for the boats and luggage. The river above this point is delightfully picturesque, marks of the desolation caused by the flooded flats not being so apparent here as further down. Trolling for pickerel is the popular sport and yields most satisfactory results. The house is small, affording accommodations for only six or eight people, but it gives an exceedingly good dinner. Board \$10.00 per week ; \$2.00 per day. Mail daily through the season. Open from May 1st to November. Oliver Tromblee, proprietor. Post office address, Wawbeek, N. Y. It is about 8 miles from Tromblee's Landing by the new road to Tupper Lake Station. By river to the foot of Tupper Lake the distance is about 11 miles.

THE LOWER RAQUETTE near the foot of Tupper Lake is a perpetual protest against the outrages perpetrated in the name of utility, the result of a dam built at Raquette Pond, that forsooth, a saw-mill may be fed, when retributive nature, in pur-

surance of a well-recognized law because of stripped mountain side and barren upland, fails to send its old-time supply of rain. In the spring and early summer, the water sets back away up to Raquette Falls and into Stony Creek Ponds, but later it is allowed to drain low, exposing hideous, slime-covered flats and malaria-breeding pits and the skeletons of drowned trees standing and lying prone all along its course. These drowned lands are indicated on the map by parallel lines. See page 116.

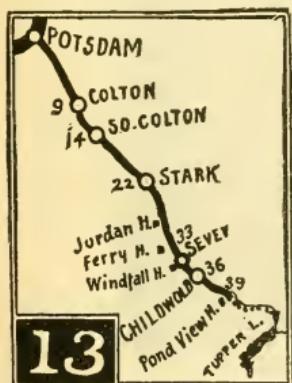
**RAQUETTE POND**, terminus of the Northern Adirondack Railroad, called Tupper Lake Station, is two miles below the point where Tupper Lake hangs like a pocket on the south side of the river.

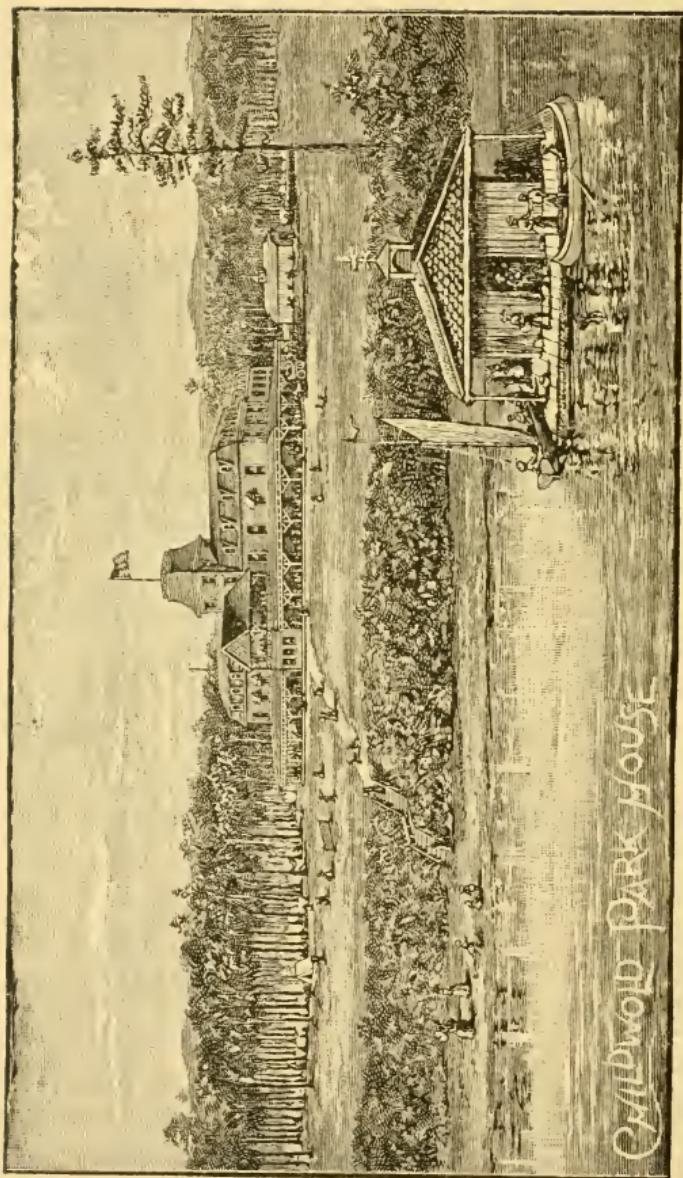
**DOWNEY'S LANDING**, is 8 miles further. The stream is navigable except for short carries around falls and rapids. The Pond View House (P. O. Gale) is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles west, on Cata-mount Pond, E. P. Gale, proprietor. Board here costs a dollar a day. From this point a stage runs tri-weekly to South Colton and daily from that point to Potsdam.

**THE WINDFALL HOUSE** is 3 miles north of Childwold, on the track of the tornado of 1845. J. J. Seavy, proprietor.

**THE LOWER RAQUETTE** can be reached *via* Potsdam. There are small houses at intervals along the road and river,

where entertainment can be had at from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day. The Forest House is at Stark's Falls, 22 miles from Potsdam. The Jordon House is 6 miles farther, opposite the mouth of the Jordan River. The "Kildare Club," of New York, composed of members of the Vanderbilt family and friends, has a hunting lodge near Jordan lake and a park of several thousand acres lying along the river. Kildare Station, on the N. A. Railroad, and a new road thence to Jordan lake is for the special benefit of the club.





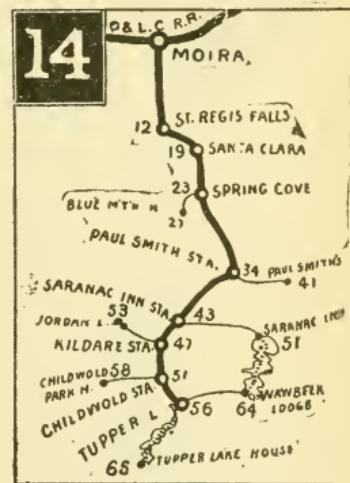
WILWOOD PARK HOUSE

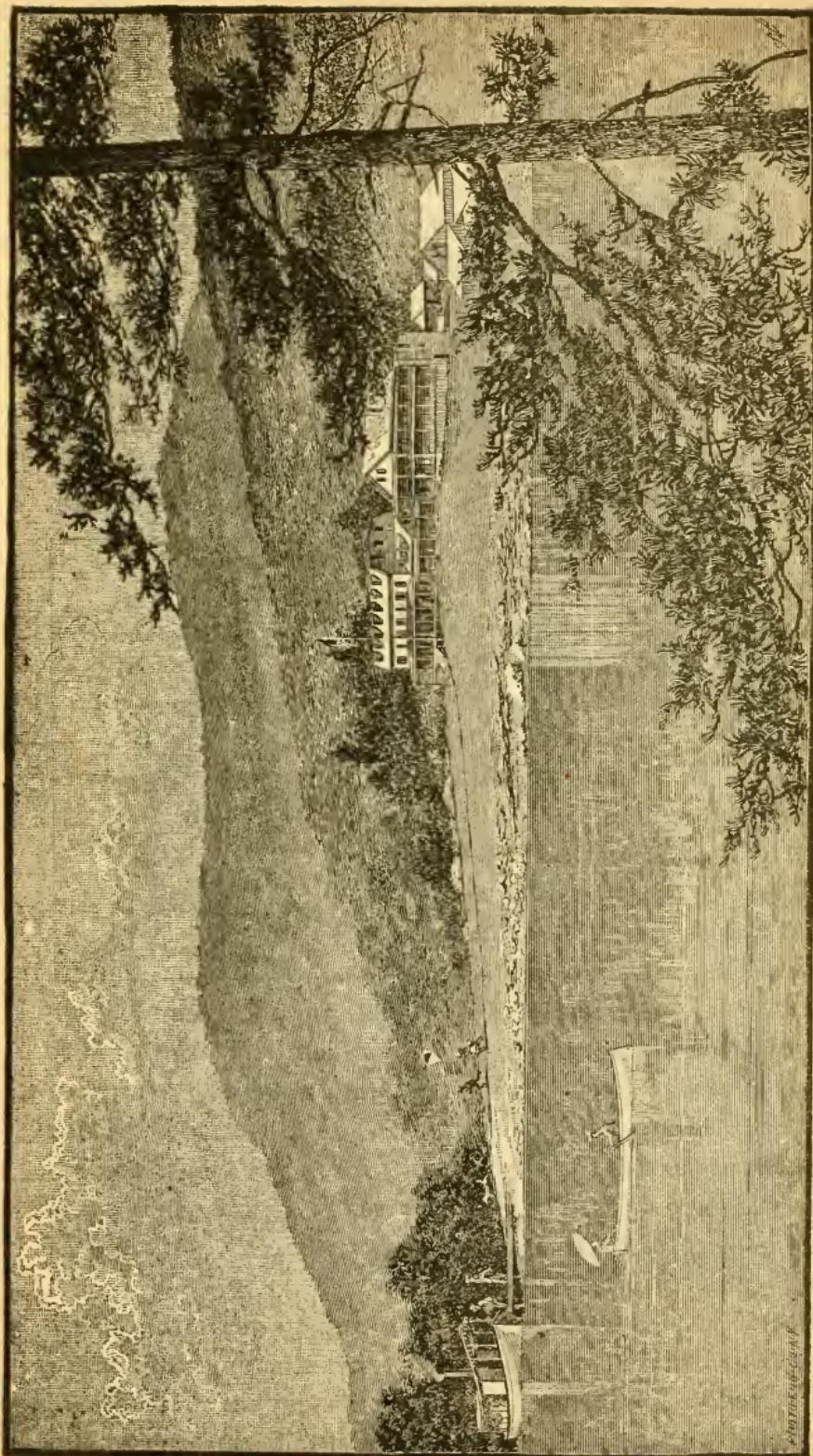
CHILDWOLD, 36 miles from Potsdam, has an elevation of about 1,200 feet above tide and is in a belt of good agricultural land on which a colony of farmers are thriving.

LAKE MASSAWEPIE is the fountain head of Grass river—one of the best trout streams in northern New York—and a noted resort for deer. Mr. Addison Child, to whom this section owes much of its prosperity, and Mr. Henry G. Dorr, of Boston, together own the whole southern portion of the township, and have preserved under the state law, 3,000 acres here, embracing Lake Massawepie and six contributary sheets of water that encircle it, as a game and pleasure park.

CHILDWOLD PARK HOUSE is on the east shore of Massawepie Lake. This place with the opening of the Northern Adirondack Railroad to Tupper Lake has been made easily accessible. It has natural attractions of broken and picturesque wilderness surroundings, and a broad, beautiful lake with numerous small ponds adjacent. The house stands on high ground rising considerably above the water, with surrounding piazzas and a belvedere 78 feet above the Lake. Boats, and hunting and fishing supplies, can be obtained here with competent men for camp or trail. It is reached by stage from Childwold Station on the Northern Adirondack railroad, 7 miles distant. Fare \$1.00. Price for board \$2 to \$3 per day. \$10 to \$15 per week, according to room and length of stay. Wm. F. Ingold, late manager of the Elmwood House, Franconia, N. H., and of "The Magnolia," Florida, manager.

Convenient railroad service will be maintained from New York city to Childwold Station. Wagner sleeping cars leave Grand Central Station daily except Saturday at 7:30 P. M., run through without change. A telegraph line in process and of construction will be for service during the season.





TUPPER LAKE HOUSE.

TUPPER LAKE STATION is on Raquette Pond two miles below the foot of Tupper Lake. During the season a steamboat will run from this point through to Tupper Lake House, touching at other hotels on the way.

TUPPER LAKE is 1,554 feet above tide. It is nearly seven miles long by three broad. It has 25 to 30 islands, some level and covered with thrifty trees, some barren and rocky, rising steeply from the water. Long, or County, Island is the largest, being nearly a mile in length. A precipice on its west side is known as the Devil's Pulpit, although why or what, the devil he could want of one here is a mystery. The surrounding country is wild but not grand with mountain heights. Mount Morris, at the southeast, is the most important elevation of the section. Bog River comes picturesquely down over the face of the rough rocks at the head of the lake where a ruined saw mill marks a past "effort."

MOUNT MORRIS HOUSE is on the east side of the lake near the outlet. John F. Hatch, lessee.

REDSIDE CAMP is on the high bluff a half mile farther down the lake. Martin Moody, proprietor. Twelve to fifteen guests can here be taken care of in a substantial manner. Rates, \$1.50 per day, \$10.00 to \$12.00 per week. Post office is "Moody." Fare by boat to Tupper Lake Station \$1.00.

TUPPER LAKE HOUSE is on the west shore of the lake near its south end. It is about 35 miles, as the way goes, from Saranac Lake (station), and can be reached from that direction during the summer by rowboat, making a pleasant day's journey. The opening up of this section by the Northern Adirondack railroad, penetrating to the wildest portion of the wilderness, comes as a surprise to people generally and the excellent train service maintained makes it possible to leave New York in the evening at 7:30 and reach the Tupper Lake House in time for dinner the next day. Fare from New York to Tupper Lake, \$12.40; round trip, \$22.25. It is a source of considerable surprise to visitors who had thought to bury themselves in this far-away corner of the wilderness, to find a

daily mail maintained, the news of the world in their familiar evening paper of the day before laid by their plate at tea time, and all the necessaries with many of the perishable dainties from the centres of civilization following them and contributing to their enjoyment of the woodsy things which nature (and "Lem" Corey, the proprietor,) so bountifully provides. And the half has not even then been told for this same "Lem" knows the woods as well as he knows his house, and its waters by intuition, and freely places his acquired knowledge at the service of his friends who ask it, be they guide or sportsman.

This may be fairly called the geographical centre of the wild lake region. It is on the eastern edge of the Mud Lake country which is probably the least known and visited of any part of the wilderness. Dr. Alfred L. Loomis says it is "the best location for sport, and as healthful as any in the Adirondacks," and the Doctor is good authority on both questions.

The house will accommodate about 100 guests. It is provided with open fire-places in parlor and principal bedrooms, is lighted with gas, has pure spring water brought through pump-logs from a mountain spring, and is furnished comfortably and with the best of beds throughout. Open from May 1st. Board \$3.00 per day; \$14.00 to \$21.00 per week. A. L. Corey is the proper name but a letter addressed to "Lem" Corey, Saranac Lake, cannot go wrong, for every one in the woods knows "Lem."

A supply and provision store, connected with the house, is advertised to supply the best goods the New York market affords at New York retail prices, with cost of freight only added.

The "Lakeside Club," of New York, who own the property, come here annually and occupy their rooms in an adjacent building, eating at the hotel table like other guests.

LITTLE TUPPER LAKE is an easy half day's journey at the south, the most tedious part of this way being the two-mile carry from Bog River into Round Pond, where the thrifty manager will charge you \$2.00 for boat and luggage.

THE HIAWATHA HOUSE is at the south end of Indian Carry, delightfully located among the trees on the north side of the first of the Stony Creek Ponds. Here it is wild on every side and deer come to feed about the borders of the lakelet, and when followed by dogs often take to its waters to escape their pursuers. It is popular as a fishing centre and is a desirable location for sport generally. This fact has been understood in the past and sportsmen from other localities have often visited the place. The house, with its attractive surroundings, promises hereafter to meet the requirements of the section. It is now under entire new ownership and management, renovated and newly furnished and it is guaranteed by the proprietor, Capt. J. H. Pierce, that it shall be kept in first-class shape hereafter and every effort made to please the sporting public. With daily mails, game and fish close by the door, historic and picturesque surroundings and an orderly and pleasant service, it is sure to gain friends and patronage. Chas. Wardner, with a reputation for experience that promises well, is the manager. The house will provide for about 30 guests. Post-office address, Saranac Lake. Conveyance across the Indian Carry from this point costs 75 cents for boat and luggage.

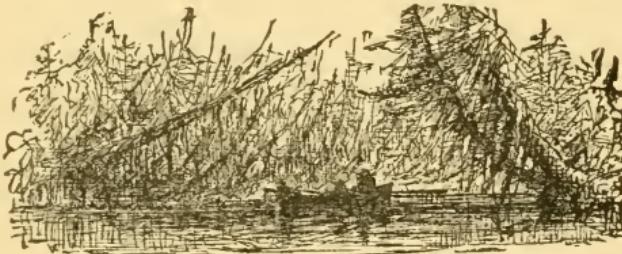
STONY CREEK PONDS are three in number. The first and third are small; the middle one about a mile the longest way. A fancied resemblance to a familiar article has led to their being occasionally called "Spectacle" Ponds.

STONY CREEK, applied to the outlet of the ponds, is a misnomer. It is about three miles long, slow, sluggish, and winding. Its marshy shores are lined with tall grass, and the sprawling, ragged, swamp-maples, which seem to flourish best in a watery soil. From its mouth, down the Raquette, to Big Tupper Lake, is 20 miles; to Raquette Falls, seven. Raquette Falls is 12 to 15 feet in height, with one mile of rapid water above.

RAQUETTE FALLS HOTEL of to-day is a much more pretentious house than the one of old in the days of "Mother Johnson." It will provide for 30 guests, and affords a general stop-

ping place for those who would indulge in the excellent hunting and fishing of this section. It usually divides the long stretch between the Saranacs and Long Lake with a substantial dinner (75 cents), or a welcome night's rest to the round tripper. Now instead of the old stone-boat drawn by oxen, buckboards on which the voyager can ride comfortably under the shadow of his inverted boat, cross the intervening  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the navigable waters above. Each passenger is charged 50 cents, and each boat with its baggage, \$1.50. George W. Walton, proprietor. Address at Saranac Lake.

Resuming once more if you please, the thread of our oft-broken narrative, we will proceed on our journey southward. When we followed the ox-sled over the carry in 1873, a steam-boat whistle had never been heard in this region; since then they have signalled each other across the carry, and a regular



UP THE RAQUETTE.

line is a possibility of the near future. The river is wonderful in its solemn beauty. The water in the shallows is amber, at a greater depth red, then a rich brown. Here it appears almost like ink in its blackness. Sluggish in motion, it fills its bed and seems fairly to round up in the centre. Great, shaggy, twisted cedars line its banks, their branches reaching out toward the light and downward toward the water, the sides away from the river limbless and verdueless. So still it runs that it appears more like a river of black glass than water. It has undermined the trees until they have fallen over and stand at every conceivable angle, and, while yielding, they have curled upward with the even sweep of a scimeter, while the smaller limbs, seemingly alarmed at their too near approach to the water, grow back upon themselves and hang in great hooks and solid festoons from their leaning supports, the whole mirrored in the

glassy surface where we seem to float midway between the heavens above and the heavens below.

About five miles above Raquette Falls, Cold River, coming down from Mount Seward on the east, supplies by considerable, the largest volume of the two streams which here meet. Above this we pick our way carefully. We have left the cedars, passed through the maples, now stripped of their foliage, and come out on a natural meadow, where the coarse hay is cut and piled up on platforms, there to stay until the ice shall render it accessible. Over the shallow outlet we go, through the tall grass, where mounds of sticks and reeds show the presence of a colony of muskrats, out into Long Lake, past the Island House, where a jolly party of *spiritual* fellows are having a loud time, and well on into the night, rap for admission at the door of the Long Lake Hotel.

LONG LAKE is nearly 14 miles in length and about 1 mile in width at the widest part, which is near its outlet. It runs in a northeasterly direction, receives the waters of the Raquette River at its head and gives them up to the Raquette River at its foot, which, flowing northward, and passing within about 2 miles of Upper Saranac Lake, turns toward the west, touching the foot of Tupper Lake, thence northwesterly past Potsdam to the St. Lawrence.

Long Lake contains several islands; one, nearly midway in its length, is called Round Island, and resembles Dome Island of Lake George.

THE ISLAND HOUSE, near the outlet, affords entertainment to such as may at any time from choice or necessity be at this end of the lake.

OWL'S HEAD MOUNTAIN, near the head of the lake, on the west, is marked on the map as being 2,825 feet above tide; but as Long Lake is 1,614 above tide, this isn't much of a mountain after all. To the west the country is comparatively level; on the east is Mount Kempshall; on the north is seen the blue serrated summit of Mount Seward, 4,384 feet above tide.

A number of private camps are scattered along the lake, notably those of Senator Platt and of Rev. Dr. Duryea, near the north end. Toward the south end some considerable attempts have been made at cultivation. The land, however, while apparent-

ly promising well, is cold and poorly adapted to farming purposes.

THE LAKE HOUSE appears first on the left as we approach from the north. It is one of those quiet lakeside resorts that supplies the sportsman with all the necessities of life, and is the gathering-place of the hunter, the fisherman, and of the sturdy guide. The house is three stories high, with a double piazza, facing the lake. It has an advertised capacity for 60 guests. Rates, \$2.00 per day, \$10.00 to \$12.00 per week. The house is under the management of Mrs. C. H. Kellogg who for a number of years has very exceptably filled the position as hostess at this place. Stage runs daily to Blue Mountain Lake to North Creek to connect with the evening train south. Fare to railroad, \$4.00.

In front of the house is a sandy beach, that extends down into the water, at the north, the long stretch of picturesque lake, while just south is a pretty little bay, protected on all sides, where the children can boat and fish to their heart's content. The road from the east crosses the lake here, over a long, floating bridge, which has a raised section to admit of the passage of small boats underneath.

The Sagamore, which stood on the high bluff south of the Lake House caught fire November 30th, 1889, and was totally destroyed. It is expected it will be rebuilt and ready for occupancy in 1891.

LONG LAKE (village) is on the east side of the lake a half mile away, and three and a half miles from the south end. Long Lake lumbers some, farms some, trades a little, hunts and guides extensively, and makes sporting boats of recognized build and superior quality. From its somewhat isolated position and its lack of proper transportation facilities and accommodations in the past, Long Lake has been neglected by the sportsman.

THE LONG LAKE HOTEL, Helms & Smith, proprietors, is situated at the village. This house is open the year round and provides for man and beast at a moderate price. Mails

arrive and depart daily. Stage (Concord wagon, Theron Smith, proprietor) runs to Blue Mountain Lake during the season, leaving in the morning and returning in the afternoon. Travelers may leave New York on the 7:30 Adirondack sleeper, and reach Long Lake the next day at about 6 P. M. The distance to Blue Mountain Lake, by stage road, is nine miles. Fare, \$1.50.

A number of gentlemen have secured for a Preserve 4,000 acres of land lying on both shores of the lake some distance north of Round Island and offer through their agent, camp and villa sights of 10-acre lots each, including the game and forest privilege of the entire tract, on a three or five years lease with the privilege of purchasing at from \$250 to \$500 any time during its continuance. Application for purchase or lease may be made to Hazard Stevens, Esq., 85 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass, or to M. R. Sutton, Agent, Long Lake, N. Y.

THE GROVE HOUSE is about two miles south of the floating bridge in a grove of tall pines on the abrupt eastern bank of the lake, seven miles from Raquette and nine miles from Blue Mountain lake, capacity of house, 50, rates, \$2.50 per day, \$10.00 to \$14.00 per week, David Helms, proprietor. Pleasant features of the place are its open camps and cottages with open fire places. Special rates are offered to parties remaining any considerable time. Mr. Helms is a noted guide and hunter and his house is a favorite resort for hunters and fishermen, who know that his experience and advice may be relied upon. He knows where the trout, the bass and the pickerel are to be found in their season; where the duck swims, and the partridge hides, and the deer runs, and his knowledge is freely placed at the service of his visitors.

The distance from the Grove House to Blue Mountain lake, through Forked and Raquette lakes, by boat, is about 33 miles. For the last-named route a guide will be required as far as Raquette Lake, where steamers are taken for Blue Mountain Lake.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SCHOOLMASTER



E SENT our Saranac guide back, and inquired for one who understood the Raquette Lake region.

"I know the man you want," said our host, in a way as though he felt himself responsible for our future happiness; "Charley Blanchard knows all about it, just came from that region day before yesterday. I'll send for him."

He did so, and soon a little fellow in a Garabaldian shirt stood before us. Thinking of the work a guide is expected to do, it seemed as though this one was meant for a joke or an ornamental head that we would have to carry over the rough places. Kellogg must have noticed the look of surprise on our faces, for, taking me aside, he said:

"Oh, he's all right; knows the country better'n I do my house, and will take you right every time."

"Carry a boat too?" I asked, incredulously gazing at the slight figure.

"Yes, *sir!* carried a boat, oars and all, over the same route a day or two ago. Then he can learn you something — tell you all you want to know. There's no need of his guiding at all, only he likes it. I tell you what, sir, he's qualified for better things. He's—a—school—master!!!"

Of course we were overwhelmed, and engaged the schoolmaster at once, finding him a willing worker, a pleasant companion and an exceptionally good guide — thoroughly acquainted with the region through which we were traveling.

Four miles from Kellogg's we came to the rapids. Here the professor and myself took the loose articles, and the school-

master started off with the boat over his head, looking like a huge, inverted, pickle-dish on a pair of legs.

Reader, did you ever assist over one of these portages in the forests, where the path never dries, and the decayed leaves and vegetable mould makes a bottom of black muck, with rocks and roots projecting above the surface; which same are stepping-places for the skillful, but fearful traps for the unwary?



The guide takes the boat, and you are expected to carry the lighter articles. You admire him as he starts off lightly along the slippery way. Your soul swells with conscious freedom, and you snuff in inspiration and black flies by the mouthful. You gather up the oars, paddle, guns, fishrods, etc., and step out determined to show that you, too, are a natural woodsman. How exhilarating the action! You spring from rock to rock, watching your feet that they may not get the start of you; for the solid bottom may be anywhere from two inches to two feet below the surface. Soon you are busy dodging the bushes, that scratch your hands and slap your face without the slightest provocation; and, after a while, you observe that the oars and other things are getting heavy, and are on a tender place. You change, and make it worse. Then you find they have got into a disagreeable habit of spreading out at various angles—of going on one side of a tree when you had designed to pass on the other; and you back up for another start. You wrench your back and get a crick in the neck in the struggle. The guide is disappearing through the trees in the distance. Surprise, perspiration, determination, and cobwebs, appear on your face; and the things on your shoulder hurt more, and sprawl about worse than ever. You are conscious of an expression like anything but a master of the situation; and your load looks, for all the world, like a fully-extended umbrella denuded of its covering. You try in vain to dodge the various branches that are making unprovoked

lunges at you. The vines trip you, the stones slip from beneath your feet, and roots that look solid give way and let you down. You are getting careless of results, and take chances that do not always turn out well. You step on one end of a root, and the other end comes up and pitches a quart or so of mud in your face. You forget to select a safe place for the next step; your foot glides gently down, and disappears in the inky depths; and, in resurrecting it, the other one goes under. The chances are that about this time you begin to talk to yourself; and the tenor of your remarks depends something on how you were brought up.



Grimly you plow forward now; for you are certain that the worst has come, and care nothing how many trees you overturn in your course. Then a sapling on either side catches an oar, and they shut up on your aching neck like a pair of shears, a friendly limb lifts your hat, and drops it in the mud right where you was going to step, and, to save your hat, you make some playful passes in various ways, one foot gets on top of the other; then they wander off in different directions, and you sit down.

It is a delightful sensation to sit down—in the wild woods—after violent exercise—and rest. Gentle zephyrs steal refreshingly across your brow, and black mud insinuatingly through the pores of your trousers. At such a moment as this, free from the thraldom of civilization, in the solemn stillness of the mighty forests, with a soul attuned to its inspiring harmony, some well-remembered passage, learned in youth-tide, comes welling up from your joyous heart. Sometimes, however, Bible quotations get somewhat mixed, and a disinterested beholder would be apt to misconstrue your devotional expressions. At such an hour as this, the most a man wants is undemonstrative sympathy. Such episodes, however, are the spice that season the dish of glorious things served up here among the mountains and lakes of the great wilderness.

A half-mile carry brought us to still water; then a short distance of boating to Buttermilk Falls (which also lays claim to being Murray's "Phantom Falls") where the water dashes and foams down over the rocks, making a descent of about 20 feet—and the name, though not very poetical, was probably suggested by the churning it gets in reaching the bottom.

"Murray talk about shooting these falls in his boat, in pursuit of the phantom form, is a very probable story for a minister to tell," said the schoolmaster with a shrug. "Why, I drove a brood of ducks down over there once. The old one knew better than to go—she flew up stream; but they—a dozen of young ones—went over, and only three came out alive. He talk of doing it! There isn't Baptist enough about him to do it—but there's one thing he can 'shoot'; that's the long bow." Alas for Mr. Murray's reputation for veracity! The beautiful creations of his fancy, the bright pictures conjured up by his fertile brain, are held as witnesses against him, simply because he, in his lavish generosity, has enriched the common occurrences of every-day life in the woods, with the precious incense of concepitive genius, and left a dazzled world to separate the real from the ideal. The guides took him literally as he said; and, although then in the high tide of his popularity, had come to the conclusion that if his preaching was not a better guide to heaven than his book to the Adirondacks his congregation might have managed to worry through with a cheaper man.

We put the boat into the deep, quiet water above the falls, and went upward a mile and a half; then a portage of the same distance brought us to Forked Lake.

FORKED LAKE is a lovely sheet of water, about five miles in length, and appropriately named. The shore is comparatively straight along on the south side; but on the north it is an irregular line, which, as you approach the centre, opens up into a far-reaching bay—itself the main branch on which is strung a succession of deep bays, with intervening points extending from east to west. "The Cedars," belonging to F. C.

Durant of New York, situated near the head of this bay, is one of the elegant private camps of the wilderness.

FORKED LAKE HOUSE looks into this north bay from the south shore. This is included in the property recently acquired by the Hamilton Park Club, which takes in the northern half of township 35 and all of 36, extending beyond Little Tupper Lake. Transient visitors can procure meals here, but no permanent guests will be taken except members of the club and their friends. It is intended that a handsome structure shall in time take the place of the old house. David Helms, of the Grove House, is manager. For the Bottle Pond route to Tupper Lake Region see page 209.

RAQUETTE LAKE is at the south. Its outlet is through the long arm, which extends east, nearly parallel with the south shore of Forked Lake, into which it empties. From the Forked Lake House the road crosses to the steamboat landing on Raquette Lake, about a half-mile distant. It is a great mass of bays, separated by far-reaching points, extending nearly east and west. Its greatest length is but about five miles, measured through islands and intervening headlands; yet so irregular is its shape that the shore line, in its devious windings, is over 40 miles in extent.

It is said that the first house built at Raquette Lake stood on Indian Point; the next one at Wood's Point, where an effort was made at farming. A twenty years' struggle, however, ended in its abandonment; and, when we passed by, in 1873, only one lone man—old Alva Dunning, living Robinson Crusoe-like on Osprey Island,—reigned monarch of the beautiful lake. Then the Sabbath stillness was broken only by an occasional party in camp or passing boat. There was no puffing steamer to carry us to our destination—only our gallant little pedagogue—who conducted us over the waters of the Raquette, up the tortuous windings of the Marion River, along through Utowana Lake, across Eagle Lake, in the gathering darkness; and finally, up the uneven slope, to find welcome and rest in the “Eagle's Nest,” once the wilderness home of Ned Buntline.

## CHAPTER IX.

### "THE EAGLE'S NEST."

Where the silvery gleam of the rushing stream  
Is so brightly seen on the rocks dark green,  
Where the white pink grows by the wild red rose  
And the blue bird sings till the welkin rings.

Where the red deer leaps and the panther creeps,  
And the eagles scream over cliff and stream,  
Where the lilies bow their heads of snow,  
And the hemlocks tall throw a shade o'er all.

Where the rolling surf laves the emerald turf,  
Where the trout leaps high at the hovering fly,  
Where the sportive fawn crops the soft green lawn.  
And the crows' shrill cry bodes a tempest nigh—  
There is my home — my wildwood home.

NED BUNTLINE,\* author of the above sweet lines that seem to rise upward like the joyous song of a wild bird, bringing thoughts of wild violets and the fragrance of dewy forests in its train—this strange man, with the blending natures of the tiger and the lark—came here in 1856, and here wrote, and hunted, and filled the mind of the public with wild reports of his erratic doings to his heart's content. He made the "Eagle's Nest" his home for some time, married a wife and buried her here, and then he tired of the old place and drifted out into the world again.

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\* "The Life and Adventures of Ned Buntline," by Will Wildwood, is now being published in serial form in *Wildwood's Magazine*.

Ned had earned his spurs in Florida and Mexico, and when the war cloud broke over the South, his restless, venturesome spirit called him to the field once more. Five

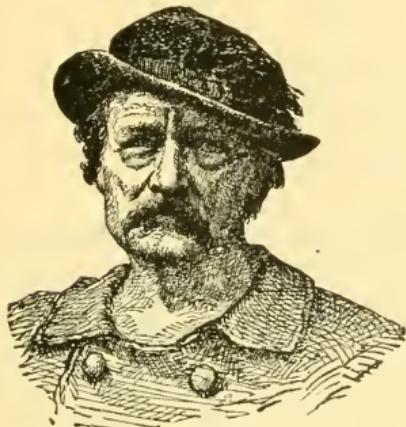
wounds by sabre and bullet, one of which has made him lame for life, testify to the service done for the country he served proudly and gladly, while with fine scorn he refused the proffered pension, and since, at intervals, as novelist, dramatist, actor and temperance advocate has filled the public mind like — no one under the sun but only “Ned Buntline” the irrepressible.

But the old eagle had flown, and other birds of

prey occupied the nest when we came, guided by its welcome light, through the October darkness to claim shelter for the night. It was then the only house of entertainment on the Eckford Chain, of which Eagle Lake is the middle link, and afforded a stopping place for sportsmen during summer and for lumbermen in winter. This lake is very

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\* Edward Z. C. Judson (“Ned Buntline”) was born at Stamford, N. Y., March 20, 1823. His adventurous career began in early childhood. He killed his first deer when eight years of age, ran off to sea at eleven, was promoted to midshipman when only thirteen, the same year fought seven duels with fellow-midshipmen who refused to mess with him on account of his supposed inferiority, and threatened to deplete the whole budding navy unless he was acknowledged as an equal; the navy wilted. He served with credit in the Seminole war, in the Mexican war, and in the great Rebellion. His first story, “The Captain’s Pig,” was published in his fifteenth year. As a writer of “Frontier Fiction” he was unexcelled. Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, and Wild Bill were made famous by his stories of border life. His income as a story writer amounted to \$20,000 annually. His literary productions would make more than two hundred large volumes. He was foremost in organizing the order of “United Americans” and the “Patriotic Order Sons of America.” He died July 16, 1886, at his mountain home, the “Eagle’s Nest,” in Delaware Co., N. Y.



*E.Z.C. Judson.*

“NED BUNTLINE.”

pretty, and about one mile long. It receives the waters of Blue Mountain Lake at its east end; and this stream, which was then too shallow to float us in our loaded boat, is now the thoroughfare of the little steamers that ply these waters. (For matter relating to Blue Mountain and Raquette Lakes, see page 199.) Across Blue Mountain Lake we went, and rested on its west shore, 35 miles from Long Lake by the roundabout way which we have come, but only about five miles away over the mountains.

The schoolmaster decided the question of which route to take back by shouldering his boat and starting up over the mountain. The path was a gradual ascent for a distance, then led through a long reach of swamp and open meadow-land, where the springy surface of matted grass and interlaced roots shook and bent over unknown depths of black muck; then we descended into the forest-embowered waters of South Pond; across South Pond to its outlet; thence to Long Lake, and, by boat, to the hotel; after which we chartered seats in a farmer's wagon, and went east to Newcomb to spend the Sabbath.

NEWCOMB is 14 miles from Long Lake, 27 miles from Root's and 29 from North Creek. Stages run three times a week. At Root's, connection is made with stage to and from Port Henry and Schroon Lake. Newcomb is one of the oldest settled sections in the wilderness; is quiet and comfortable, and affords good hunting and fishing.

THE WAYSIDE INN and THE HALF-WAY HOUSE afford limited accommodations for visitors. Price of board unknown.

Washington Chase is postmaster, job printer, and dealer in drugs and general merchandise, and one of the enterprising men of the town. There is a water route, leading from this point, through Rich and Catlin Lakes, to Long Lake, striking the latter near its outlet.

## CHAPTER X.

### “ON THE TRAMP.”

 HUS far our travels had been principally by carriage of some kind or by boat. We had passed almost around the great peaks but had not been among them. The mountains that now looked down on us from the north we had viewed from the other side and from the west. We had made a loop of over 40 miles in the trip to Blue Mountain Lake and back to Long Lake, then east to Newcomb. Now we must trust to our feet to carry us where neither boat nor horse could go, and thanks to the pure air, and our initiatory struggles over the various carries, we felt equal to the task. So, on Monday morning, with knapsacks strapped on our backs, we left Newcombs for Adirondack, the ruined village among the mountains, eighteen miles distant.

Soon we saw an old friend, the Hudson River, here so narrow that in places we could almost jump across it. From the north it came, moving sluggishly along between dark balsams that lined its banks. Away over beyond rested the faint blue crest of Tahawas, “the cloud splitter.”

“TAHAWAS,” so called on the maps and in the postal departments, is generally spoken of here as the “lower works,” to distinguish it from the upper Adirondack village; once there were extensive buildings at this place; a long dam across the Hudson, here called the “North River,” flooding the valley back to the outlet of Lake Salford, and barges floating be-

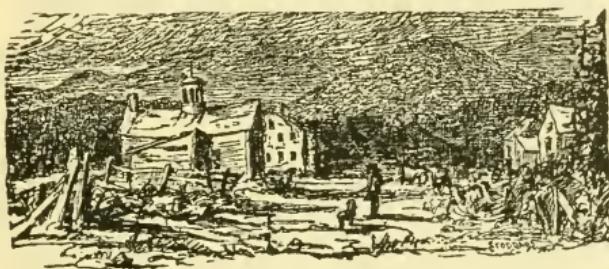
tween the upper and lower village, carrying provisions up and the ore down. There was but one house standing there when we came. This was occupied by John Cheney the "Mighty Hunter" who we had hoped to see but could not as he was away hunting at the time. This house was burned the year following (1874) and the Adirondack Club House, where entertainment is now offered to the passing visitor, built afterwards.

After dinner we followed along up the road on the west side of the valley. About half way up, the foot of Lake Sanford is reached. This lake is four miles long with low marshy shores here and there, punctuated by round hills and knobby points. Just above the head of Lake Sanford is the "new forge." The huge building that inclosed is gone now, but the great stone furnace, forty feet square at its base, stands firm and solid as when made.

The history of the place is brief and sad. In 1826 Messrs. Henderson, McMartin and McIntire, who owned and operated iron-works at North Elba, were shown by an Indian, a piece of ore of remarkable purity, which he said came from a place where "water run over dam, me find plenty all same." The services of the Indian were secured at once, at the rate of two shillings and what tobacco he could use per day, to conduct them to the place spoken of. They found, as the Indian had said, where the water literally poured over an iron dam. Hastening to Albany, a tract of land embracing the principal ore beds in that vicinity, was secured, forges built, and a road cut from the lower works to Lake Champlain.

The ore was rich but the expense of transportation to market swallowed all the profits, the enterprise proving a financial failure. Still it was persevered in until the death of Mr. Henderson, who was killed by the accidental discharge of his pistol. He had always had a nervous fear of firearms and at this time his pistol was carried by the guide in a pack which he laid down to perform some service required of him. Thinking that it lay in a damp place, Mr. Henderson picked the pack up and dropped it on a rock near by. With the motion came a sharp report from the pistol, the hammer of

which had probably struck the rock in falling. Mr. Henderson fell to the ground, saying "I'm shot," and soon breathed his last. The body was borne out on the shoulders of workmen, and afterward a beautiful monument placed where he fell, bearing the inscription: "Erected by filial affection to the memory of our dear father, David Henderson, who accidentally lost his life on this spot by the premature discharge of a pistol, 3d Sept., 1845." The place has since been called Calamity Pond. In the death of Mr. Henderson the motive



ADIRONDACK IN 1873.

power was removed, and three years after his death the works were abandoned. When the writer first visited that section there was

an old Scotchman and family in charge, who cared for the property and took in strangers. And well do I remember the night when they sent us to sleep in one of the deserted houses which had the reputation of being haunted. We did imagine that curious sounds were heard during the night; but whether of some uneasy spirit or some poor dog that had been robbed of his nest we could not tell. We quieted our fears and consciences, however, with the reflection that if it were a ghost it would never think of looking for human beings in *that* bed; and, if a dog, he certainly hadn't lost anything worth mentioning in the operation.

To-day but little appears of the ruined village. All but two or three of the buildings that stood there in 1873 have been removed or destroyed. The ancient school-house now does duty as a fish-hatchery, and the old kilns are overgrown with vines and shrubbery.

There was something gruesome about the place when we approached in our tramp of '73.

A quarter of a century had passed since the hum of industry



LAKE SANFORD

sounded there. Where once was heard the crash of machinery and the shouts of children at play, was heard the shrill bark of the fox or the whir of the startled partridge. In place of the music of voices, was silence, solemn and ghostly. Over the mountains and the middle ground hung a dark funereal pall of cloud, across which the setting sun cast bars of ashen light, that fell on the nearer buildings, bringing out their unseemly scars in ghastly relief, and lay in strips across the grass-grown street which led away into the shadow. On either side stood cottages stained and blackened by time, with broken windows, doors unhinged, falling roofs and crumbling foundations. At the head of the street was the old furnace, one chimney still standing, one shattered by the thunder-bolt in ruins at its feet. The water-wheel—emblem of departed power—lay motionless, save as piece by piece it fell away. Huge blocks of iron, piles of rusty ore, coal bursting from the crumbling kilns, great shafts broken and bent, rotting timbers, stones and rubbish lay in one common grave, over which loving nature had thrown a shroud of creeping vines.

Near the centre of the village was a large house that at one time accommodated a hundred boarders, now grim and silent. Near by at the left stood the pretty school-house. The steps, worn by many little feet, had rotted and fallen, the windows were almost paneless, the walls cracked and rent assunder where the foundation had dropped away, and the doors yawned wide, seeming to say not “welcome” but “go.”

“ O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted.”

As we advanced a dog appeared at the side of the large house and howled dismally, then, as if frightened at the sound of its own voice, slunk away again out of sight. We knocked at the door, but no sound save a hollow echo greeted us from within—that was also deserted. Then we went out in the middle of the street where, suspended in a tree, hung the bell that used to call the men to work, and, on the Sabbath, per-

haps, the villagers to worship in the little school-house near by. Clear and sweet, pure and fearless, its tones rang out over the forests, away to the mountains, then back to us, dying out in soft echoes. And with it went the cloud that had oppressed our spirits.

We invited ourselves to enter, passed through the sounding hall to the rear, foraged around until we were satisfied that there was no danger of immediate starvation, then we built a fire and set about preparing our evening meal—at which point the rightful owners entered and went through the form of making us feel at home.

This is now the headquarters of the Adirondack Club, who have leased and hold the surrounding territory as a game and fish preserve for the use of themselves and friends, and while their rules proclaim them a "close corporation," no one understanding the circumstances can find reasonable objection. Stringent regulations apply equally to all members of the club. No member is permitted to hunt or fish outside the season as established by law, or hunt at all except on regularly appointed occasions. The small house at Tahawus and the larger building at the Upper Works are under competent management, and although primarily intended for the accommodations of the club, provide excellent fare for the chance visitor. Price of accommodations is fixed by the club at \$3.00 per day for all persons except guides and servants, and no person not a member of the club or their guests, will be entertained for more than a single night unless under pressing conditions. Parties who go through Avalanche Pass from the north and return by Indian Pass, or *vice versa*, usually find the way too long for a single day, but breaking the trip at the Upper Works divides it evenly enough. Those who come are made welcome and entertained at the Club House in excellent shape. Myron Buttles the manager, is a walking encyclopedia of fact and figures, tireless in the discharge of his duty as manager and unremitting in his attention as host.

Calamity Pond is 5 miles toward the east and reached over a road which is used for lumbering in winter but which in summer is passable only on foot.

LAKE COLDEN is two miles further, over a mountain trail. This is one of the wild lakes of the woods, and next to Avalanche Lake gives the wildest water view in the wilderness. On the west shore is a log house belonging to the Adirondack Club where a forester is kept to guard the interests of the Association and see that laws respecting the preservation of game and fish are properly carried out. North of this log camp a few rods is an open camp where parties going or coming may make themselves reasonably comfortable for the night.

AVALANCHE LAKE is nearly a mile north of Lake Colden, the trail passing also along its west shore. Its altitude is 2,846 feet above tide. Its waters are cold and its walls of rock are perpendicular on either side. It is half a mile in length, and but a few rods wide. Between it and lake Colden are the debris from two immense slides that descended the mountain long before the place was known, imprisoning the waters of this lake. A trap dike here shows a section of Mount Colden, split downward for a thousand feet, its outflowing rocks nearly bridging the lake. This lake, and, past it, Colden, is best reached now by trail from Adirondack Lodge, five miles north. See page 86.

LAKE HENDERSON is about half a mile north of Adirondack. It is two miles long with its outlet near the center, on the east. From its head a trail leads to the Preston Ponds, lying west of Wallface Mountain—the head of Cold River, which flows west into Raquette River. Toward the north we look up a gradual slope through Indian Pass; the dark green sides of McIntyre on the east, mighty Wallface on the west. Up this slope we went on the morning following our night at the Iron Works.

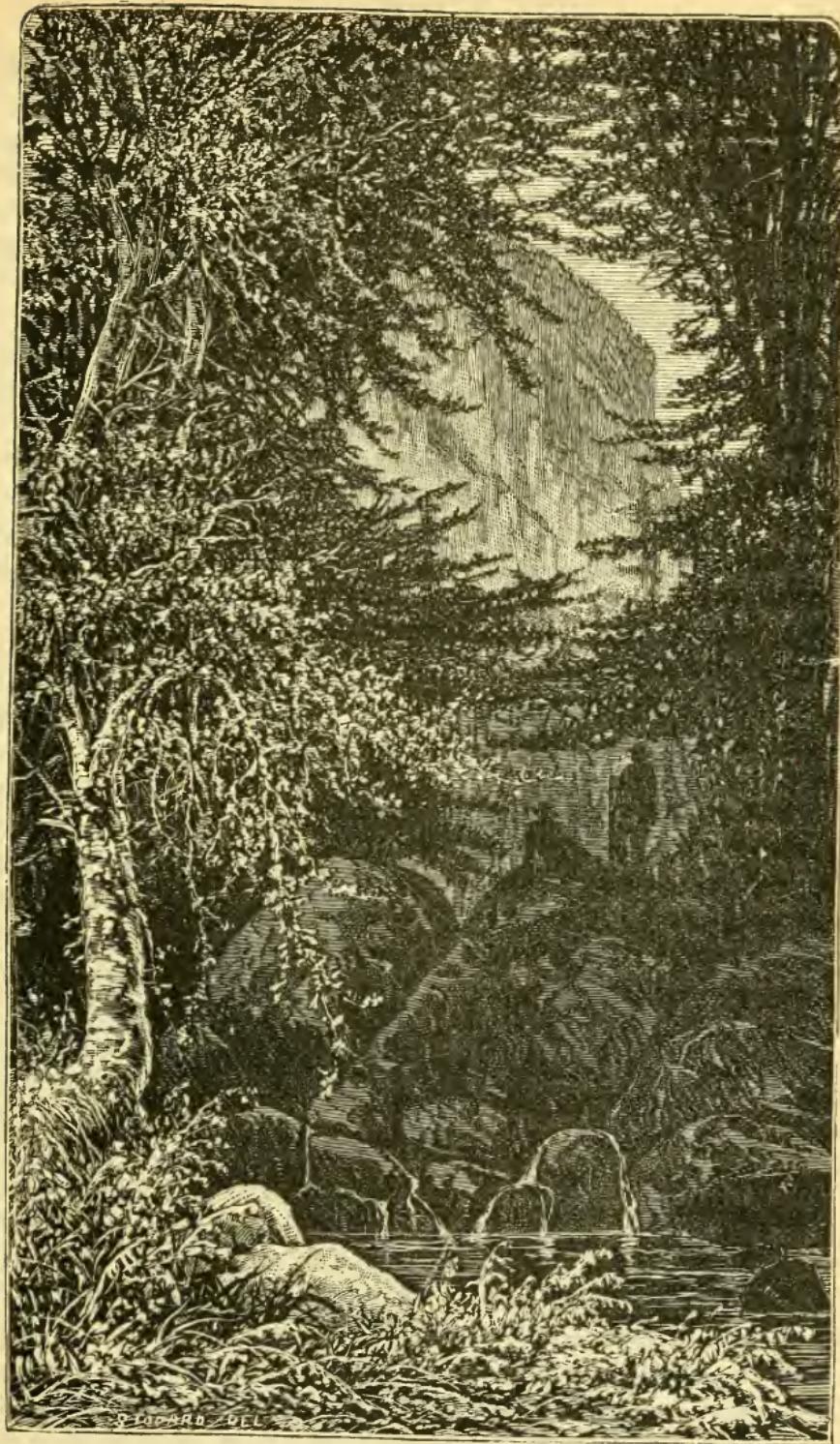
## CHAPTER XI.

### INDIAN PASS.



HAD expected to find a level, fertile, grove-like way through which we could walk with little exertion in the shadow of great rocks on either side, but how different the reality. For three miles the rise was gradual, then we began to climb, crossing the rivulet back and forth as we went upward, at times making long detours to the right and ascending the mountain some distance, then a level stretch along its sides until the wildly dashing torrent was reached once more; then onward, upward, the path growing wilder and more difficult, the brooklet bounding from rock to rock, then lost in some dark cavern, anon trickling down among the huge boulders, gurgling in muffled music beneath our feet, then bursting out to rest a moment in some mossy basin, pure crystal in an emerald setting on which floated fairy ships of Autumn leaves, then onward in its long journey to the sea.

We had caught occasional glimpses through the trees of—was it a cloud or solid rock that rested off toward the left, we could hardly tell until we traced its outline against the sky, for Indian summer had hung her mantle of haze over the great cliff and it seemed but a shade or two deeper than the blue above. At last, through an opening it came out; vast, grand, overwhelming, immeasurable. The eye saw it hanging in mid-air, a cloud, an outline, a color; tender, sweet, luminous. The soul felt and bowed beneath its awful weight. The giant pines that fringed its brow seemed bristling hair, the great rifts and seams a faint tracery that scarred its sides. Motionless, it still seemed to be sweeping grandly away as clouds shot upward from behind and passed over to the east, then approaching, and re-



INDIAN PASS.

treating, as cool gray shadows and yellow sunlight raced swiftly across or lay in slant bars along down its misty face.

But the highest point was not reached yet ; we were just entering at the lower gate, and for nearly a mile it was a continuous climb over great chaotic masses of jagged rock, thrown there by some convulsion of Nature, now on a huge fragment that seems ready to topple over into the gulf below, now under a projecting shelf that would shelter a large company, now between others from which hang dripping mosses and sprawling roots, stooping, crawling, clinging to projecting limbs, climbing slippery ledges, upward all the time.

The trees that had found lodgment on the top of the rocks seemed to reach out thirstily for something more than they found in their first bed ; one that we noticed had taken root on the top of a huge boulder, and sent down a mass of interwoven roots twenty feet to the damp earth beneath.

At last we near the summit and stand on Lookout Point ; close by rises that grand wall a thousand feet up, and extending three hundred feet below us, reaching out north and south, majestic, solemn and oppressive in its nearness ; a long line of great fragments have fallen, year by year, from the cliff above and now lie at its foot ; around on every side huge caverns yawn and mighty rocks rear their heads where He who rules the earthquake cast them centuries ago. Along back, down the gorge we look, to where five miles away and 1,300 feet below us is Lake Henderson, a shining drop in the bottom of a great emerald bowl.

Slowly the sun swung around toward the west, the shadow of the great wall crept down into the valley across the gray rocks, and over toward the mossy ones that had lain there unnumbered centuries ; gradually the sweet tinkling, gurgling music of the infant Hudson died away and solitude reigned. Then as we passed onward a familiar sound came once more, faintly at first, then more distinctly, the singing of little waters ; first trickling over rocks, then dancing downward, increased in volume by tributary streams from the slopes of McIntyre — rocked in the same mountain cradle, twin brothers and equal at their birth — the mighty Hudson rolling southward, and the impetuous Ausable dancing away toward the

north Down the rocky bed of the stream we went until we had left the pass behind, through the thick pines and hemlock out into hard timber land, our only guide the blazed trees, for the leaves covered the ground like a thick carpet, often hiding the slight trail. Over the foot hills of the mountain on the west, often misled by seeming paths until the absence of scars on the trees warned us to retrace our steps and gather up the missing thread. On and on, until it seemed that the eighteen or twenty miles we had expected to travel before seeing a familiar landmark had lengthened out into twice that number; then in the gathering twilight we emerged from the woods in sight of North Elba, forded the Ausable—grown to be quite a river since we had left it away back toward its head—and up to Blin's, with a sound as though a whole colony of bull-frogs were having a concert in each boot.

Does it pay to go through Indian Pass? I answer a thousand times yes. It costs a little extra exertion, but the experiences and emotions of the day come back in a flood of happy recollections, and the soul is lifted a little higher and made better by a visit to that grand old mountain ruin.



Over across the river at the west, visible from Blin's, is John Brown's grave, which we touched from the north, then passed westward to the Saranacs.

AMES', something over a mile north and east, is described in the preceding pages. Here we took dinner, and, in the afternoon, went to Keene, thence south, through the valley; but as that region is usually visited by way of Westport and Elizabethtown, we will glance at that route

## CHAPTER XII.



### PLEASANT VALLEY.

LEAVING Westport, an enjoyable stage ride of eight miles in a westerly course, takes us through a notch and out to where we can look down into that lovely, mountain-guarded retreat known as Pleasant Valley. It is scarcely less beautiful than its twin sister, Keene Valley, over across the grand ridges to the west, save that the mountains do not crowd against it quite so closely. Like the other, it is a favorite resort for the artist, the quiet lover of nature, and for ladies, whose protectors, made of sterner stuff, are roughing it in the mountains and lakes farther west.

ELIZABETHTOWN is picturesque, and the county seat of Essex County. It contains a population of eight or nine hundred; has five churches—Congregational, Methodist, Baptist Episcopal, and Roman Catholic—four or five stores, county offices, court-house and jail, and two excellent hotels. It is peculiarly an American town, having very little foreign population; with no mills or forges to fill the streams with sawdust, your clothes with soot, or your eyes with cinders.

THE MANSION HOUSE stands on the level plateau at the south edge of the village, 50 feet above the level of the Boquet River which flows north through the valley. It is a large building showing prominently as we dip over into the valley and with recent additions and connecting cottages will accommodate 150 guests. A pleasant feature is its music hall. It has been long and favorably known and has an excellent and well established patronage. Rates, \$2.50 per day, \$10 to \$14 per week. G. W. Jenkins, for some time past manager is now proprietor.

THE WINDSOR, enlarged, Orlando Kellogg, proprietor, is one of the most attractive hotels in the Adirondacks. It consists of four picturesque buildings, closely connected, each three stories high, affording accommodations for about 250 guests. The buildings are fronted east and north with double piazzas, and surmounted by large observatories with stained-glass windows. The convenient office and reception-room, music-room, cosy parlors, and commodious sleeping-rooms, show a thorough knowledge of the wants of the public.

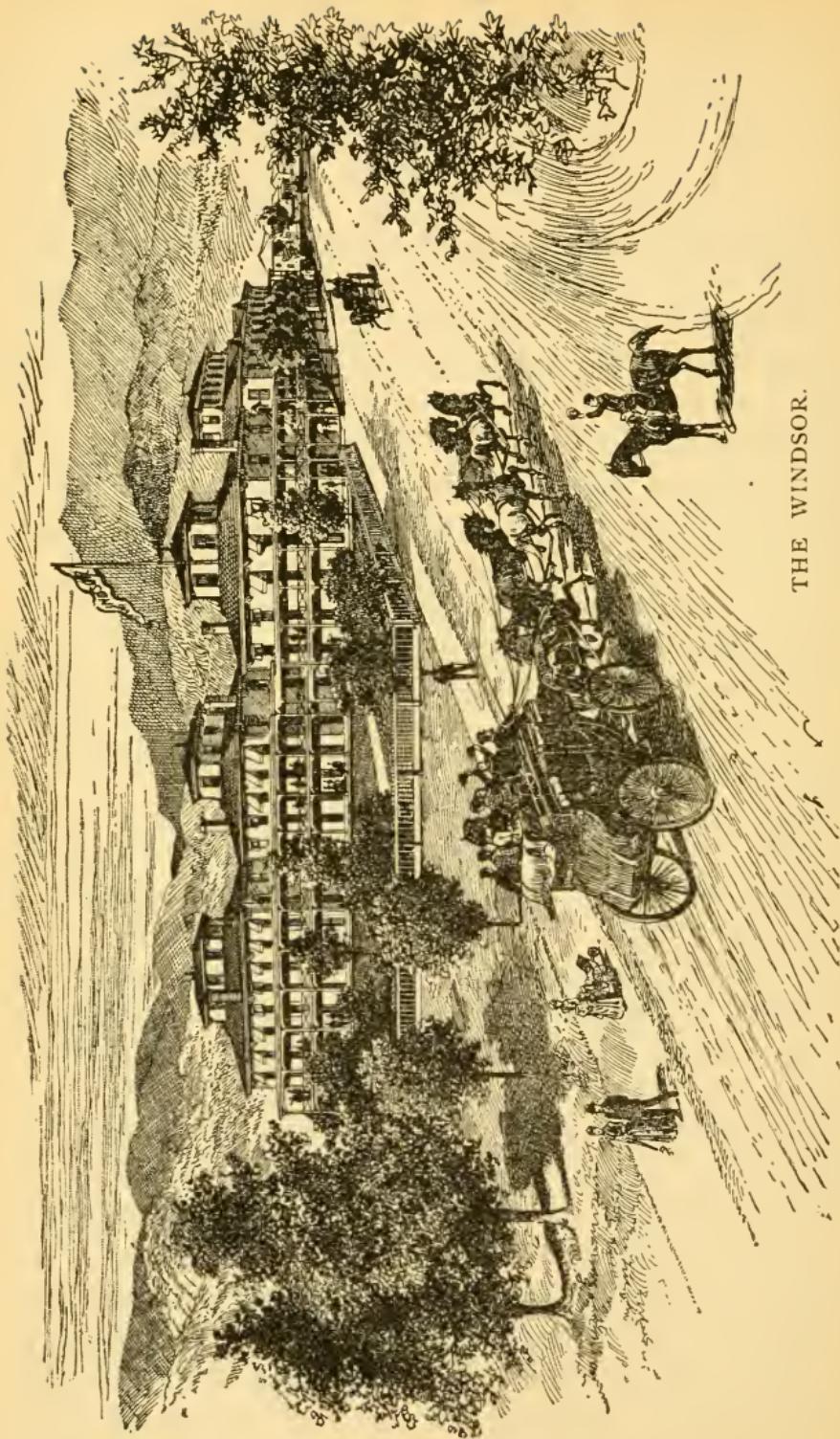
Repeated enlargements and improvements have made it very complete in its appointments and with desirable accommodations for invalid and tourist. There are bowling alleys, tennis courts, and croquet grounds, and an excellent orchestra here. Guides for the lakes and mountains, and horses and carriages for the beautiful drives around can be obtained on application. Telegraph office in the hotel. Rates 2.50 to \$3.00 per day. Special rates to parties making a prolonged stay.

Stages meet all trains and boats at Westport; fare, \$1.00. Through July and August, a fast train, connecting with night boats and sleepers at Albany and Troy, will reach Westport a little past 11 A. M.

Keene Valley stages arrive here to connect with train and boat south, and return with passengers from afternoon boat north. Fare to Keene Valley, \$1.50, S. & O. Beede, proprietors.

Lake Placid stages leave daily, after June 1st, Sundays excepted, at 8 A. M., and, stopping at Cascade Lakes for dinner, arrive at Lake Placid early in the afternoon. Returning, leave Lake Placid at 10:00, arriving at Elizabethtown for supper, and connect, *via* Kellogg's stages, with south-bound sleeper at Westport. Fare, Elizabethtown to Lake Placid, \$3. This route leads through what is undoubtedly the wildest and most picturesque section of the Adirondacks yet opened up to the public; and, with the new four and six-horse stages of this

THE WINDSOR.



and the Westport line, tends to popularize the route among lovers of coaching, since so few desirable trips are left to the public. For those who prefer a more independent mode of traveling, special rigs can be secured by addressing the proprietors of the stage line, Agnew Brothers, Elizabethtown.

HURRICANE MOUNTAIN is the highest peak near by. It is a sharp cone, on which the sun seems to hang as it bids the valley good-night. A wagon road leads to its base, five miles distant, from which, by a sharp climb of two miles, the summit is reached; giving one of the finest high views to be obtained in the Adirondacks—second, perhaps, only to that from the top of Whiteface.

COBBLE HILL rises at the southwest edge of the plain like a high, rough pyramid. Beyond this, toward the south, the mountains approach each other, growing rough and precipitous as the level interval narrows down; at places breaking off suddenly in perpendicular walls a hundred feet in height; at others, rounding over in great, nobby, boulder-like masses, to the level, that flows along their base almost as evenly as though it were water instead of the bed of a valley. Split Rock Falls is eight miles south of Elizabethtown.

EUBA DAM is, or rather *was*, the name of a little place 10 miles south of Elizabethtown, but as its use had a tendency to familiarize the youth of the land with incipient profanity, it was changed to Euba Mills. Beyond, the road passes Deadwater, 16 miles; Roots, 23 miles; and Scroon Lake, 32 miles from Elizabethtown.

North of Elizabethtown the road runs through close under the frowning ledge of Poke-o'Moonshine, past Auger Lake, and out across the plain to Keeseville, 22 miles distant.

West, it winds up over the mountain pass, between Old Hurricane and the Giant, to Keen, 12 miles, by Cascade Lakes, 18 miles, out across the plain of North Elba, with its grand panorama of mountains at the south, to Lake Placid, 27 miles (for which see page 83).

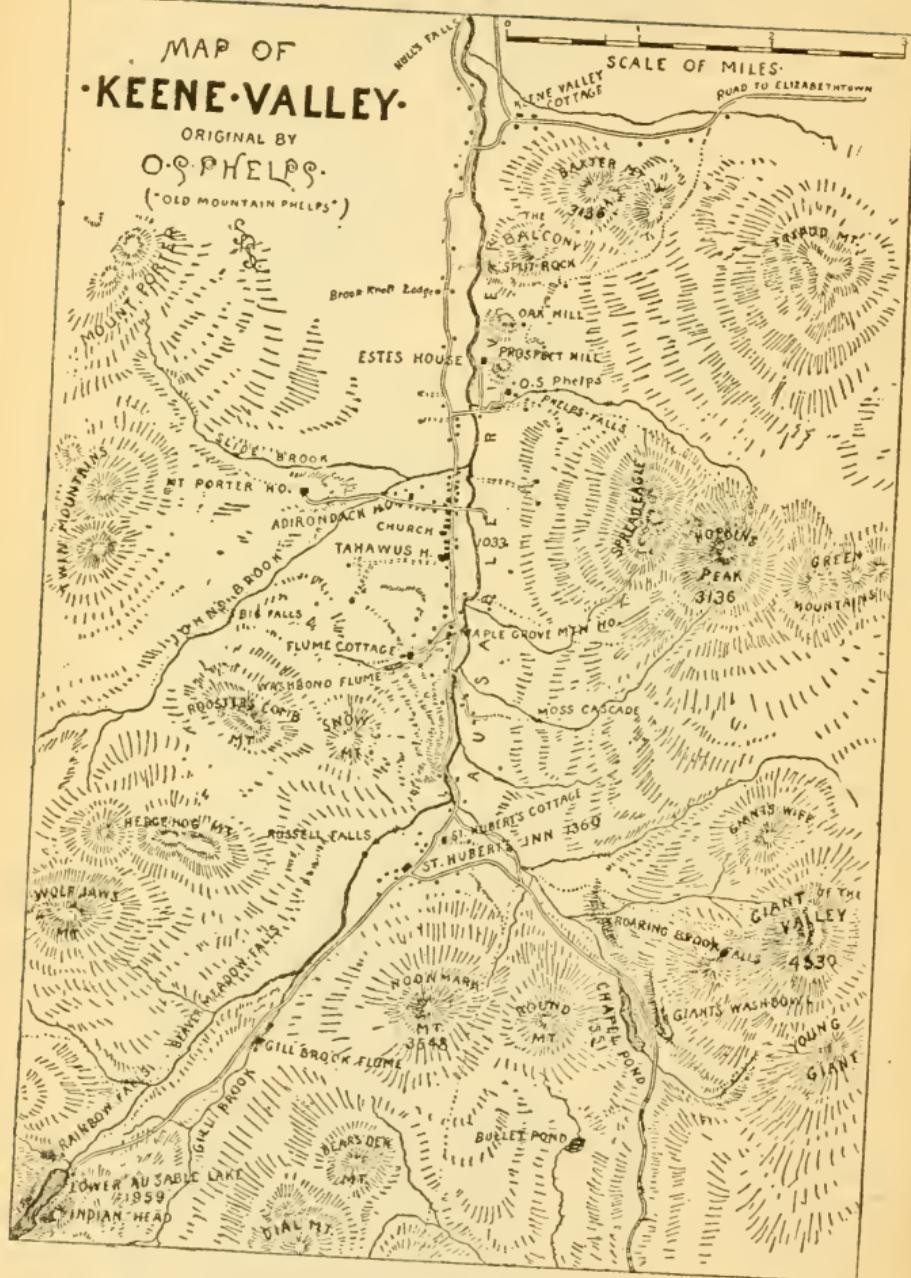
# MAP OF KEENE VALLEY.

ORIGINAL BY

O. S. PHELPS.

(OLD MOUNTAIN PHELPS)

ROLLS FALLS 0 SCALE OF MILES.  
ROAD TO ELIZABETHTOWN



## CHAPTER XIII.

### KEENE VALLEY.



EENE FLATS undoubtedly possesses the loveliest combination of quiet valley and wild mountain scenery in the Adirondacks, if not indeed on the continent. Through it, from the south, come the sparkling waters of the Ausable, here flowing quietly along beneath overhanging maples and gracefully swaying elms, there rippling over glistening white sand; now murmuring through pleasant meadow-land, anon dancing away among the stones; then dashing down rocky raceways to where, among the spray and foam of the cataract, it thunders and rumbles and roars as if angry with its prison walls; then onward between the dark overhanging ledges outward through the northern portals and away to join its sister from the great Indian Pass above.

A little way south of the falls the road from Elizabethtown comes in on the east, south of this we follow up the stream that winds quietly along through the Flats from its head six miles above. Soon some of the beauties that have lent such a charm to this locality begin to appear; we see sweet, restful shady, groves of water maples, great massy drooping elms, clumps of alders fringing the river brink, great canopies of native grape-vines clasping the huge rocks in loving embrace or festooned on the sturdy trees through which open up long vistas of meadow-land, a back-ground of mountain green, and above all, summits of glittering granite.

On every side they shut us in, rising right up out of the Flat instead of the gradual curve of a mountain from the plain, showing that the bottom of the lovely valley is but the accumulated deposit of long ages, where the floods swept

down from the mountains and left their sediment in the notch below. Picturesque "bits" are found everywhere. The waterfalls are varied as the shifting forms of the kaleidoscope, many deserving particular attention. They are too numerous to mention, too wild and varied to be described. They must



KEENE VALLEY. SOUTH FROM BROOK KNOLL LODGE.

be seen to be appreciated. If a guide be wanted for these short excursions, none more competent or entertaining can be found than the veteran explorer, "Old Mountain Phelps," who knows wilderness ways by instinct, and talks with the elements as with familiar friends, but whose ripening years have caused him, regretfully, to yield to younger heads and limbs the long tramps through valley and over mountain heights in which he once delighted. See him at any rate, for a cordial welcome and pleasant hour is certain to be the result.

When we reached Keene Valley, in our tramp of '73, we found accommodations at Crawford's for the night. In the morning we hunted up "Old Mountain Phelps," to show us the way further in.

We found him at his home near the falls that bear his name; a little old man, about five feet six in height, muffled up in an immense crop of long hair, and a beard that seemed to boil up out of his collar band; grizzley as the granite ledges he loved to climb, shaggy as the rough-barked cedar, but with a pleasant twinkle in his eye and an elasticity to his step then equaled by few younger men, while he delivered his communications, his sage conclusions and whimsical oddities, in a cheery, chirrupy, squeaky sort of tone—away up on the mountains as it were—an octave above the ordinary voice, suggestive of the warblings of an ancient chickadee.

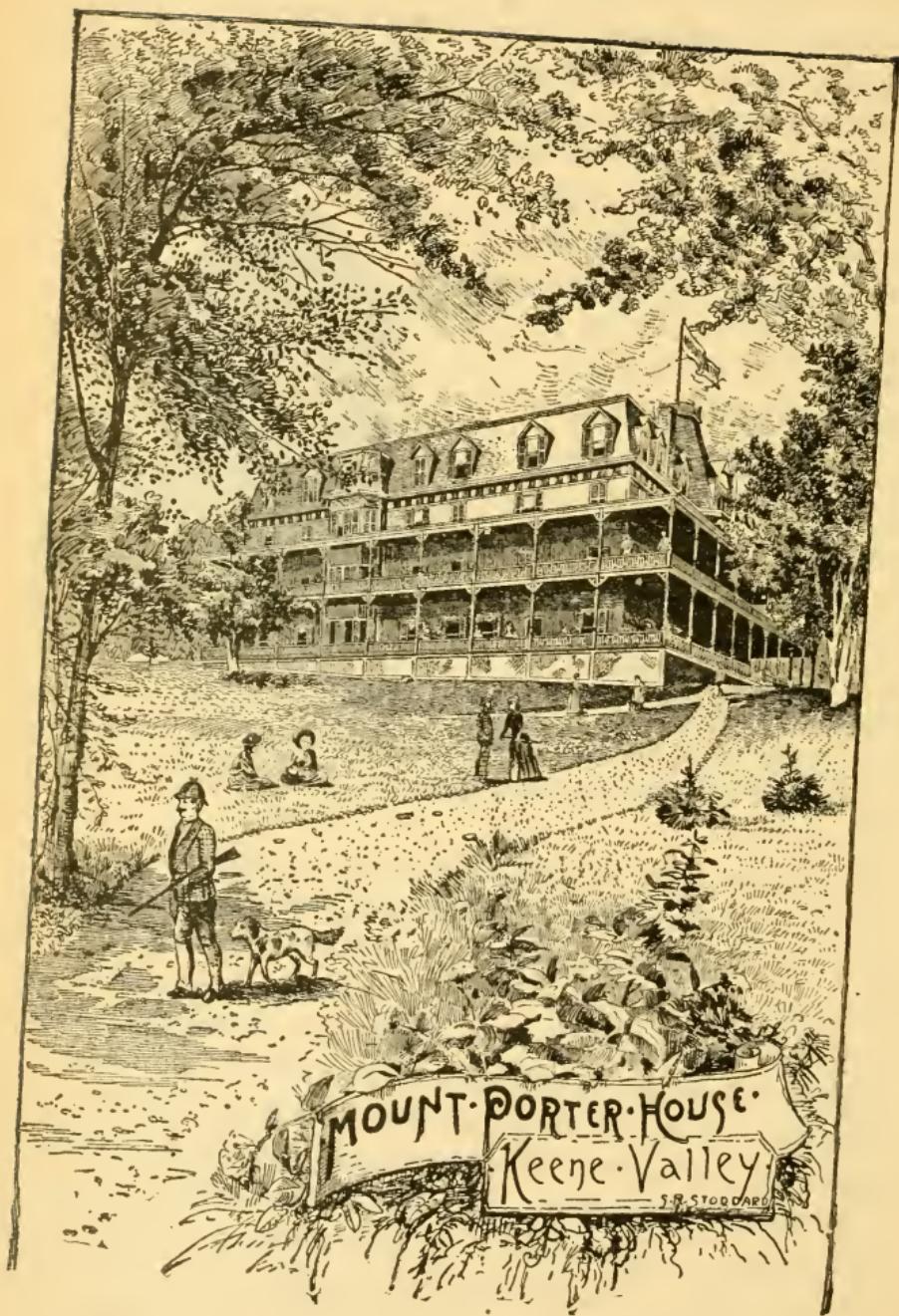
“So you wanted old Mountain Phelps to show you the way, did you?” said he, “Well, I s’pose I kin do it. I’ll be along as soon as the old woman’ll bake me a short-cake. The wise man provides for an emergency, and hunger’s one of ‘em.”

ORSON SCHOFIELD PHELPS is what his parents named their baby, and “Old Mountain Phelps” is what every body calls him now; but his first name was given years ago, sometime before he had earned the last. He was born in the Green Mountain State in 1816, from which he came to the western part of Schroon when 14 years of age; he had an enthusiastic love for the woods, took to them on every possible occasion, and was a long time engaged in tracing out wild lot lines that extended far in the interior, “where in those times, deer and speckled trout were as plenty as mosquitoes in a damp day in July.”

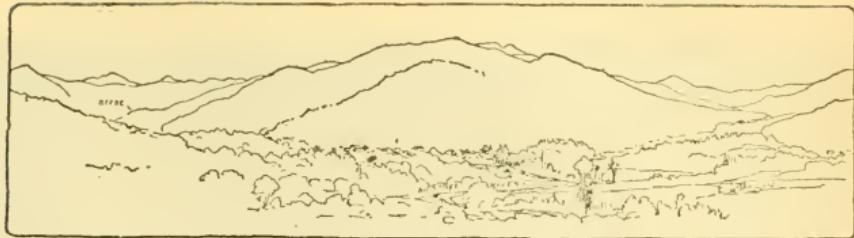
In 1844 he was with Mr. Henderson at Adirondack, soon after which he married and settled in Keene Valley. In 1849 he made his first trip to the top of Marcy, passing out over Haystack around the head of Panther Gorge and to the summit, descending near where the main trail now runs, being the first man to get to the top from the east. He afterward cut what is now known as the Bartlett Mountain trail, and guided two ladies over it, a route that had been considered impracticable until then. He also marked trails to the top of Hopkins’ Peak, the Giant, up John’s Brook to Marcy, and several others. He has made a valuable map of the wild country around, a section of which may be seen on page 152, is a prized and regular contributor to a local paper, and has written a voluminous treatise on the Adirondack lakes and mountains, trees, birds, beasts, etc., which shows the close observer and enthusiastic student of nature.



“OLD MOUNTAIN PHELPS.”



1      2      3      4      5      6      7      8



KEENE VALLEY FROM PROSPECT HILL.

1 Noon Mark; 2 Dix; 3 Nippletop; 4 Snow; 5 Rooster's Comb; 6 Wolf's Jaws; 7 Marcy; 8 Mount Porter House.

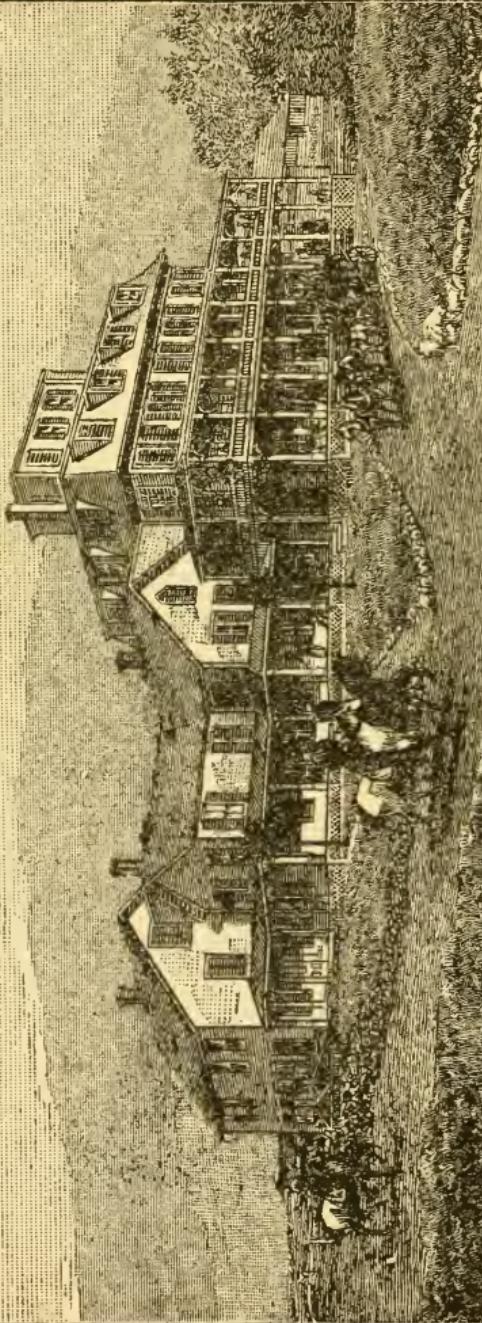
The most comprehensive and perfect "picture" is that seen from Split Rock or from Prospect Hill, the latter being near the home of Old Mountain Phelps and is the more easily accessible.

THE ESTES HOUSE is on the east side of the river at the west foot of Prospect Hill. It will now accommodate 50. \$10 to \$15 per week; \$2.50 per day. J. H. Estes, proprietor. Mount Marcy is visible over John's Brook Valley from the Estes House.

"KEENE VALLEY," as understood by the postal department, is the little village of hotels and boarding-houses, church, post-office, stores and dwellings of native and summer residents, one mile from Prospect Hill and about 3 miles from the head of the valley.

THE MOUNT PORTER HOUSE is about a mile west of the village on an upland spur that reaches out from the west, between John's Brook, which comes foaming down from the heights of Marcy, and Slide Brook from the big Slide Mountain. It has an elevation of about 300 feet above the village, which it overlooks with a magnificent line of mountains that shut it in on the east side and extend north and south until the view is cut off by other mountain spurs reaching out from the west. Sombre Mount Porter is at the north, then comes Big Slide at the west, and away at the head of John's Brook Valley is Marcy, the greatest of the peaks, with the Wolf's Jaws and others that cluster around the Au Sable Lakes at the south. Great silver birches are here, and maples, and open sunny spots, high and dry soil, and air of a bracing

ADIRONDACK HOUSE.



tonic freshness that invigorates one like a sparkling October day.

The chill of early spring or late autumn is driven out by immense fire-places in public rooms and smaller ones in the smaller private rooms. The building of this house in the spring of '89 was a marvel of quick work and visitors who had seen the place but an open spot in the wilderness the year before, had reasons to feel surprised at the substantial edifice standing there ready for guests at the opening of the following summer. Extensive lands near by give pasturage to a large herd of cows, assuring fresh and pure milk and plenty of it. Farm products come abundantly from the lower land and all the necessities of a well-kept hotel are to be found here. It is the end of the road and the beginning of the trail that leads up John's Brook to the top of Marcy. Here stages come and go regularly, with two mails a day, while the telegraph office in the house makes outside communication easy, and a well appointed livery affords means of riding or driving. One hundred and fifty guests can be provided for here. Rates for board \$2.50 per day, \$15 to \$21 per week with special terms for the season. J. S. Holt, Manager.

THE ADIRONDACK HOUSE, built in 1882, is the most prominent building as seen from almost any direction. It stands on rising ground at the west outskirts of the village, three stories in height with mansard roof, surmounted by a large observatory, and with broad double piazzas on three sides. The rooms are large and very comfortable in their furnishings. The barns and outbuildings have been removed to a distance, and the grounds around the house made pleasant and attractive. A conduit from a mountain spring brings pure water to every floor. A special feature is the studio, which is placed freely at the disposal of visiting artists. Telegraph is in the office. This house has accommodations for 100 guests, and is open from June to October. Price of board, \$2.50 per day; \$10 to \$15 per week, subject to variation according to place and service. S. Kelley, proprietor. In this valley of

fresh things, the Adirondack House is notable for its vegetables, its butter, and its fresh cream and milk. Those who ride or drive—and by the way riding is a popular amusement along the level roads and sequestered ways of Keene Valley—will find good saddle horses and spring buckboards (the easiest riding mountain wagon in the world) at command. For tennis, croquet, or the distinctively American game, ample grounds are provided here. For those who camp, camping necessaries can be had by application at the office. It is well to remember that the best guides are engaged well in advance, and those who would go into camp at the Au Sable Lakes, must have the service of the duly authorized guides, see further on. It may be of interest to some also to know that there are no less than five city doctors owning and occupying cottages in Keene Valley.

Stage leaves the Adirondack House morning and afternoon for the Au Sable Lakes. Fare for round trip, \$1.25. Respectful attention marks the service of this house, from proprietor down, and a disposition to please and satisfy all reasonable desires in visitors, entitles it to public favor.

The TAHAWUS HOUSE is a roomy, three story building, connected with a rambling group of less pretension, but looking very cosy and comfortable withal, and, with the various barns and out-houses, seeming almost a village of itself. A piazza extends across in front of the new part, and runs along the south, front (double here) and north sides of the old, making a covered promenade of over 300 feet. The larger building contains office, parlor and dining room, with sleeping rooms above and in the older part, furnished with the best of beds, the cleanest of linen, and other things in keeping. The table is also all that can be reasonably desired. A distinctive and popular feature at the Tahawus House is its theatre, a building 91 x 36 feet, with stage and all accessories necessary for amateur theatricals. Cottages and 12 new rooms have been added to the house, giving it a capacity for something over 100 guests. A new ten-pin alley has also been built, which,

with base ball grounds and tennis court, afford ample facilities, for healthful physical culture. Teams from the Tahawus House will meet guests at Westport, when notice is sent in advance, and carry them direct without change to their destination. Price for board, \$2.00 per day; \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week.

The proprietor of the Tahawus House, Geo. W. Egglefield, is a scholarly man with radical ideas on some subjects, and well informed on general questions of the day—which, however, is not allowed to interfere with the comfort of the guests, who may feel assured of hearty and obliging attention.

MAPLE GROVE MOUNTAIN HOUSE is the title given originally to a picturesque farm-house on the road about a half-mile up the valley from the little village, and later transferred to a more commodious building erected on higher ground close by. The newer building stands at the edge of one of the lower plateaus and commands a charming view of the valley in three directions. Close by in front runs the Au Sable; at the rear is the maple grove which gave occasion for the name; back of this is the steep mountain side with its lateral ravines and the weird Washbond flume. Accommodations can here be found for about 40 guests.

Conveyances of various kinds, suitable for large or small companies—carriages for the valley and buckboards for mountain roads—can be had at very reasonable prices. Board, \$1.50 per day; \$8 to \$10 per week. House open for guests from June 1st to October 1st. Henry Washbond, proprietor.

FLUME COTTAGE stands at the entrance to Washbond's Flume, commanding an extended view of the valley north and east. Its owner, Martin Bähler, A.M., a graduate of Rutgers College, is principal of a flourishing young ladies' seminary, at Summit, N. J., and, as periodical landlord here, has made it a delightful place of rest for such as enjoy a vacation in the mountains. Entrance is hedged about with difficulties that make it charmingly unconventional as a house of entertainment, and as a consequence rather the thing to be able to

address your letters from Flume Cottage. Transients are not desired. A total stranger will need some reference. If a Hebrew, do not apply. Capacity, 40. Board per week, \$10.

From being a private cottage, first sought by the owner for vacation rest, it has grown to present proportions. A former guest speaks of it as "an ideal summer home, where food is of prime quality, and the rooms are well furnished and kept in first-class order." Another guest mentions Flume Cottage as a "romantic home, where comforts unexpected in a mountain region are found, and the charms of music and the cheerful intercourse of a refined home-circle enliven the dullness of a stormy day." An enthusiastic admirer of the mountains, the Professor is noted for his tramps, and is in his element when climbing breezy heights or acting as guide in exploring expeditions with guests possessed of like affinities.

THE BEEDE HOUSE was destroyed by fire on the morning of March 3d, and thus passed away an important landmark, a successful hotel, and a name. This property, together with the Widow Beede cottage, has been purchased by the Keene Heights Hotel Co., H. Seldon Loring, of Boston, President.

ST. HUBERT'S INN is now being built on the site of the old Beede house. It is a carefully planned and attractive building designed by Wilson Bro. & Co. of Philadelphia, architects of well-known summer hotels. The plans adopted are for three connected buildings, each of three stories, with ample piazzas so arranged as to give all desirable views and shade. The interior arrangements are for a large dining-room, parlor, central hall and office, all with open fire-places. Also reading, reception, and smoking-rooms. The plans include steam heat, electric bells, bath-rooms, etc. The bed-rooms will be of good size, some of them with open fire-places and bay windows. As it will be impossible to complete the "Inn" this season, portions will be finished as fast as possible, and opened for guests about the first of July. Telegraph office in the house.

ST. HUBERT'S COTTAGE (an old friend under a new name, formerly the Widow Beede cottage) is under the same man-

agement as St. Hubert's Inn, and will be open for guests June 1st. Price of board at the Inn \$3.50 per day, \$15 and upwards per week ; board at the cottage \$2.50 per day, \$10 to \$15 and upwards per week.

Stage to railroad at Westport, 25 miles distant, daily bringing mail, etc. ; fare, \$2.50. To be assured of rooms at any time between July 1st and September 1st, they should be engaged in advance. Address, F. L. Loring, manager, post office, Beede's, Essex Co., N. Y.

The cottage stands on the hillside that ends the valley, facing the north and flanked by the waters of the Au Sable and Roaring Brook that join each other but a few rods away. It commands a view of the valley as it runs straight away, with its high mountains on the right and left, their sides drawing apart as they recede toward the north until they melt away into the misty distance.

The "Inn" is on land about 277 feet higher than the valley, 1,240 feet above tide. The outlook is superb. Toward the east we see Hopkins Peak and the scarred sides and granite summit of the Giant of the Valley. South of us—a little to the east of where we stand—is Noon Mark ; between it and the Giant is Chapel Pond gorge. Southwest, is the road to the Ausable lakes, lying between the sharp peak of Colvin and the serrated summit of Resagonia. Back to the west is one of the lower ridges, over beyond which are the clustering peaks of the great central group. Along this, but a few rods away, the Ausable foams and dashes through its rugged path ; now tumbling from rock to rock, now foaming over in lovely cascades ; anon creeping quietly under overhanging trees, or gathered in the hollow of some huge granite bowl—but always picturesque and beautiful.

ROARING BROOK FALLS are east of Beede's—the head of the cliff over which they fall being in sight on the side of the Giant, a little more than a half mile distant. The water here makes a descent of nearly 300 feet in a succession of cascades, hardly touching at each step to gather for the next succeeding

plunge ; then flashing swiftly down the almost perpendicular rock for the last fifty feet, through a trough worn out by its action, to rest at the bottom ; and out, in pretty little falls and dashes, across the Chapel pond trail, and downward toward the north to join the Ausable.

CHAPEL POND is one mile farther, in a gorge, southwest of the Giant—a nearly perpendicular wall of rock descending abruptly to near the water's edge. It is one-half mile long and perhaps one-fourth wide ; its dark surroundings give an impressive air to this lonely sheet, and make it seem more fitting as a place for solemn meditation than for angler's sport. It is 1,602 feet above tide.

The GIANT'S WASHBOWL is at the northeast, on the side of the mountain. It is said you can stand on its edge and throw a stone over into Chapel Pond, more than 500 feet below.

The Chapel Pond road leads from St. Hubert's Inn east along the side of the gorge, past Chapel Pond to Euba Mills, at the head of Pleasant Valley; thence to Mineville, 15 miles, or to Root's, 17 miles from the starting point. The road is good, considering the country traversed, and between the two valleys is exceedingly wild and picturesque. A day can be profitably spent in making this excursion.

RUSSELL FALLS are but a few rods distant, and may be reached by paths through the woods west of the Inn.

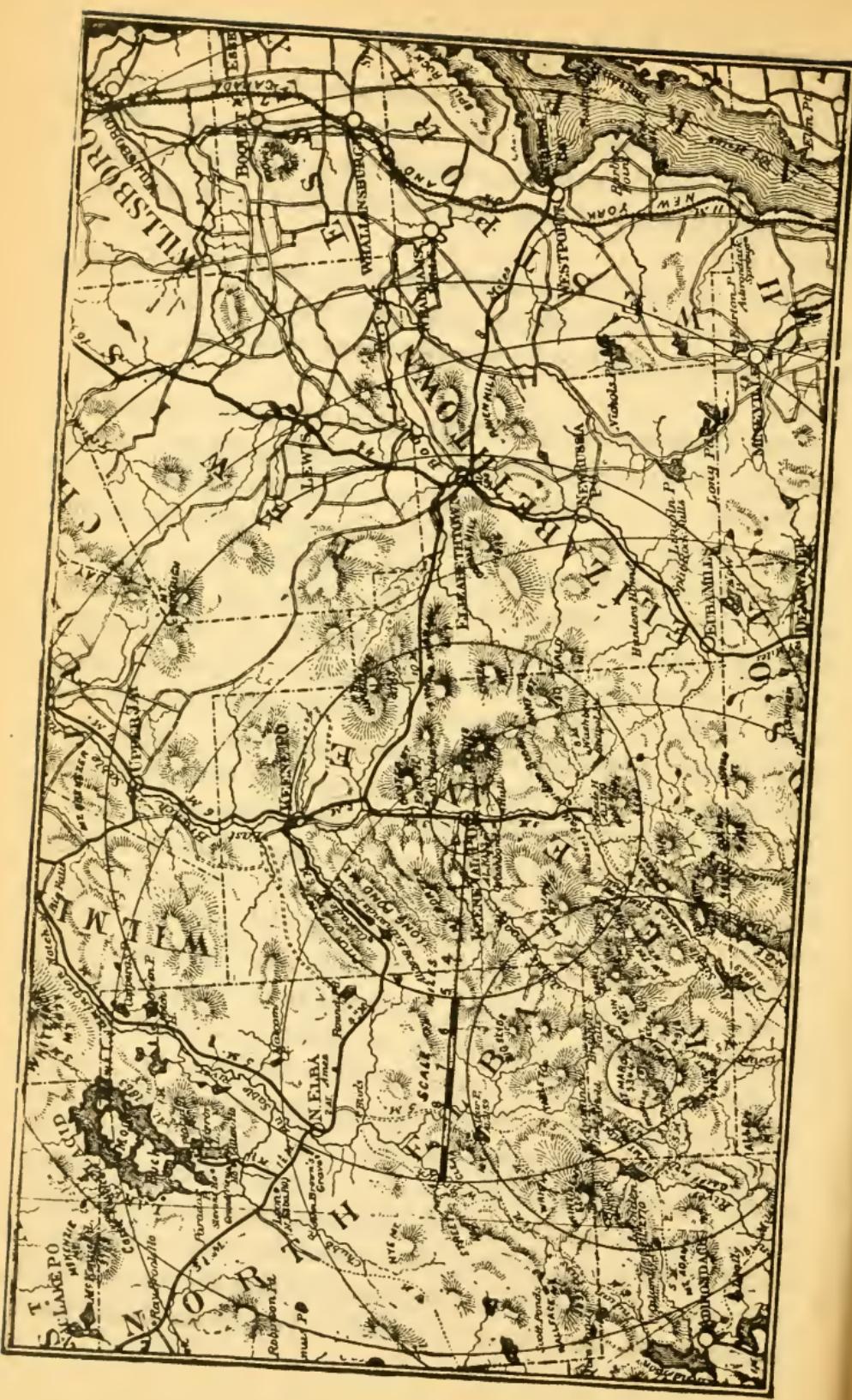
To the top of Noon Mark it is two miles; Mount Colvin, five miles, the Giant about four miles; Hopkins Peak, four miles. A trail was completed in 1885 from the Ponds road to Mount Colvin. It crosses McCrea's Brook over a substantial rustic bridge, and passes near the Wizard's Washbowl and the high falls of Gill Brook. The steep ledge at the summit is now easily scaled by means of stout ladders. Starting from the Inn, an average pedestrian can reach the signal in about three hours. A trail from the Lower Lake to Indian Head was opened in 1888, and a branch trail connecting with the trail to Mt. Colvin. A new trail to the top of the Gothics was opened in 1887.

RESAGONIA MOUNTAIN is in the southwest, its serrated outline suggesting its local name of "Saw-teeth Mountain." East of this is the round, knob-like crest, known as "Indian Head;" which, sphinx-like, looks out over the waters of the Lower Au Sable Lake.

MOUNT COLVIN rises beyond, sweeping back towards the south and east, to its sharp, clean-cut summit so named in honor of Verplanck Colvin, superintendent of the Adirondack Survey.

THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAIN RESERVE is incorporated under the laws of New York, with the following officers: Wm. G. Neilson, Philadelphia, president; S. Sidney Smith, New York, secretary; Wm. C. Alderson, treasurer. The board of trustees are Wm. Alexander, S. Sidney Smith, C. C. Cuyler, and Frederick J. Stimson, of New York, and Wm. G. Neilson, Richard C. Dale, and Edward I. H. Howell, of Philadelphia.

This corporation has purchased the tract of country lying south of Keene Valley, including within its limits the Au Sable lakes, and the great mountains surrounding them, extending southwesterly to take in about one-half of Mount Marcy. The declared objects of the association are the preservation of the forests, lakes, and streams in their natural beauty; to restock the water with fish; to protect the game; and to render more accessible, by roads and trails, the points of interest within its domain. To this end, has been built, practically, a new road, along the heretofore almost impassable line, from Beede's to the Lower Au Sable Lake, and opened to the public. Toll will be charged as follows: For season tickets, \$1.50; two-horse carriage and passengers, trip \$1.00; single rig, 50 cents; horse and rider, 25; pedestrian, 10; authorized guides and children under 10, free. The receipts for toll are to be expended in repairing and improving the road, and in making new trails up the mountains and to important lookouts. A stage will run regularly, during the season, from the village to the Lower Au Sable. Fare from Adirondack



House, 75 cents, round trip, \$1.25; from St. Hubert's Inn 50 cents, round trip 75 cents.

Some of the rules established by the A. M. R. may seem over-rigid; but they have been adopted after a careful consideration of the case, and with a view to the best interests of all concerned. The fact that the owners themselves are bound as rigidly as the veriest stranger, is reply enough to those who would suggest anything but the best of motives, and the movement is to be commended by all right-minded persons who may not consider fishing and the taking of animal life as the only pleasurable sensations to be experienced here among nature's grandest scenes.

A rustic gate-house is at the entrance to the Reserve, just south of the Inn. At the Lower Lake, a boat-house and cottage have been built, where refreshments, boats, and general information, with camp supplies and privileges, can be obtained.

Cutting green timber, peeling bark, or defacing the property of the company in any manner, is forbidden. On Sundays, boats will not be rented, nor will goods be sold by the agents of the company. No malt or spirituous liquors will be

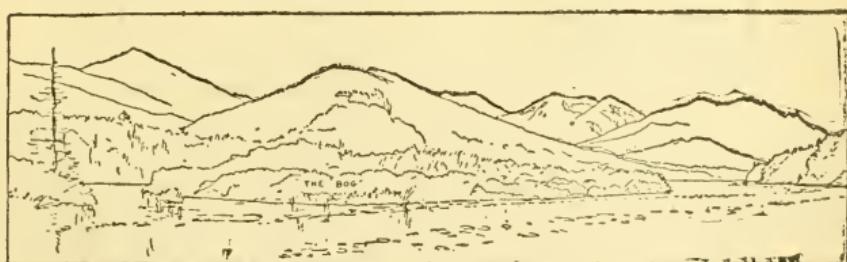
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UPPER AU SABLE LAKE.

1. Haystack; 2. Bartlett; 3. Saddleback; 4. Gothic; 5. Resagonia.

sold on the company's reserve at any time. Hunting will not be permitted this season. Fishing allowed only by special permit. All the camps on the lakes are owned and controlled by the company, and no one will be allowed to occupy them unless accompanied by an authorized guide. Permission can

be obtained at the boat-house cottage, at the Lower Lake. Twenty-five cents per night will be charged each visitor for the use of a camp.

Following is a list of the authorized guides of Keene Valley—an organization bound by rules of its own making, where membership may be accepted by the public as a guarantee of capability. Address, at Keene Valley. Horace E. Braman,



Arthur C. Trumbull, Melville J. Trumbull, George W. Hamner, Oren E. Beede, Charles E. Trumbull, Charles Beede, Edmund F. Phelps, James Owens, George F. Beede, Harry S. Stetson, Melvin A. Hathaway, Le Grand Hale, Frank C. Parker (Forester), C. Wesley Lamb, Fred. E. Lamb.

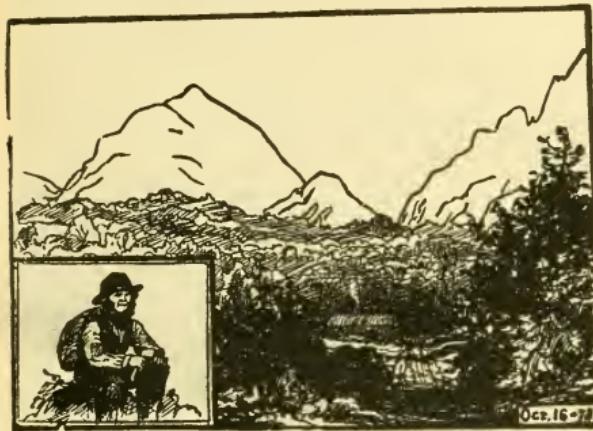
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We saw what was to be seen in the valley; then, guided by old Mountain Phelps, with basket on back and little hatchet in hand, went to South Pass, where St. Hubert's Inn now stands, and up along brawling Gill Brook,

over a path that is sometimes dignified by the name of wagon-road, but over which but few would attempt to ride.

"All things is possible and nothing ompossible," said Phelps diving into the bushes on one side of the road, and soon re-

appearing with a piece of band iron which he stowed away in his bag, "like as not I will need this to mend an oar or something; old Phelps is such an easy old critter to get along with, that they take his boat, bang it 'round as much as they want to, may-

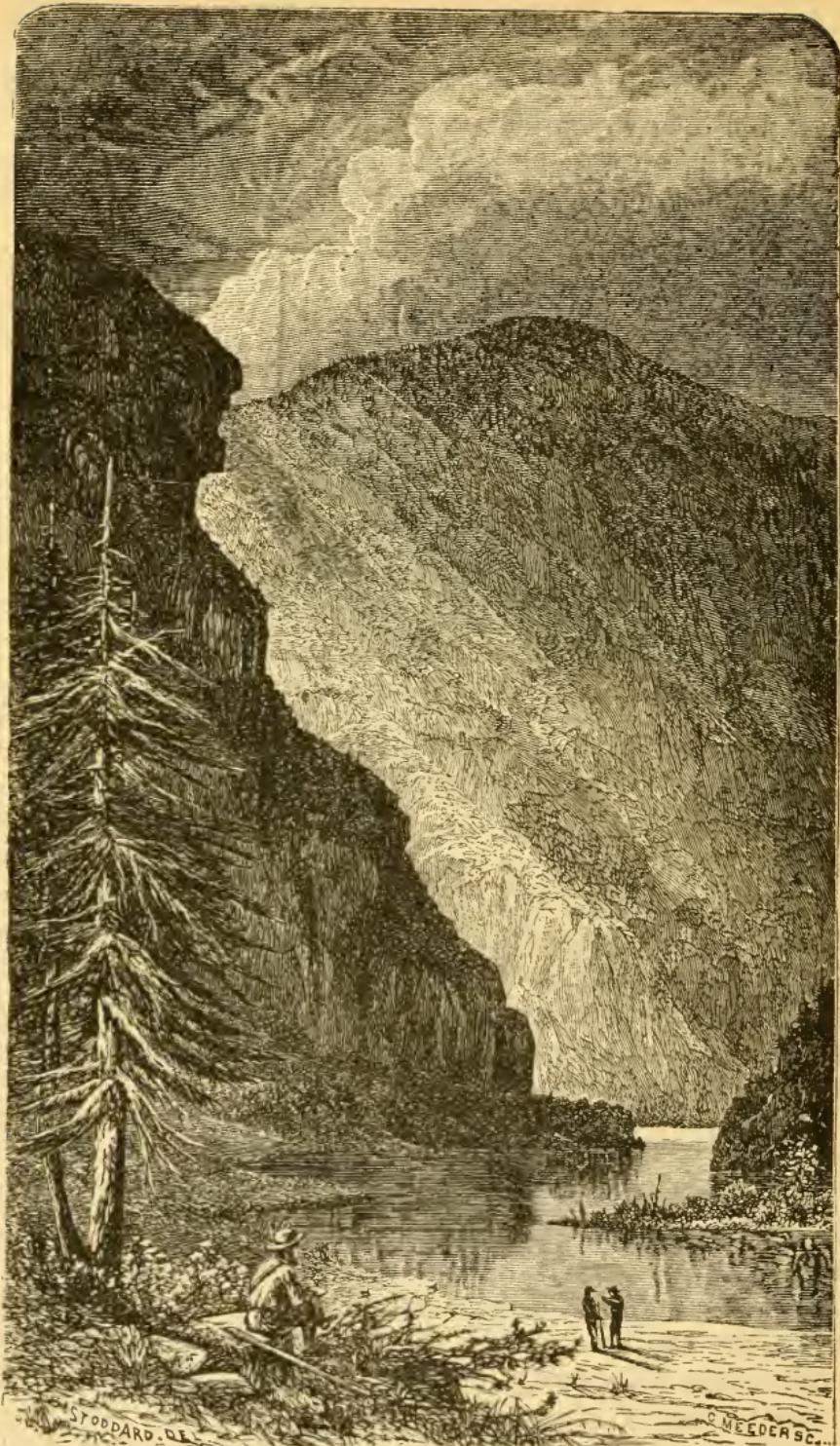


MT. COLVIN. AUSABLE PASS. RESAGONIA.

be break an oar, and *he* never'll make a fuss about it; shouldn't wonder a bit if they had it off somewhere now."

After what seemed a long four mile tramp through the woods, we came out in a little opening near the brow of a hill, and were just rising to look out when a fierce gust of wind from the other side set the old man's hat whirling back toward us; we succeeded in spearing it, then as we turned and glanced out ahead, were surprised, almost dazzled by the wonderful beauty of the scene that flashed out so suddenly and unexpectedly on our astonished sight.

AUSABLE POND in all its Swiss-like beauty was before us. We stood at the end of our road on the brow of a hill whose front had apparently been undermined, and ran sharply down to the water's edge, gleaming, drifting, unstable sand. On the left, close by, was old Indian Head, the side toward us all in shadow: rough and jagged, standing like some grim sentinel to guard the narrow pass at his feet — beyond was Mount Colvin, the sides rising in places straight up from the water, then backward to the sharp ridge over 2,100 feet above, seemingly crowned with a coronet of diamonds that flashed and glittered as the water trickled down over the rocks, and



INDIAN FACE

A USABLE POND.

MT. COLVIN.

mountains were passing slowly, like some great glacier, toward the plain.

Now, among birches that have grown at the outlet since our first visit, stands the boat-house cottage and refreshment-room, and a road, circling around the bluff where I speared the old man's hat, leads down to the water's edge; but grand old Indian Head still looks out toward the dark green sides of Resagonia, and rivulets glisten on the side of Mount Colvin the same as then.

From the head of the Lower Au Sable, a walk of something over a mile along the stream that connects the two brought us to the shore of the Upper Au Sable, where Phelps entered the bushes in search of the boat which we had left there. "Just as I expected," said he, with a whimsical triumph in finding matters as he had anticipated. "'Taint there. Old Phelps's boats belong to everybody but himself. Wall, we haven't got much farther to go to my shanty, that's one satisfaction; and maybe they'll let us stay there all night, considering that it belongs to me." So we skirted the west shore a little way, and came out at the shanty, where we found the hunting party jubilant over the fourth deer they had taken in three days, and preparing supper, to which we did full justice.

UPPER AU SABLE LAKE is about two miles in length, and a half mile wide. Without being the very wildest, it is, perhaps, the most picturesque of all Adirondack lakes. It reflects, in its waters, a number of the most striking mountain-peaks, which, seen from this place, are varied and extremely beautiful. Some are thickly wooded slopes; others naked rock, seamed and scarred. On the east is the Boreas Mountain, a long, heavily wooded ridge, terminating at the north in Mount Colvin, and extending south about 10 miles. At the west is Bartlett Mountain, a high ridge, near the lake. Over its south slope is seen the sharp cone of Haystack, which hides Marcy, the highest of the Adirondacks. Toward the north, comes Basin, Saddleback, the Gothic, and Resagonia — a grand circle of giants, on whose sides we can mark the

course of mountain torrents and the white, glistening path of the avalanche. The shores of the lake are thickly wooded to the water's edge.

This is favorite camping-ground, not only for hunters in the hunting season, but throughout the warm weather, among those who come here to enjoy its beauty and the unfettered life of the woods.. The camps are mostly open in front to face the campfire, and are built and owned by the authorized guides of Keen Valley, by authority from the owners of the Reserve.

The ascent of Marcy from Keene Valley is oftenest made from this direction, going by boat up the Au Sable inlet to Marcy Brook ; then up along the west side of Bartlett Mountain. We can hardly do better than give the trip in the words of the "Old Man of the Mountains," who stands ready to relieve us. So we will stand aside, and give him the floor.

Ladies and gentlemen—Mr. Phelps.

"Well, I guess I kin show you the way, fur I've been up there near a hundred times, I s'pose. Let's see, we're in Panther Gorge now, I believe, and, before we go up Marcy, I want to show you a sight up here, from the side of Haystack, that is worth seeing, where we can look right down into the gulf below. See that precipice on the Marcy side? It is one continuous wall of rock, a mile in length, circling around to the head of the gorge, with Castle Column at its head. That is one of the wildest places in the Adirondacks, where, after a heavy rain or in the spring, streams pour down it from all sides. You see that water-course over there in the centre? I have seen an almost unbroken sheet of water, six feet wide, pouring over that to the bottom of the gorge, almost a thousand feet below. Now we will pass on up the trail once more, just stopping to notice those shafts of rock across on the Haystack side. There are three of them, entirely detached from the wall near by, about ten feet square, and one of them near fifty feet high, with a loose cap-stone on top of it. The soft

rock must have crumbled away between them and the main ledge while they were left standing. Now, out at the upper end and we begin to climb Marcy, striking the John's Brook trail that goes down to Keene Flats near its centre. Up here, on the side of the mountain, we find a little marsh, which is the head of the longest branch of the great Hudson River, and the largest branch of the Ausable; but our trees are getting stunted and we will soon be able to see over the tops of them; it's about like going through a thrashing machine trying to get along before they are chopped out; but here we are at last at the top, and you see this is the place to see things; down there at Marcy Brook, where we turned to go through Panther Gorge, comes the other trail up this way, running spirally up the south side from east to west until it strikes the smooth rock that has been swept clean by the avalanche; then up that, across back and forth to its head. It is about as steep as the roof of a house, and when it is wet and slippery it's bad getting along, but when its dry it sticks to your boots like sand paper. In making the round trip the trail goes down the north side a ways to the head of the Opalescent, then west through the valley and out by Lake Colden and Calamity Pond to the Adirondack Iron Works.

The summit of Tahawus is comparatively level for 6 rods north and south, and 15 rods east and west, a few loose boulders lie about promiscuously. At the west end of this flat is a mass rising up some eight or ten feet that contains the highest solid rock in the State of New York. Tahawus has something of a ridge-like appearance, running north-east and south-west, although its whole formation is a comparatively round mound of rock. The upper thousand feet is bare, and clear the farthest down on the south-west side; the west side of this mountain has more the appearance of a pasture hill-side than a mountain above vegetation, its partial covering of Alpine grasses and other plants and shrubs give it a domestic and agricultural appearance. The whole south side is covered with bristly balsam up within a few rods of the top, and is the steepest and longest side, sloping away  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles at the rate of 2,000 feet to the mile, to the foot of Panther Gorge. Large portions of the south side have been swept off by avalanches.

The east is far the roughest part of the mountain. It drops easily off the first 1,000 feet, and then takes one final leap of 1,000 feet into Panther Gorge. On the north side, it drops down to the head of the Opalescent Valley, more or less broken with precipices and ravines."

North from Marcy, over beyond a mass of mountain ridges, is the cleared fields of North Elba. Turning toward the northeast, we look down John's Brook Valley into Keen Valley. Beyond is seen Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains of Vermont. East is Haystack and the Gothics. Towards the southeast is the deep valley of Marcy Brook. Beyond is Boreas Mountain, and the mountains that cluster about Schroon Lake and Lake George. Away off in the southwest is distant Blue Mountain and the Raquette Lake region. At our feet lies little Tear of the Clouds,—the highest body of water in the Adirondacks, and the fountain head of the great Hudson River,—4,293 feet above tide. North of west is Mount Colden, McIntyre, and others of less note.

"I once saw the clearing up of a thunderstorm on Marcy," continues the old man. "There was a tornado sweeping over the top of the mountain, and the fog-clouds, broken into patches, were running at lightning speed. When one of those clouds would strike the mountain all would be shut in with fog for perhaps two or three seconds, when it would open, giving a view of a dazzling, brilliant orange-tint over the whole western sky. This could be enjoyed from two to four seconds, when the enveloping fog would come again—to save one from going crazy, I suppose.

"A thunderstorm in the night is an awful sight from the summit of Tahawus. I once saw one at near midnight, approaching from the west, when it was all below me, and I could look on the top of the cloud and see the streaks of lightning darting in every direction. It appeared like a mountain of serpents writhing in every conceivable manner. When

it finally reached me, it appeared very natural, with the exception the thunder seemed very near by. There are a great variety of fog scenes ; I saw one of three-fourths of the circle about me, a level ocean of fog and the other quarter clear ; it made me think of a big pie with one quarter taken out ; another one was of fog driven over Skylight in a bright moonlight night, it pitched over the east side like a mammoth water-fall, which it was, not of a river but a cloud ; another majestic sight was the gathering and passing up of what we call a quick south storm ; when I first saw it, it was some forty miles distant, coming on at the rate of a mile in two minutes ; a massive cloud with the dripping curtain of rain reaching down to the earth ; as it passed up nearer it threw out some of the most wonderful shades and colors ; in the centre it was of a clear gray ; some six to eight miles to the east and west, of a bright purple, growing lighter to the extremes, and to the east and west softening down to a sunshine hazy light ; it passed over to the St. Lawrence lasting near two hours."



"STORIES."

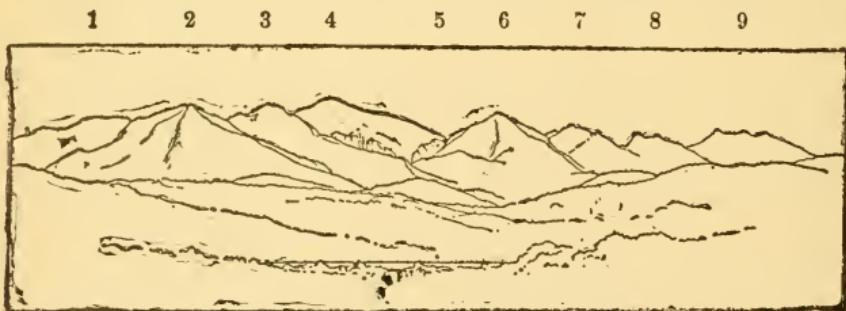
CAMP PHELPS, on the upper Ausable, is one of the most complete in its appointment and management of any shanty in the Adirondacks. The structure is of an elegant design, and built of magnificent logs cut and curved artistically with knots of various and unique patterns in bas relief. The main door is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  by 5 feet, swings outward, and is locked with a

string; it contains an immense reception room, drawing room, private parlor and sleeping rooms *en suite*, with wardrobes sticking out all around the sides. The grand dining hall is situate out on the lovely lawn, which is quite extensive, and splendidly furnished with hemlock extensions and stumps. This spacious structure is six by ten feet on the ground, and between four and five feet high, and is surmounted by a Yankee roof of *troughs* in two layers, the upper covering the crevices in the lower so as to exclude the rain, but separated far enough to give perfect ventilation. This *chef d'œuvre* of architecture is first class in every respect, it is luxuriously upholstered throughout with spruce boughs, in the culinary department is a stupendous range which floods the drawing room with light, and, in short, it contains all the modern improvements, including hot and cold water, which is carried to every part of the establishment in pails. Here we gathered, Crawford's party of seven, and ours, ten in all, beside two or three dogs, in a space about six by eight feet square, and while the fire snapped and flickered, filling the shanty with dancing shadows, stories of hunting and fishing adventures were told that all were expected to believe because they were personal experiences, although occasionally one would have a familiar sort of sound with the exception of names and dates. Stories of personal prowess which culminated in one of a man who could pick up a two barrel iron kettle by the edge with his teeth, and the assertion by another that he knew a man who could perform the same feat sitting in the kettle himself when he lifted it, which was making light of serious subjects, and so Phelps told his bear story, how one day near the Boreas, he saw a big bear coming on the run after him and he, armed with only a little ax, then when the bear got within twenty feet of him he yelled "halt," which stopped the bear — he couldn't prevaricate, he did it with his little hatchet — he didn't feel scared any, only stirred up like, but the bear reversed ends and made off as fast as it could wabble. Then Uncle Harvey told all about how he killed a bear with a pitchfork once, and a moose with a club, after tiring him out in the deep snow. "But, by gawl, boys," said he, "When Dick Estus tumbled over backward on his snow shoes

and the critter gave a lunge for him, I thought it was all up with him, but I just gave command to the boys, and at him we went, and, by gawl, the way we laid it on his old hide was a caution, and there lay Dick, square on his back, looking up, thinkin' that every minute was his last, and, by gawl, I just managed to get a lick at the critter that fetched him just as he was standin' over Dick so," and the old hunter assumed a position, indicative of an enraged moose preparing to come down on an unfortunate little chap on his back in the snow, who couldn't turn over on account of his snow-shoes. Thus each had their stories to tell until time to turn in, when four of the party went across the pond to another camp, leaving six of us to occupy a space six feet long by six feet wide, and where we slept on edge, like a box of well-packed sardines, until daylight, when each man got up and cut a chunk of venison, salt pork or bacon as taste dictated, and each man for himself waltzed around that stove in the six by ten shanty until he had warmed it through enough to suit, or disguising pieces of raw material in an outside coating of bread, proceeded to stow it away with that appearance of keen enjoyment displayed by the average boy in taking a pill; then a part rushed away to put out the dogs, others to the various runways. The old man gave his attention to some sort of a stew, which, as he had made no calculations on staying out all night, and the camp supplies had run low in the particular materials needed, was partially a failure; the professor, with a home-sick sort of expression on his face, was picking away at an ancient piece of bacon, while an enthusiastic individual who had wallowed in an ecstasy of imaginative bliss, theoretically, over venison stake, broiled at the blazing camp fire, was engaged in preparing a savory strip of the same, which as he forgot to apply salt, and got hold of a piece just moderately warm—not cooked, at the first bite, roused a rebellious feeling within him, and he felt the full force of those saddest of all words, "it might have been (done)," but it was not ordained to be, and at last, as his mind kept running on accounts of ship-wrecked people who had to eat each other or starve, and cannibalism seemed imminent, one of the guides came in like a dove bringing—not the olive

branch exactly—but a bag of oat-meal, which he made into pan-cakes, and those pan-cakes went to our hearts and stomachs like the blissful ecstacy of love's young dream. We were saved! And while we ate he baked and brought them forward and the more we ate the happier he seemed to feel about it, none of your little patty-cakes, but great big fellows the size of the frying pan, light as sea foam almost, and making, with maple sugar, a breakfast, the which when suggested, makes my mouth water to this day. It was but a little act of simple courtesy, offered, perhaps, without a thought of return; but it showed the willing disposition, and those pan-cakes touched a chord in the breast of one individual at least that will vibrate for all time, and if ever permitted to go there again he will ask for nothing better or if reports be true, a truer guide than Theo. White of Keene Flats, author of those glorious pan-cakes.

After breakfast Phelps took us up the inlet, with its dark borders of balsam and tamarack, to the Elk Lake trail, where,



THE GREAT PEAKS FROM THE SOUTH.

1 Colden; 2 Allen; 3 Skylights; 4 Marcy; 5 Panther Gorge; 6 Haystack  
7 Basin; 8 Saddleback; 9 Gothic.

bidding him a regretful adieu (for we had become attached to the cheery Old Man of the Mountains in our short acquaintance) we started on our tramp of sixteen miles, out through the woods to Root's, feeling that we were nearing friends who would be glad to welcome us home; clearer in thought and stronger in body than when we entered; glad to go back but sad at thought of leaving the mountains, over which we saw the storm-cloud gather, break and roll away, leaving them bathed in the loving sunshine, clean, grand, strong and seemingly eternal, as The Hand that made them.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LUZERNE AND CHESTERTOWN.



LUZERNE is situated at the junction of the Hudson and Sacandaga rivers, twenty-two miles north of Saratoga. It is inclosed by picturesque, rounded hills, heavily wooded to their summits, save here and there a break where some ledge looks out on the valley below. On the west are the Kayaderosseras mountains, on the east the Palmerton range, that has its rise at Lake George, and falls away into the level of Broadway at Saratoga; toward the north they are broken, rocky and picturesque. These are the outreaching spurs of the Adirondack that rest so grandly away to the north, from which the Hudson comes flowing quietly along until it gathers among the great round boulders, then bounds, foaming and sparkling, over the rocks in the exquisite little falls of Luzerne, and hastens forward under the bridge and downward to its union with the Sacandaga at *Ti-se-ran-do*, "the meeting of the waters."

From this down the river to Jessup's Landing is six miles of still water, then sweeps around almost north again. At Palmer's Falls it is gathered in a narrow channel, then with a multitude of little leaps and breaks, churned and beaten into foam by its fall, it rests at the bottom sixty feet below.

Luzerne Lake is a pearl set in emerald, lying at quite an elevation above the village proper; a crystal drop on the hill side, kept there by a narrow embankment through

which the outlet finds its way, and after amusing itself among sets of water-wheels, it passes out into the Hudson and to the sea.

THE WAYSIDE is just north of the village, near the lake. It has connected with it a number of cottages which can be rented for the season, affording altogether accommodations for about 200 guests. It is an imposing structure with numerous gables, porches, piazzas and balconies. The interior is in keeping—roomy, rambling, airy; with pleasant office, dining-room and parlor, and with a charming outlook over the lake and forest, and the rolling meadow land around. It has telegraph station in the office, and an excellent livery within call. Guests are transferred to and from all trains free. E. C. King, for some time chief clerk, is the manager. Rates, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per day; open June 18th to October 1st.

ROCKWELL'S HOTEL fronts on the main street of the village, its grounds extending back to the Hudson and overlooking the falls and chasm just above the junction of the two rivers. The main building is three stories in height, and contains the office, parlors, etc. From this extends a long wing with side piazzas facing the river. On the grounds are a pretty cottage and a larger building with pleasant, richly furnished rooms *en suite* for those who may prefer them to the more public places in the main building. Accommodations are here offered to 150 guests. G. H. Rockwell, owner and proprietor. Board, \$2.50 per day; \$10.50 to \$14 per week; children and servants, \$7 to \$10.50 per week. Free carriage to and from trains.

This hotel has long been noted for providing one of the best of tables, and for its general excellence throughout. It has earned for its proprietors a reputation that has made the name of Rockwell, like that of Leland, a synonym of all that is complete in this direction.

THE RIVER VIEW, standing just south of Rockwell's Hotel, will provide for about 80 guests. E. M. Garner, proprietor. Rates, \$2.50 per day, \$10 to \$15 per week. Open the year round. Free carriage to and from the depot.

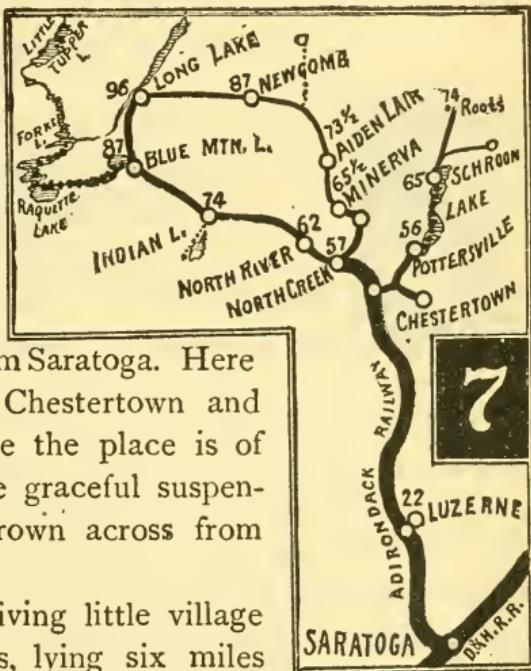
LUZERNE is on the old Indian trail from the great villages of the Mohawks to the head of Lake George. Here King Hendrick and his braves encamped when on their way to join Johnson at the lake in 1775.

North of Luzerne the road runs along the river, at times crowded close against its brink as the valley narrows down and the mountains grow more abrupt and precipitous.

RIVERSIDE is 28 miles from Luzerne, and 50 from Saratoga. Here the cars are left for Chestertown and Schroon Lake, otherwise the place is of little interest, save in the graceful suspension bridge which is thrown across from shore to shore.

CHESTERTOWN is a thriving little village of about 200 inhabitants, lying six miles east of Riverside. Its environment is picturesque, with lakes and valleys and with rolling hills that rise in places to be considerable mountains. The roads about it are interesting, and riding and driving the popular amusement; but, still, only a short walk is needed to reach woods where partridges and the smaller game are found. The lakes near by afford superior bass fishing.

THE CHESTER House is on high ground in the village. It is three stories high, with pleasant piazzas, and is fronted by a nice grove of maples. It was for years popular under the management of M. H. Downs, when it earned the reputation of spreading one of the best of tables. It is now under Harry S. Downs, son of the former proprietor, who, with considerable experience in the business, adds a pleasant presence, an obliging disposition, and youthful zeal and enterprise. This house will care for about 150 guests. Rates, \$2 per day; \$10 to \$12 per week.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### SCHROON LAKE.



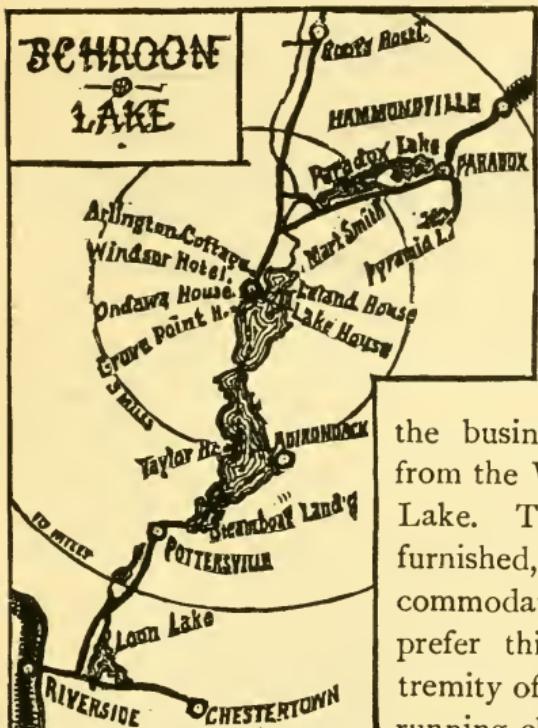
CHROON LAKE is undoubtedly one of the most popular semi-wilderness resorts in the country; it is surrounded on all sides by mountains, not high, but wild and rugged, and broken into curious fragmentary masses, growing smoother as you approach the north end. It is nearly ten miles in length, perhaps two wide, and divided in two nearly equal portions at the narrows. It receives the waters of Paradox and other lakes and streams at the north and empties through Schroon river into the Hudson at Thurman. The shores are low, receding in gentle slopes for a distance, then rise up into the mountains surrounding it. Near the southern extremity is Pottersville; at the north the village of Schroon Lake. It is reached usually by the Adirondack Railroad, from Saratoga to Riverside, then by stage to the outlet, and by steamer to the village at its head. Distance from Saratoga, 65 miles; fare, \$3.75.

THE LEAVITT STAGE LINE, between Riverside and Schroon Lake, is not unworthy of special notice, the ride affording a pleasant change from the cars, giving variety, without continuing long enough to become wearisome, followed by the halt for dinner, and the race to the steamboat in the open wagons. The four-horse coaches used here are of the well-known Concord build. The stock is first-class, and the drivers are of the most reliable, Eugene Leavitt, proprietor of the line, being considered one of the best whips in the

country. Six-horse, tally-ho stages run to the main trains, and lighter wagons of this line connect morning and evening, with the "sleeper" at Riverside.

POTTERSVILLE HOTEL is six miles from Riverside. It is the regular dining place for passengers going or coming, and

furnishes a wholesome and most substantial dinner. John B. Wells, for some time its manager, is now owner and proprietor, having secured this property by purchase. Mr. Wells is a young man, full of energy, and brings to



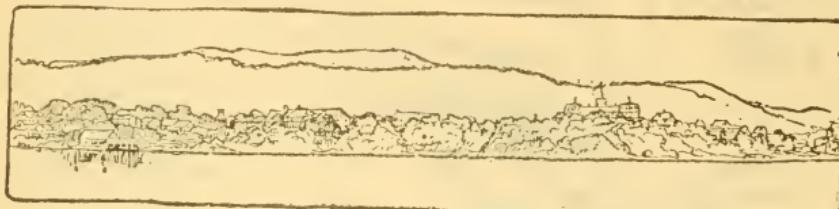
the business experience of value from the Wells House on Schroon Lake. The house is comfortably furnished, and affords pleasant accommodations to those who may prefer this to the northern extremity of the lake. Trout Brook, running close by the house, affords

very good sport, while river and lake fishing-ground is easily reached. At the northwest the country is extremely wild. Rates for board are \$2 per day; \$7 to \$10 per week.

THE STEAMBOAT LANDING is at the outlet of Schroon Lake, something less than a mile from Pottersville. Here the "Effingham," Captain Sam Russell, waits the coming stage. The sail through Schroon Lake is delightful, and not so long continued as to become tedious. Fare 75 cents.

ADIRONDACK is a hamlet on the east, four miles from the outlet. The Wells House affords accommodation for about 100 guests. George Cecil, proprietor.

THE TAYLOR HOUSE is at Lake View Point, nearly opposite Adirondack. The steamer touches here on all regular trips. Fare to head or foot of lake, 50 cents. The main building and 15 cottages among the pines form a very attractive picture. Telegraph in the house. Capacity, 150. Rates, \$12 to \$17 per week; \$2.50 to \$3 per day. C. F. Taylor & Son, proprietors. P. O., Taylors-on-Schroon.



1 2 3 4 5  
SCHROON LAKE VILLAGE FROM SOUTH.

1 Dock; 2 Ondawa House; 3 Lake House; 4 Windsor; 5 Leland House.

SCHROON LAKE in general, we have spoken of. Schroon Lake in particular means the collection of little houses and big hotels at its head. Like the inhabitants of Caldwell, who embezzled the entire name of Lake George, for postal purposes, the little village here has swooped down and gobbled up "Schroon Lake," without regard to the rights or feelings of those who may locate at different points along its shores, and who, when they have occasion to say they live at Schroon Lake, find it necessary to explain that they mean only near the water thereof.

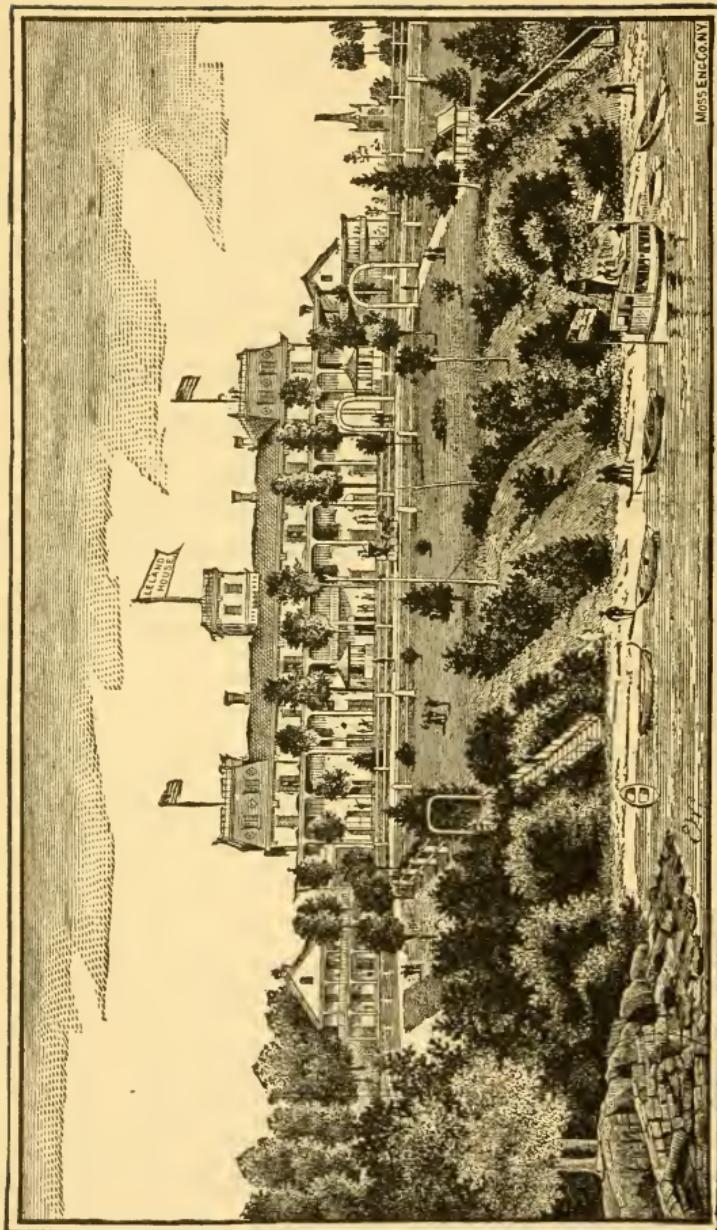
The little village is, however, worthy of the best name on record, if beauty of location and general appearance entitles one to such. The main street through which the road runs to the north is a fine shaded avenue, the land sloping down to the edge of the lake, displaying the whole in a very pretty manner. It is a thoroughly wide awake town, showing a degree of enterprise that many larger places might well be proud of; daily mails are maintained throughout the year; the telegraph brings it in direct communication with the great cities. The churches are good—although Schroon

Lake doesn't rely much on its churches. The hotel accommodations are first-class, while the enterprise of their proprietors, together with the fine natural attractions of the place, has earned for this a world-wide reputation, standing second only to Lake George—ahead of it, even, with those who delight to point the rifle or cast the fly. The society here is of a refined class, scarcely any of the rowdy element finding its way in, for the bright skies, the waving fields, the far-reaching forests, and the grand freedom of the mountains, possess little that is congenial to the tastes of such.

THE GROVE POINT HOUSE is about a half-mile south of the village, and the steamboat lands here on its regular trips. The house is attractive of itself, and is picturesque in its surroundings. It prospers because its manager is thorough, energetic, and withal, obliging. It contains many of the conveniences and appliances of the modern hotel, including electric bells. Accommodations are here offered for about 75 guests. Rates, \$2 per day; \$8 to \$12 per week. An illustrated circular, giving particulars, will be sent on application. Captain W. A. Mackenzie.

As we approach the village, the most prominent objects are the hotels—the Leland House, on the high ground at the right; the Schroon Lake House, near the water's edge; over this, the Windsor House, and the Ondawa, among the trees at the left of the Lake House.

THE LELAND HOUSE is the leading hotel of Schroon Lake. From its commanding position it overlooks the lake in three directions—south, east, and north, and, on the west, the village and the hills beyond. On its south front is a broad, high piazza, double at the ends; and, in front of this, a grand port-coachare—a pleasant and duly appreciated feature of a sunny day. An observatory on the top of the building is 107 feet above the lake, and gives a view of rare beauty and considerable extent, showing the full reach of the lake at the south, and a charming picture of Schroon Valley toward the



LELAND HOUSE.

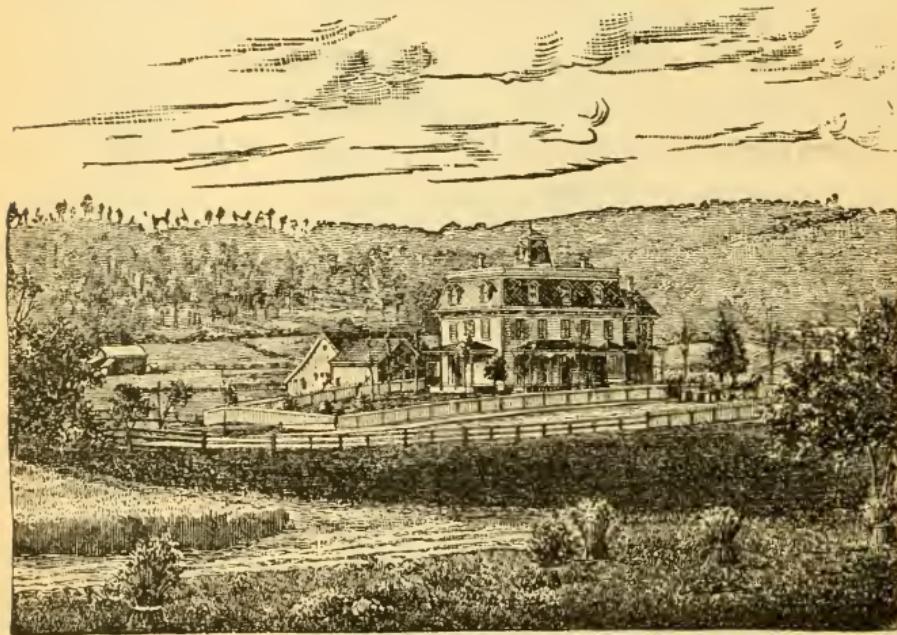
MOSES EUGENE

north. The grounds are about five acres in extent—a grassy lawn, shaded by young trees and provided with modest little summer houses. Two large cottages, connected with the main building by an extension of the double piazzas at either end, afford retired quarters for those who may prefer such to the more public rooms in the hotel proper. Within the office will be found Western Union Telegraph connections, news and fancy-goods stand. This is one of the few hotels where the main office is made the pleasant gathering-place of the lady guests. It was built in 1872 and at once became popular. It was enlarged in 1875 and again in 1881, and still again in 1888, by the addition of a large wing to give a children's dining room 12 by 30 feet, and 30 new sleeping rooms. The grand dining room has also been enlarged giving it a seating capacity of 300, and a new kitchen built and furnished with the modern appliances. The house is nicely, even richly furnished, the public rooms attractive and cozy, the sleeping apartments provided with the best of beds, and their appointments throughout in good taste. The sanitary conditions here are believed to be perfect—the land, sloping off in all directions, rendering the question of drainage a simple one. The table is superior, and the service all that can be desired—in short, the Leland House is an exceptionally good "all around" house. The proprietors are Messrs. L. R. & E. D. Locks, accomplished hotel men both, with plenty of experience, energy, and many of the other requisites that go to make up the successful landlord. This house is open from June 15th to October 1st. Capacity, 250. Rates, \$3 to \$3.50 per day, \$12 to \$25 per week.

THE LAKE HOUSE stands nearest to the steamboat landing and will accommodate about 100 guests. Rates, \$2.50 per day, \$10.50 to \$14.00 per week. Open from June 20 to October 1st. E. E. Riddell, formerly of the Riddell House, Luzerne, proprietor. The main building is 100 feet front, with a piazza extending along its entire length. It is generous in all its

proportions. Its rooms are large and well furnished. A pleasant feature of the house—hibernically speaking—is its open platform outside, overhanging the lake shore, and itself overshadowed by widespreading trees, affording one of the most delightful imaginable resting places of a sultry afternoon or evening. Underneath this platform, in the bank, is a cold spring from which the water is forced up into the house. The hotel, as conducted by Mr. Riddell last year, has been spoken of in the highest terms by old guests. A generous policy marks the new management and can not fail to attract visitors and bring success.

THE ARLINGTON COTTAGE, on the northern outskirts of the village, is a pleasant place, nicely kept, and capable of providing for about 30 guests. A summer house on the grounds commands a very pretty view of the village and water



THE ARLINGTON COTTAGE.

at the south, of the head of the lake across the sloping meadows at the east, and toward the north, one of the finest prospects of this section. The place has many friends; is cozy, wholesome and homelike. C. C. Whitney, proprietor. Rates, \$2 per day; \$7 to \$10 per week.

THE ONDAWA HOUSE is west of the Lake House. Advertised capacity 100 guests. Maurice O'Connor, proprietor.

HOTEL EMMET is a small house on the main street. Board, \$2 per day. Open summer and winter. E. E. Hunter, formerly of the Windsor, manager.

THE WINDSOR HOTEL is west of the Leland House. Capacity 80 guests. Rates \$2, to \$2.50 per day. \$10 to \$12 per week. Martin Talbot, proprietor.

THE LELAND COTTAGE, on Main street, has accommodations for about 25. Rates, from \$6 to \$9 per week. J. M. Leland, proprietor.

THE PROSPECT HOUSE is on the main street of the village. Will provide for about 30 guests at \$9 to \$12 per week. Open from June to October. J. A. Pitkin & Brother, proprietors.

STAGES run mornings from Schroon Lake to Hammondville 11 miles distant. Fare \$1.50. Connection is made over the Crown Point Iron Co.'s railroad, with afternoon train on the Delaware & Hudson Railroad.

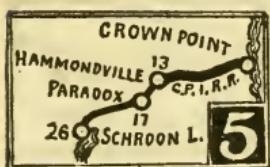
PARADOX LAKE is four miles north of Schroon. It is four miles long, measured east and west. At its west end the shores are low and smooth; at the east, abrupt and rugged.

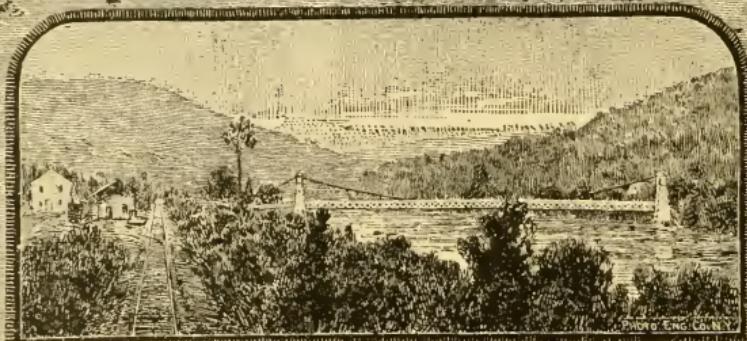
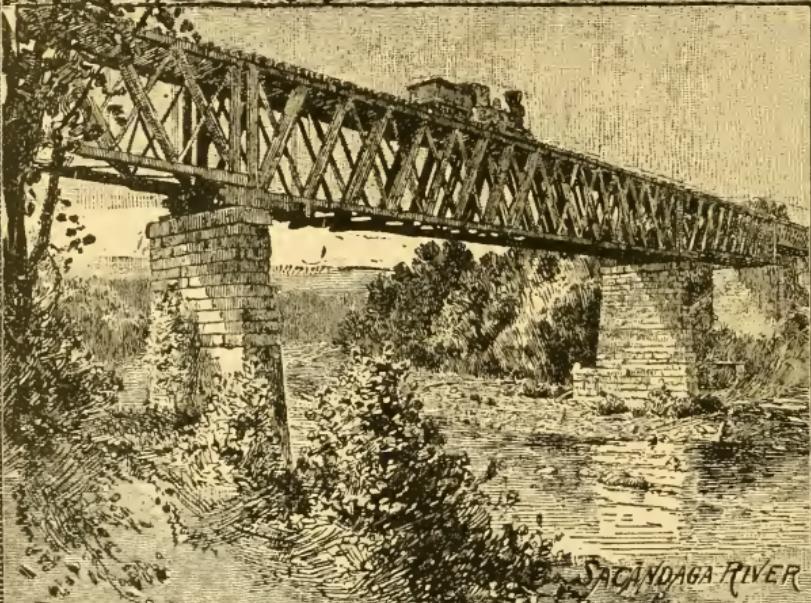
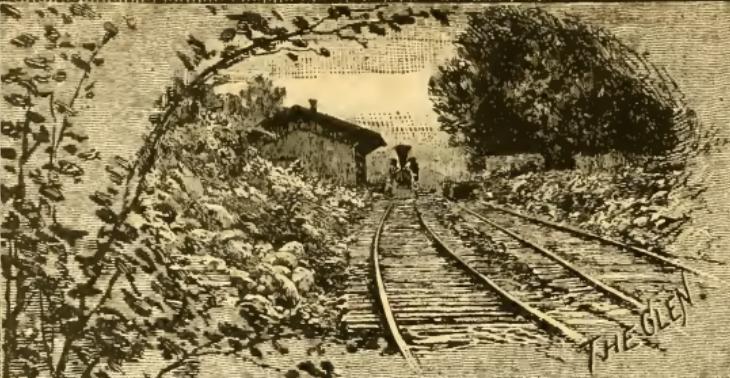
PARADOX HOUSE, on the south side of the Lake, two miles from its outlet, is noted for trout dinners.

ROOT'S HOTEL is nine miles north of Schroon Lake, 27 east of Newcomb, 23 south of Elizabethtown, and 17 west of Port Henry. Wm. M. McCray, proprietor. Post office, Schroon River.

Toward the west, between the mountain whose jagged sides come down to the edge of the valley, runs the road to the Boreas region, Newcome, and Long Lake.

ELK LAKE is reached by leaving this road five miles east of Root's, and proceeding northward thence, by a good road, five miles farther. From this point the trail leads over Boreas Mountain to the head of Upper Au Sable Lake, about six miles distant, for which see page 168.





RIVERSIDE

VIEWS ON THE ADIRONDACK RAILWAY.

North from Root's stretches the beautiful valley of the Schroon, until the gradually approaching mountains on either side come together at Deadwater, where the waters of the Schroon River, here a mere brook, are gathered and begin their winding way southward.

At Euba Mills, 13 miles north of Root's, roads diverge—the one bearing toward the right leading down through Pleasant Valley, to Elizabethtown, 10 miles; the other toward the left, upward through Chapel Pond Gorge to Keen Valley, about six miles distant. For these points, see pages 148 and 152 respectively.

\* \* \* \* \*

NORTH CREEK is the terminus of the Adirondack Railroad, and the point of departure for Newcomb, the Adirondack Iron Works, *via* Minerva, and for Blue Mountain and Raquette Lakes.

Through the summer trains run twice daily each way, and a night train, with through sleeping car attached, leaves Grand Central Depot, New York, at 7.30 P. M., arriving at North Creek early in the morning.

THE AMERICAN, a short distance from the depot, is the best hotel at North Creek, and provides good, substantial fare at the very reasonable rate of \$6 to \$10 per week; transient guests, \$2 per day. John McInerny, proprietor. Mr. McInerny will also furnish horses and light or heavy carriages, for interior places, at reasonable prices. Parties for Aiden Lair, Newcomb Lakes, or the section around the Adirondack Iron Works, not reached by daily stage, will find it advisable to make arrangements for conveyances at this point.

MINERVA is eight and a half miles distant. Stage runs on arrival of noon train. Stage leaves Minerva for Long Lake Wednesday and Saturday, *via* Aiden Lair, eight miles—a "gamey" country, and a very good fishing locality—and Newcomb, 14 miles farther, for which see page 124.

Stages leave for Blue Mountain Lake on arrival of trains at North Creek, morning and noon. The morning stage con-

ncts at Blue Mountain Lake with steamer for Raquette Lake,—all landings—and with stage for Long Lake. Stage leaving on arrival of noon train reaches Blue Mountain Lake for supper. Stages, fare, North Creek to Blue Mountain Lake, \$3. Patent canopy-top buckboards, may be had by paying an additional sum, for which apply to the stage agent at either end of the route, personally or by mail or telegraph.

THE NORTH RIVER HOTEL is five miles from North Creek. W. H. Roblee, proprietor. This is the regular dining place for all passengers over this road in going in or coming out of the woods, and provides a meal seldom equalled in its wholesomeness and hunger-satisfying nature. Stages run as far as this point, on arrival of the evening train from the south, bringing such as may desire to remain over and be fortified with a night's rest and one or more of mine host Roblee's excellent meals for the longer ride of the morrow, and it is recommended that those not over robust break the journey here, taking buckboards for the interior in the morning. A day or more can be spent here to advantage, either for rest or sport. The surrounding country affords excellent fishing and the smaller game, and is within easy walking distance of points where the larger kinds may be found. The house will provide for 40 guests. Rates, \$2.50 per day; \$10 to \$15 per week; dinner, 75 cents. Connection with the Western Union Telegraph is made at this point.

THIRTEENTH LAKE is four miles west, and is reached over a very good road. It is about three miles in length by half mile wide, and 1,952 feet above tide. It affords excellent fishing, and the wild country around it is noted hunting ground.

A short distance above North River we climb up through a high notch at the west, rising a thousand feet in something less than four miles, then descending gradually, cross a stretch of burnt land to Indian River.

THE INDIAN RIVER HOTEL, with capacity for 40, is at the crossing, 11 miles from North River. Frank Moody, proprietor.

THE SEVEN CHAIN LAKES are at the north, about seven miles distant, and reached over an indifferent road. Bonney's little hotel is on the third lake, which is the largest of the group, being about two miles in length. From the fifth lake a land-and-water route leads north to Newcomb, something over ten miles distance.

INDIAN LAKE (P. O.) is one mile west of Indian River. A few houses at intervals along the road, and a very comfortable looking hotel called the Ordway house, with stores, and a post-office, constitute the village.

INDIAN LAKE (that is the lake proper), is about two miles south of the village. The original lake was about three miles long, but its overflow sets back in times of high-water, increasing its length to something more than twelve miles.

LEWEY LAKE is twelve miles south of Indian Lake Village. The overflow of Indian Lake at times reaches back to the falls at outlet of Lewey Lake. In low water the river between the two is navigable, with the exception of a short carry around the falls above mentioned. A little hotel at the head of Lewey Lake is kept by J. McCormick. Will accommodate about 40. P. O., Indian Lake.

CEDAR LAKES are reached by a rough eight-mile trail from this point west, or by road from Lake Pleasant, or *via* Cedar River route, from the Blue Mountain Lake road.

THE WEST CANADA LAKES, belonging to another system, and discharging into the Mohawk, may be reached from the Cedar Lakes by short carries.

\* \* \* \* \*

LAKE PLEASANT can be visited best *via* the Fonda, Johnstown and Gloversville railroad to Northville, thence by stage to Sageville. Sacandaga Park, at the terminus of the railroad, one-fourth mile from Northville, has a commodious and well kept hotel, and a number of handsome summer cottages belonging to private parties.

SAGEVILLE, the county seat of Hamilton County, is a scattered village of 40 or 50 families, centered at the southwestern

extremity of Lake Pleasant, and between it and Round Lake.

THE LAKE PLEASANT HOUSE kept formerly by S. D. Andrews is now owned and kept by Geo. A. McCoy. Capacity 35. Rates, \$2.00 per day, \$8.00 to \$10.00 per week. New furniture has been added, and the house is now in good condition and gives good entertainment and service. It is near the lake shore and is a very acceptable resort among sportsmen. After July 1<sup>st</sup> there will be a daily stage. Fare from Northville to Sageville, \$2.00. Parties of three who may prefer special rig can be supplied by Mr. McCoy for stage fare. Call's Hotel will provide for 75 guests. Board, \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week; \$2.00 per day. Silas Call, proprietor.

LAKE PLEASANT is about four miles long. At the northwestern extremity of the lake is the Sturges House.

PISECO LAKE is about six miles southwest of Sageville, and affords good fishing.

Cedar Lakes are 15 miles northwest; and Lewey Lake 12 miles north of Lake Pleasant.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE CEDAR RIVER HOUSE, known formerly as Jackson's, is 20 miles from North Creek.

The road from this point in to Blue Mountain Lake, 10 miles, is through almost continuous forest save the occasional opening made by some stalwart settler, and the to-be-expected "Half-way" house where the horses are watered and allowed to get their breath while the expectant landlord stands invitingly ready to serve the passengers with stronger liquid.

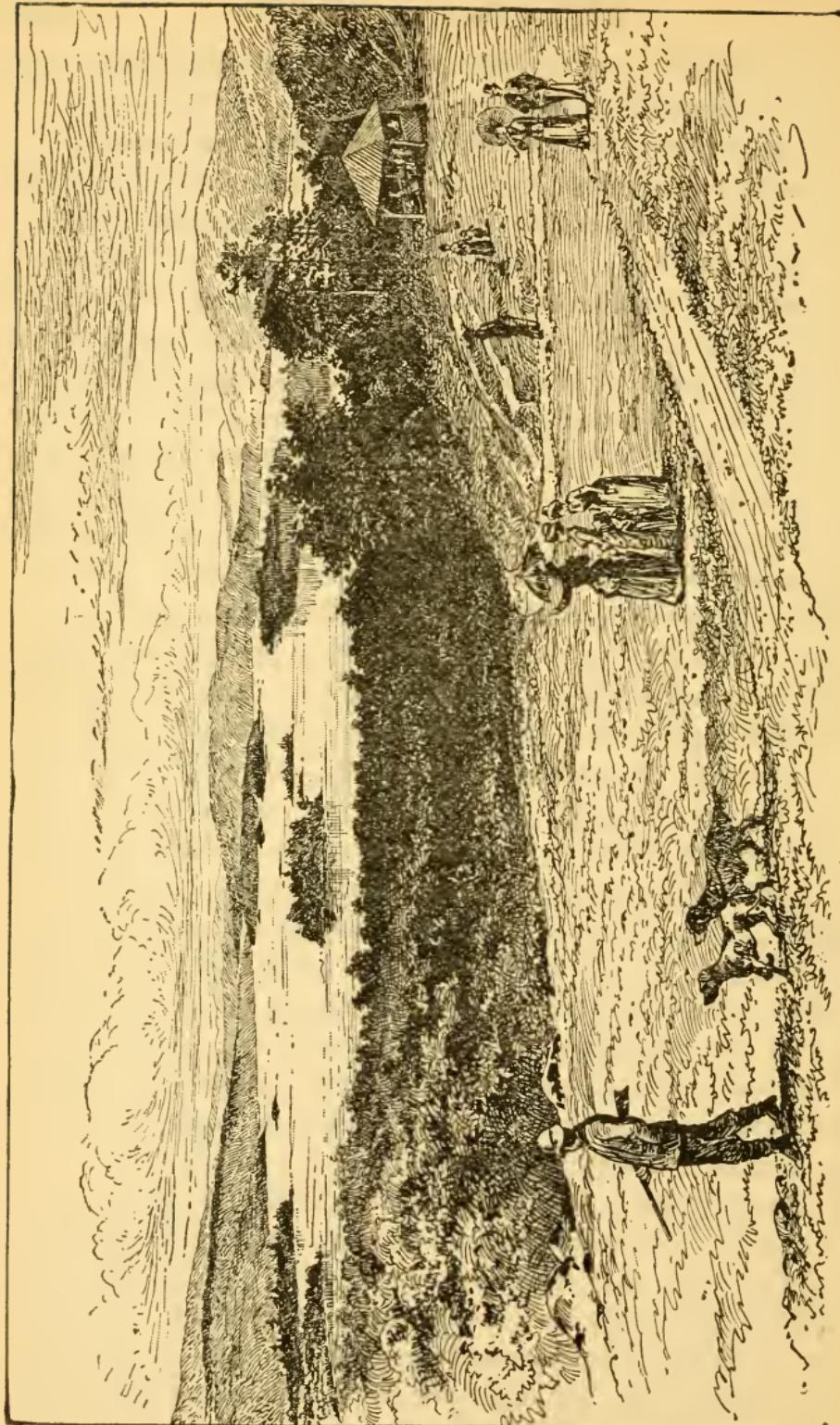
Note in passing the devastation caused by the cyclone of '88. If "Texas Jack" happens to be your driver get him to give his veracious history of the affair. He was through it all, and lives to tell the story!

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE is fairly in the Great North Woods. It is the opening of communication by boat with the magnificent system of lakes and streams which cover so large a portion of the Adirondack wilderness. It rests 1,800 feet above tide, is an irregular oval in shape, extends nearly three miles

its longest way, and empties at the west, through Eagle and Utowana lakes into Raquette Lake.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE HOUSE is on the east shore of the deep bay which first appears as we approach from North Creek. The first hotel at Blue Mountain Lake was built here in 1874, by Dr. G. R. Martine, of Glen Falls, N. Y., to whose energy and far-sightedness much credit is due for the initiatory in opening up this now popular gateway into the Adirondacks, and for whose unswerving belief in the valuable curative properties of this high mountain region, many have reason to feel grateful. The old house was burnt to the ground in 1886 ; but, with the same energy which has characterized the management in all its undertakings, arrangements were immediately made for its rebuilding on the old site. This new house is spacious and attractive. The main part is four stories high and 150 feet long, with fine, broad piazza, facing the lake, and a rear extension, almost as large as the main building ; giving, with the cottages, accommodations for over 300 guests. It stands on an elevation, overlooking a grove of native trees, through which paths lead down to the sandy beach, from which the steamboat starts on its daily trips down the lake. Ten outlying cottages, among the trees, afford very desirable quarters for those who may prefer apartments removed from the stir and bustle of a great hotel. Telegraph office connecting with the Western Union system, and stage and steamboat ticket offices, are in the hotel. Stateroom and sleeping car berths can be secured here. Board, \$3 per day, with special rates for the week or season, according to rooms and accommodations. John G. Holland, proprietor.

Mr. Holland is the pioneer hotel man of this section. He is genial, accommodating, and popular, winning the esteem of his guests ; so that those who have once enjoyed his hospitality are generally his warm advocates thereafter. With him the old house had a patronage greater, perhaps, according to its capacity, than any other one in the wilderness, and under him the new one must likewise prosper.

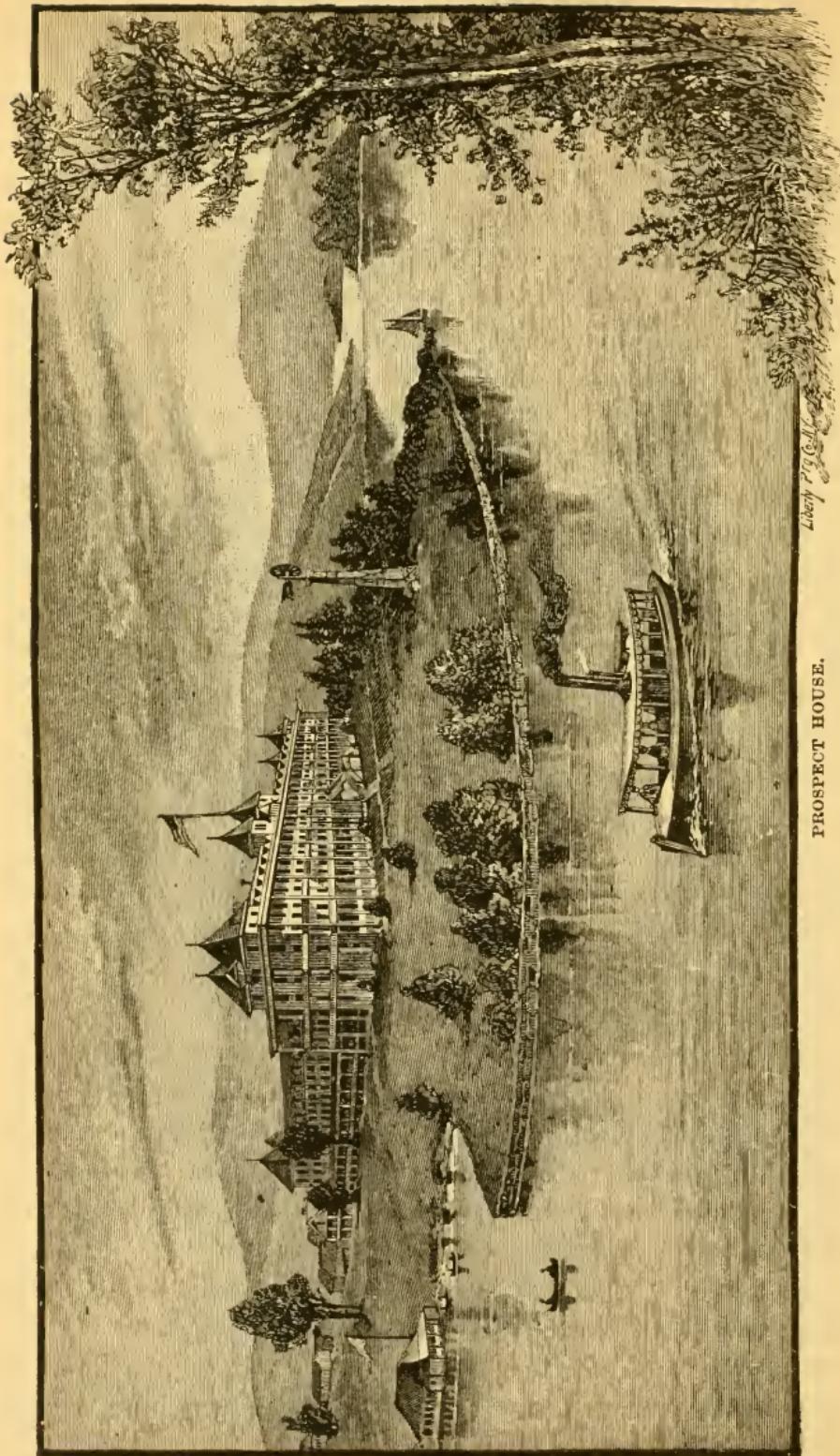


BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE FROM MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

THE BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE is about a mile north of the Lake House. It stands on the side of Blue Mountain, 200 feet above the lake, to which the surface of the ground drops sharply. The view is one of the loveliest imaginable, revealing the lake in its entirety, the island studded plain at our feet, the receding clusters of islands, the sinuous shores leading away to the outlet, and over beyond it the lengthened reach of Eagle Lake, with a glimpse of Utowana and the verdant slopes that compass about the shores of the queenly Raquette. A path leads down through the thick forest to where a fleet of dainty Adirondack boats lie snugly in boat house or at rest on the sandy beach. Accommodations are provided for about 80 guests in the main building and adjoining cottages. The fare is wholesome and abundant, cleanly and appetizing, the service kindly and willing from the proprietors down. Its altitude makes it a desirable place for those who suffer from hay-fever. A free carriage conveys guests to and from the Blue Mountain Lake House, to connect with the stage, and stages pass the house daily for Long Lake, eight miles distant. (For Long Lake see page 113.) Altogether, the Mountain House possesses more than the average number of favorable counts among Adirondack hotels. Rates here are \$2 to \$2.50 per day; \$10 to \$15 per week. Open from June 1<sup>st</sup> to October 15<sup>th</sup>. Telegraph office in the house. Merwin & Hall, proprietors.

Mr. Merwin, the founder of the house, "grew up with the country." He is pains-taking and obliging, and well liked by his guests. Mr. Hall, coming to this section for the benefit of his health, records his opinion in the most practical way by settling permanently, and brings an experience that must prove of value to the house.

FAIR VIEW HOUSE is in the gathering village of Blue Mountain Lake, on the road that leads from the Lake House, around the shore, to the Prospect House. The Fair View is open all the year. A store connected with the hotel offers groceries and hunting, fishing and camp supplies, generally, to



PROSPECT HOUSE.

*Linen* *Ptg Co*

the public. The steamboat lands here on regular trips up and down the lake. The proprietor, John Sault, was formerly landlord of the Indian River Hotel, where he catered very acceptably to the hunters' and fishermen of old. This house has an air of freshness and neatness about it that is captivating and suggestive of good fare and cleanliness throughout. Price of board, \$2 per day—\$14 per week.

THE PROSPECT HOUSE, built in 1881, is the most elegant, perhaps, of all the Adirondack hotels. It is, considering the section where it stands and the difficulty attending the work at the time of its erection, a marvel among hotels, and would rank as first-class with the famous hosteries of any watering-place in the country. It is imposing in outline and broad in detail in keeping with its grand surroundings. Within, likewise, is preserved the suggestion of vastness—of space and breathing-room—which is very refreshing. Its interior finish is plain, massive and substantial. Large fireplaces add a cheery comfort to the public office and parlors. The sleeping-rooms are large, furnished with the best of beds, heated with steam, and lighted throughout with the Edison incandescent light—this being the first hotel in the world to introduce electric lights into its dormitories. An elevator renders all floors almost equally desirable, and the table is, to use a much misused word, first-class in all respects. In all departments, system and order prevail to a marked degree.

Hunting and fishing, of course, claim a large place here, but those who are not sportsmen may find amusement in the billiard and bowling alleys, in tennis or croquet. Here may be found unlimited boating for the indolent, shady walks for the meditative, a great, breezy piazza, with secluded corners for the sentimental, good music on the piazza in the afternoon, and in the parlor through the evening. Mails arrive and depart twice daily, Sundays excepted. The telegraph office is in the house. The steamer touches at the dock on all trips. A fleet of light boats, larger and steadier than the ordinary Adirondack traveling boat, is a specialty of the house, and duly appreciated.

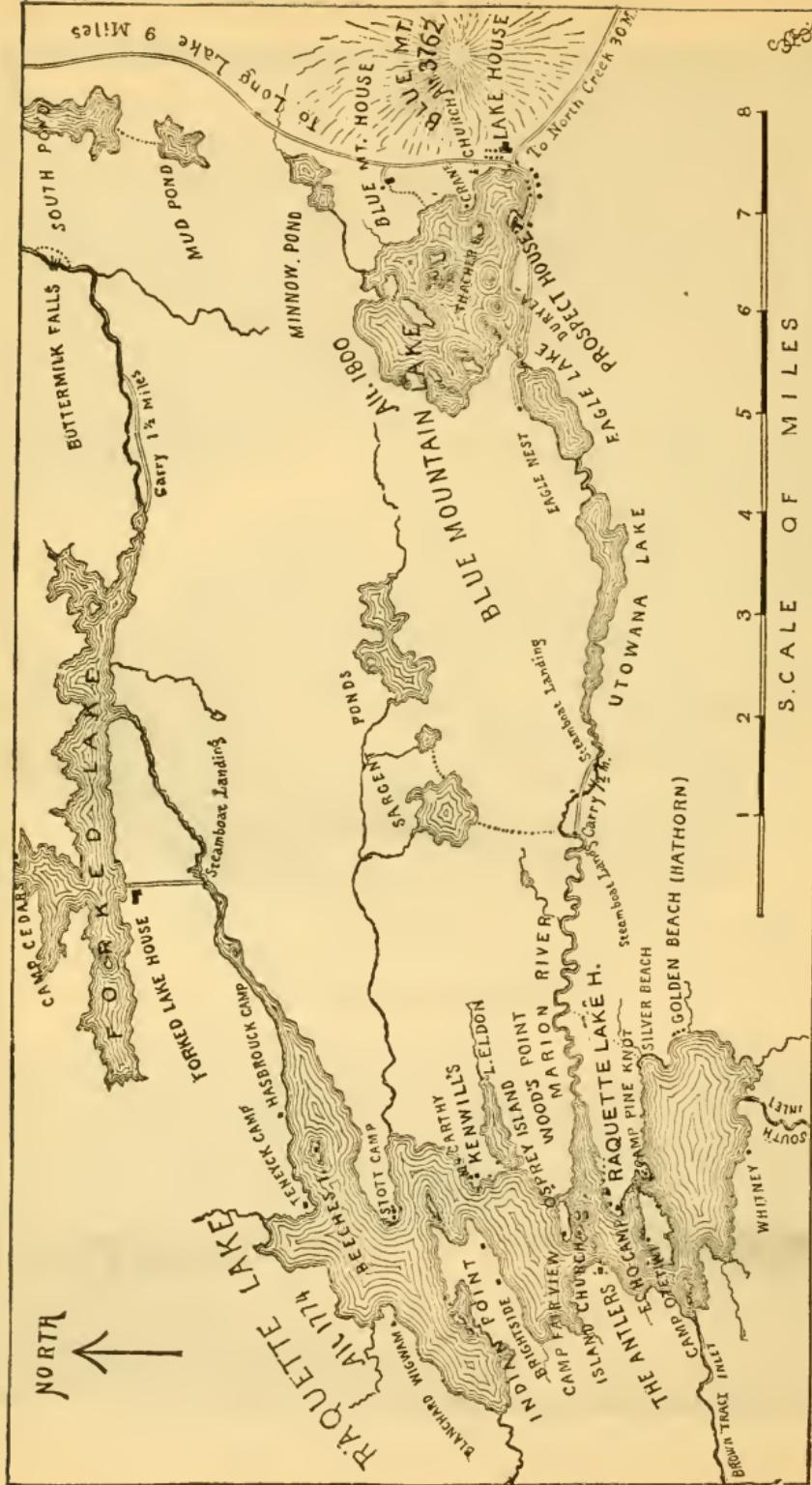
The Prospect House will accommodate 500 guests. Price of board, \$4 to \$5 per day; \$21 and upward per week; servants half price. During the winter, guests are entertained in a larger cottage under the same management. George W. Tunnicliff, manager.

A small boat of the Blue Mountain and Raquette Lake Steamboat line, the "Toowahloondah," of light draft, that it may pass easily through the shallow streams connecting the lakes, leaves the hotel docks morning and afternoon, and passing through this and Eagle and Utowana lakes and streams, connects at Marion River Cary with steamer for Raquette lake landings. The mere fact of going on the little steamer, with the vast and reverberatory name, is not all there is in this trip, although of itself a pleasure. The excursion is one of the most delightful ones of the wilderness, a source of continued surprise and enjoyment, introducing as it were, the traveler to the wild woods and lakes in the mildest manner possible, and giving him just a suggestion of the difficulties of portage between waters that he will find later on. The line belongs to W. W. Durant, ex-President of the Adirondack Railroad and owner of a number of townships around the lakes. It is thoroughly equipped and adapted to the particular needs of the traffic, and while working on systematized lines with clock-like regularity, is not obtrusively formal and fits in admirably with its surrounding conditions. Extra boats are subject to charter and afford interesting means of exploring the nooks and by-ways of lakes and tributary streams. J. G. Thompson, Superintendent.

As we pass out into the open lake Blue Mountain rises in graceful outline behind us. On its western slope, high above the water, are the Mountain House and cottages; nearer is Thatcher's Island, the property of Ex-Mayor Thatcher, of Albany, with the cottage at its east end. On the point projecting from the south shore, near the outlet, is the attractive summer place of Colonel Duryea, of New York.

Outlet Blue Mt Lake

MARION RIVER CARRY.

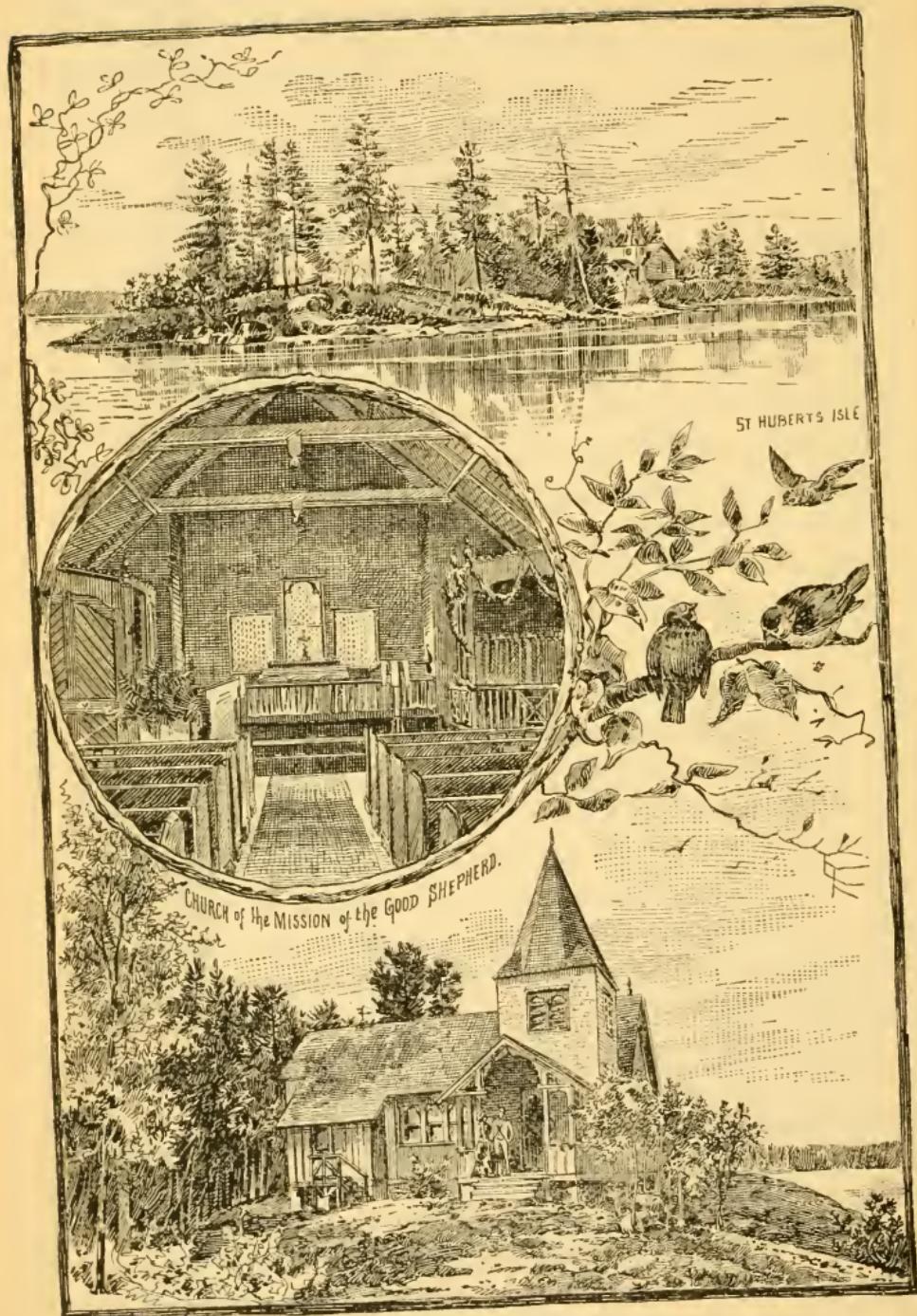


Passing through the outlet with slackened speed, responding, perhaps, to the request of the Commodore to come out forward to get her stern up away from the bottom, and by aid of steam and pikepole we round the short bend, pass under the bridge, and out into the waters of Eagle Lake.

EAGLE LAKE is about one mile long, with low wooded shores, except a clearing on the north side. The old log house standing near the shore is the "Eagle's Nest," where Ned Buntline came years ago, and under the tree, near the house, lies the bride he brought and buried there.

A somewhat longer stream than the one we have just passed out of, leads through drowned lands, from Eagle into Utowana Lake. This lake is about two miles long, narrow and straight, running away toward the west. Passing into its outlet we soon reach the landing, where we find the rustic waiting-room and the dam, which has raised the water, making navigable the streams between the lakes. From this landing a road leads to the head of navigation, on the Marion River, one mile distant. You have noticed, perhaps, that the steamer whistled some ways back, and as we approach, a one-horse wagon, with a rigging something like a hay-rack, makes its appearance. Into this the baggage is tumbled, the boats tied on (if any are there to be carried), and the weaker members of the party, or those who may prefer to ride, take their places. But few *do* care to ride, for this carry is simply an excellent road through the woods, resembling in no respect the slippery carries of the back country. At its west end, we find another steamer, somewhat larger than the one we have just left but belonging to the same family, as you will conclude from its jaw-breaking Indian name, which is considered the proper thing up here.

THE MARION RIVER, from this point to Raquette Lake, is one of the crookedest rivers in the whole world, and, for some distance, taxes to its utmost the ability of our pilot and the circling power of the little steamer. It flows sluggishly along its reedy shores, wandering back and forth between the low hills, in a succession of loops, that makes the way traversed,



ST HUBERT'S ISLE

CHURCH OF THE MISSION OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

which is about two miles in a straight line, double that distance before open water is reached. This is the largest feeder of the Raquette, and enters it through a gradually widening estuary, beyond which is seen the islands and the broad lake. How different now from the days when the Professor and I passed through in 1873 ! Then it boasted of but one resident, and he a squatter. (There are squatters there now, but they come in state and are a credit to the section.) Now it is teeming with life. A fibre from the throbbing mass of travel has pierced these depths ; the shrill whistle of the coming steamer calls forth a joyous crowd for their daily budget of news from the outer world, and comfortable hotels have sprung into sudden and thrifty existence to meet the requirements of the season.

RAQUETTE LAKE HOTEL, formerly known as "Under the Hemlocks," is seen on the north side of Long Point, which is on our left as we proceed west. Proprietors, Eugene & Frederick Finck. The former has been well and favorably known as room-clerk at the Prospect House, Blue Mountain Lake, and at the Indian Harbor Hotel (formerly the Morton House), at Greenwich, Long Island Sound. He is most affable and courteous, and has made a host of friends endeavoring to make the people happy with whom he has been officially connected. Modest withal, he has the requisite push to make the new enterprise a success, as the opening year proved beyond doubt. Mr. Frederick Finck is the well-known artist, who comes to benefit his health by a life in the woods, and of course is not above considerations of financial benefit (who is?) hence the combination. They have thoroughly renovated and refurnished the house and beautified the grounds, and propose building more cottages to increase the capacity of the colony to about 200 guests. It will now provide for about 100. In addition to the main building, are the cottages on either side, the one formerly occupied by Madam Gerster at the east, and the Cotterell cottage on the west. There is a spring of pure, never-failing water by the house. An unsuspected clearing back in the woods, now under a high state of cultivation, will

supply fresh vegetables during the season. Open June 15th to November. Price of board, \$3 per day, \$15 to \$25 per week, with special rates for September and October. Under its new management, this house has earned high praise, and is deserving only of words of approval.

Competent guides for sportsmen and tourists are provided with camp supplies. The steamboat stops daily for dinner, remaining an hour and a half for that purpose.

The open camp is a pleasant feature of the Adirondacks,—and the one here one of the finest of the kind. Here the logs, piled high and blazing at night, flood the interior with pleasant warmth and thaws the most crusty into genial friendliness; here gather the minister, the author, the playwright, the musician, and even the haughty broker, to melt and become better acquainted in an evening than by a four weeks' intercourse in a hotel parlor.

The postoffice, known as Raquette Lake, is in a small building north of the Gerster cottage. Two mails daily. The Western Union telegraph is here also.

Unique and a pretty feature of this lake is the Island Church, (Episcopalian), standing on the smaller island south of Osprey Island. Here religious services are conducted regularly throughout the summer, the congregation coming by steamers and row-boats. The officiating clergyman occupies the rectory on the same island as the church during the season.

“THE ANTLERS” is on Constable Point, in plain sight, almost due west as the steamer leaves the mouth of the Marion River. The location is a delightful one, and commands an extensive view of the lake north and south, as well as into this deep bay, from which the approach is made. It is a hotel on the colonization plan—a collection of camp cottages, which may be rented at room rates, and a larger, central building, containing the general office, dining-room, and public rooms, the idea being a collection of camps in which guests shall have all the privacy of their own homes, relieved from the annoying but quite necessary details of the preparation of their daily food. This plan of separate buildings of one or

two rooms each has proved a success here. It gives the temporary proprietor of each a sense of independence and ownership that is very pleasant, resulting in each structure taking upon itself a degree of individuality and character according to the taste and disposition of its occupants, interesting to observe. Provisions are also made to entertain transient guests here on the same general plan. Accommodations are offered for about 75. Rates during August, \$3.50 per day, \$17.50 to \$25 per week. Special rates for the season. Boats, guides, camp supplies and fishing necessities can be had here. Chas. H. Bennett, proprietor, P. O. address Raquette Lake.

Mr. Bennett is genial, attentive and obliging, and during the short time that the "Antlers" has been before the public has made many friends and partisans of its guests.

"HATHORN'S GOLDEN BEACH," at the eastern extremity of South Bay, two miles from the landing at the postoffice, consist, of a log house, containing dining-room, kitchen, etc., log cottages of rustic finish, and several detached, bark-covered, box-like sleeping-rooms, set up among the pines, along the line of beach, and open camps. Capacity—grand total—30 guests. Board, \$2 per day, \$10 per week. Open June 1<sup>st</sup> to November. Chancey Hathorn, proprietor. Parties for Hathorn's leave the steamer at the postoffice dock and take row-boat to this point.

RUSH POINT CAMP, near South Inlet, kept by Joseph Whitney, accommodates 10.

BLANCHARD'S WIGWAMS, on Green Point, west of Camp Stott, C. W. Blanchard, proprietor, offers entertainment for 25 guests.

The rustic camps of Raquette Lake are elegant affairs, and although built of rustic material found ready to the hand, it is apparent that twisted cedar, shaggy spruce and silvery birch, in their native vestments, were not chosen because they cost nothing there. Some of these camps are works of art, and filled with dainty bric-a-brac; generally, however, pertaining to woodsy things, and in keeping with their native environment. The pioneer camp of this section, and one of the

most artistic in the woods, is "Camp Pine Knot," on South Bay. It was commenced in the winter of 1876-'7, by its present owner, W. W. Durant, and completed—well, to tell the truth, these camps are *never* completed really, for one of the fascinating features of the camp is that it is bound by no rule of time or architecture. It expands and blossoms with the passing seasons, and is never exactly the same one year that it was the year before, but it is always finished enough for comfort—it is "otetiwi."

Echo Camp, on Long Point, west of the Raquette Lake House, tasteful and artistic, belongs to ex-Gov. Lounsbury, of Connecticut. "Camp Otetiwi," (always ready), belonging to Dr. A. G. Gerster, of New York, is on the large island west of Camp Pine Knot. "Camp Fair View," on Osprey Island, belonging to C. W. Durant, of New York, is an excellent specimen of ornate rustic architecture. Deerhurst Camp, on Kenwell's Point, belongs to Mr. Wm. Strange, of Paterson, N. J.; the cottage standing on the north side of this point is that of Senator McCarthy of Syracuse. Senator Henderson has a pleasant camp on the south side of Indian Point. "Camp Stott," the summer place of Com. Frank Stott, of Stottville, N. Y., is on the long point north of Kenwell's Point. A camp belonging to James Tenyck, of Albany, and "Camp Hasbrouck," are on the north shore near the outlet.

Happy the favored visitor to one of these camps, and happy the owner. The fact cannot be disguised, say what you will, we are all children and enjoy playing house ; only, at sixty, we need a ten-thousand-dollar lodge in a vast wilderness, when at six, a piece of old carpet, stretched over a corner in the rail fence, satisfied all our earthly desires.

There are several very pretty camps and cottages at different points for rent, notably, "Bright-side-on-Raquette," which is a nine-room cottage something like the McCarthy cottage, standing at the foot of "The Crags," on the south side of Indian Point. It is finished in native woods with a degree of elegance and artistic feeling equal to the best, is nicely furnished, and will be let for the season or for a term of years.

The owner, J. O. A. Bryere, may be found here by any one who is interested in the matter, or may be addressed for particulars at Raquette Lake. He is celebrated for his rustic work, and displays specimens that are marvels of skill.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE FULTON CHAIN OF LAKES is reached through the Brown Tract Inlet, which enters Raquette Lake from the southwest. This section is usually approached from the west *via* the Rome and Watertown Railroad, leaving it at either Boonville or Port Leyden.

MOOSE RIVER is 11 miles from Port Leyden and 12 miles from Boonville. Daily stage from either place, \$1.

MOOSE RIVER HOUSE is the regular dining place for travelers entering this gateway. It is on the western border of the great wilderness and affords good fishing and hunting for those who do not care to penetrate deeper. The house will accommodate about 30 guests. Rates, \$2 per day, \$7 to \$10 per week. C. M. Barret, proprietor.

THE FULTON CHAIN RAILWAY is interesting as beginning and ending in the woods, and having no connection by rail with the outside world. It is a marvel in railroads and rolling stock, worth traveling a long distance to see, and somehow it seems more a part of the great wilderness than the conventional iron monster and steel tracks that one is accustomed to in the outer world. The track is of wood, 3 feet gauge, the locomotive a nondescript, but it gets there with the traveler, and none are found to wish it otherwise. The road was built especially to meet a long-felt need—a boon from Boonville—that a thumped and jolted public is not slow to appreciate, and for which thanks are due to G. W. P. Gould and Dr. A. H. Crosby of that section. It is 8 miles in length, extending from Moose River to "Minnehaha," foot of the Stillwater, from which point a steamboat runs to the Old Forge. Fare by rail and boat, \$2.

THE BROWN TRACT, comprehending the land around the head of Moose River, was so called after a John Brown of

Providence, Rhode Island (who must not be confounded with that other John Brown, the "Old Man of Ossawatamie," who lies buried at North Elba.) The property was bought in 1793 and a large forge built below the first of the Fulton Chain of Lakes. The manufacture of iron was attempted, and 30 to 40 families gathered here at the time, but the venture proved a failure, and little besides the more substantial portions of the old forge remains now to mark the spot.

THE FORGE HOUSE is at the old forge dam, below First Lake, and affords accommodation to 40 or 50 guests. Chas. M. Barrett, proprietor. P. O., Boonville.

THE FULTON CHAIN OF LAKES are eight in number. The old forge dam, two miles below First Lake, floods back into the Fifth, giving uninterrupted navigation from the Forge House to this point. The First, Second and Third Lakes are closely connected and collectively three miles in length. The Fourth is nearly six miles long, and contains a number of pretty islands. A half mile stream connects Fourth with Fifth Lake, and a half mile carry leads into the Sixth; a mile of rough boating or portage along the stream leads from Sixth into Seventh Lake, which is about two miles long; thence by stream one mile, and portage along the stream another mile into Eighth Lake. This one is also about two miles in length. At its head a trail  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long may be followed toward the northeast, leading into Brown Tract Inlet, which, followed downward four miles, brings the voyager to Raquette Lake. Total from the Forge House about 26 miles.

The Steamer "Fulton" runs two trips daily, leaving the head of Fourth Lake morning and afternoon. Fare \$1.

There are a number of nice private camps about the lower lakes and on Fourth Lake. The public houses are camps, so called, where entertainment can be had at from \$1 to \$1.50 per day. The largest is Camp Holiday at the head of Fourth Lake affording accommodations for about fifty guests.

BEAVER LAKE COUNTRY (which may be reached through the wilderness by the old Carthage road that passes west between Raquette and Forked Lakes) is entered generally from the west *via* Lowville. Jay Ramsey, who may be found at Lowville, has comfortable road wagons built expressly for the work, and will convey parties of four or five to Fenton's for \$6, or to Stillwater, 11 miles further, for \$12. To make sure of speedy and safe entrance it will be well to make arrangements for transportation in advance.

THE FENTON HOUSE stands on an elevation, overlooking Beaver Lake, 133 feet above the water. In addition to the main building are cottages suitable for families, with an aggregate capacity for 150 guests. The proprietor promises "to show from one to five deer around the lake, within sight of the hotel, toward the close of any day in the early summer." The powerful "Beaver River Club," whose tramping ground this is, is opposed to "hounding." As a result, deer that have been driven from other sections by the dogs seek this quieter place; and the true sportsman never lacks for game worthy of his skill. Superior trout-fishing is also to be had in Beaver River; and, in short, "Number Four," which is the post office address, offers a combination of excellent sport with reasonable ease of access. This house is open all the year. Rates, \$2 per day, \$9 to \$10 per week. Charles Fenton, proprietor.

BEAVER LAKE is about a mile in length. A smaller body of water, closely connected on the south, is called Beaver Pond. Crooked Lake may be reached by boat,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and carry to the north  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles. Francis Lake is about one mile south, and is something over one mile in length. Beaver River is quite rough above Fenton's for 9 miles, above which is found good boating for twenty-five miles; then alternate boating and carries for six miles brings us to Albany Lake. Albany Lake is four miles in length. Its main inlet, entering from the north, is two miles long, navigable most of the way, and brings the water of Smith's Lake. The latter is nearly

three miles in its longest diameter. A house here kept by James LaMont, furnishes accommodations at \$2 per day.

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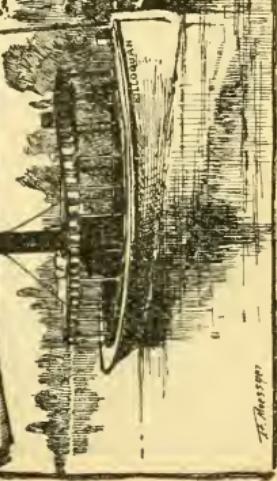
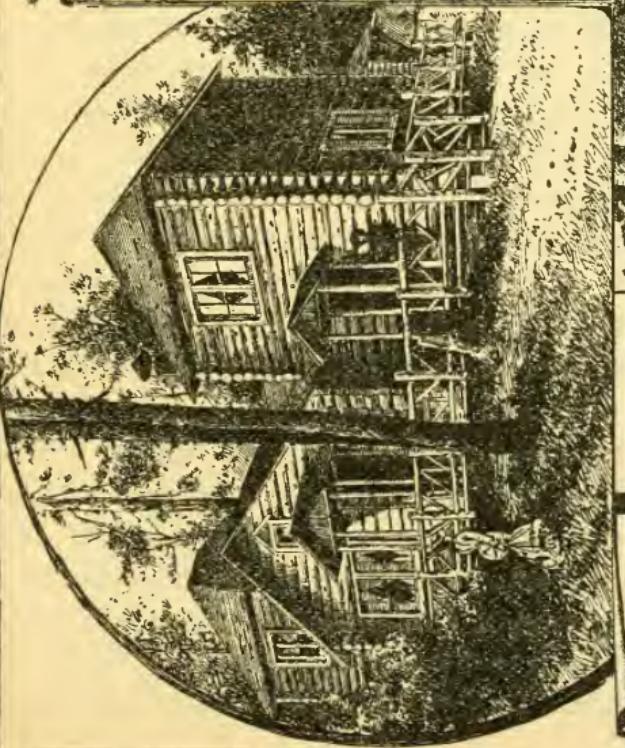
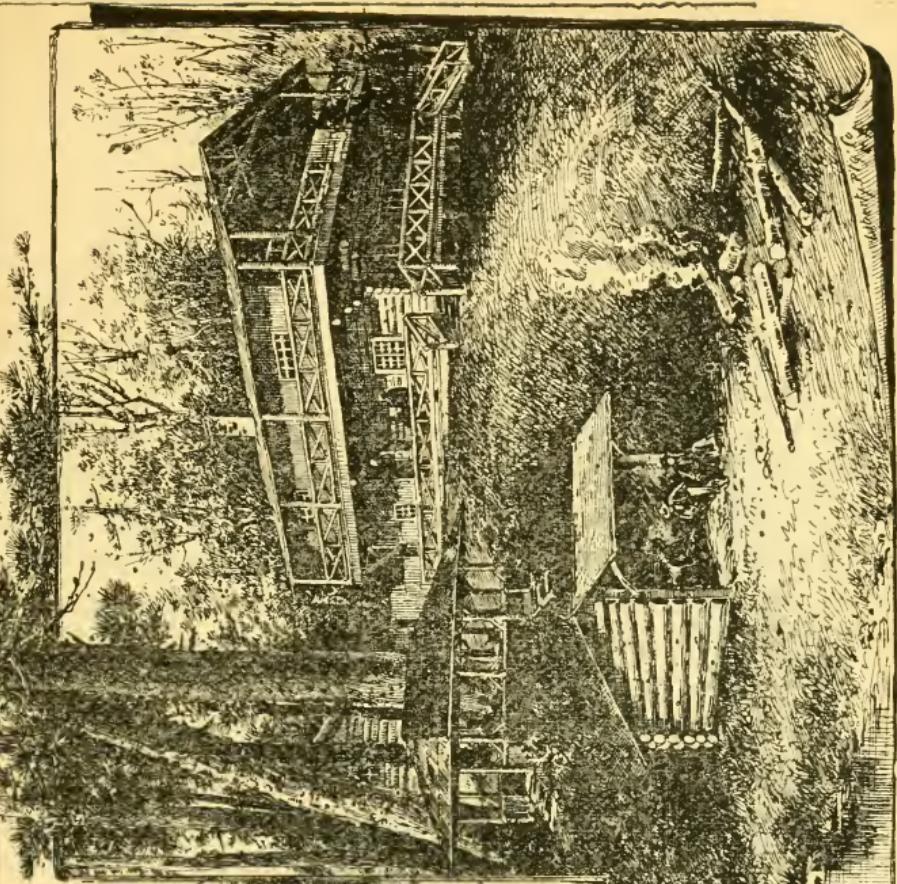
THE CARTHAGE AND ADIRONDACK RAILWAY extends from Carthage to Benson Mines, a distance of 43 miles. Lake Bonaparte, 17 miles from Carthage is of some note as a summer fishing resort, with a comfortable hotel, and was first brought into notice as the retiring place of Joseph Bonaparte, the nephew of his uncle. Oswegatchie Station is 39 miles from Carthage. From this point it is six miles to Fine, where boats may be taken by prearrangement with guide, for Cranberry Lake *via* the Oswegatchie River. Star Lake is  $2\frac{3}{4}$  miles south of Oswegatchie station, where a good hotel supplies necessary entertainment. Benson Mines is the terminus of the road. From this point a trail leads south to the head of the overflow of Cranberry Lake and another to the outlet.

CRANBERRY LAKE can be reached from Smith Lake through Bog and Mud Lakes, but don't do it. Originally this lake was about six miles in length but a dam built at its outlet increased its area considerably, and changed its shape. Its altitude is 1,540 feet.

CRANBERRY LAKE HOUSE stands near the outlet, and can provide entertainment for 50 guests. Rates \$10.50 per week; \$2 per day. Mrs. E. J. Bishop, proprietor. P. O., Clarksboro. Camp supplies and boats can be had here and guides secured by notice given in advance of arrival. Fine fishing is found on the river below the lake, and on the various brooks and ponds emptying into it. As good hunting, probably, as the Adirondacks afford, can be found at the south, at points easily reached. The "all land" route to Cranberry Lake is from De Kalb Junction, but the stage service is uncertain, and it would be well before going to address Mrs. Bishop for particulars.

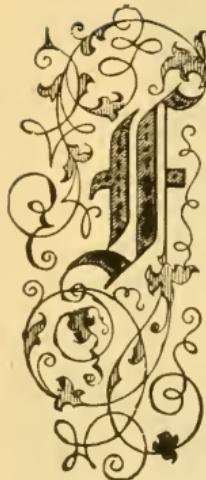
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I wish you a pleasant journey and a safe return.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### OUTFITS, SUPPLIES, GUIDES, ETC.



FOR CAMP OUTFIT and genera. woods life the following is recommended: A complete change of underclothing; two pairs of serviceable socks, but slightly heavier than you habitually wear at the season (soft wool is preferable); pair blue flannel shirts with wide collars, confined at the throat by a substantial silk handkerchief. If the unaccustomed material chafes the neck, the shirts may be put on outside the garment ordinarily worn, in which case linen collars must not be forgotten. The pants and vest should be of some strong woolen goods, the coat the same, cut rather short and to button close up to the neck. Have pockets ample and numerous, with covers; you will find use for them. Wear a soft felt hat with a reasonably wide brim. By grasping it in a manner easily learned the rim forms a convenient drinking cup. Do not commit the too common error of procuring new shoes or boots for the occasion. A pair of laced shoes, roomy, but not too loose, well broken to the foot, with broad soles and rather low heels, is best. The uppers should be of rather light grained kip or water-proof leather. Have leather or canvas leggings, strapped under the instep and buttoning, or to lace at the side well up toward the knee. Boots may be used in place of shoes and leggings, if preferred, but the evidence is largely in favor of the shoe. It is well to have a duplicate pair for alternates in wet weather. Rubber boots, although convenient

at times, are not suitable for general wear or for traveling. A light overcoat will be found very comfortable at times. Among the necessaries should be included rubber coat and overalls for use in rainy weather, for the best fishing is often found under dripping clouds. Have also a light rubber blanket to throw over the knees and feet when in boat, or to protect you, in sleeping, from moisture below or above. For sleeping or lounging in camp take a pair of common canvas slippers and sew on them cloth tops to come up around the ankle, and tie outside the pants. A light cloth cap will be found comfortable for night use.

LADIES' OUTFIT contemplates a subject in which I would not presume to dictate; I have learned better. I humbly submit, however, that it is your first duty to make yourself as attractive as possible, subject only to the requirements of place and season; and I would suggest that, whatever may be allowable in the way of "fine" dressing, it is not considered necessary, or even in good taste. Often the sweetest girls that ever brightened the wilderness with their presence reign queens of the evening in the same bewitching costume in which they boated and climbed mountains in the early morning. Consult some lady friend who has spent a season in the woods as to what constitutes a suitable outfit. In absence of such source of information the following is suggested for boat, camp and tramp: Underclothing, such as experience has shown best suited to the season and your individual comfort, giving fine flannel the preference in all but the very warmest of weather. Underskirts should generally be of dark flannel, although, if much walking is done, one of dark cotton will be found an agreeable substitute. A becoming dress may be made of blue or gray flannel or ladies' cloth. It may be pleated back and front, gathered at the waist, or fitting loosely to the form, but should in any case allow perfect freedom in the use of the arms. The skirt should be not overfull, and cut a finger shorter than the ordinary walking dress; trim but little, in shades of same

color as body; a cord at wrist, collar and waist-band, with a knot of ribbon or a wild flower at the throat, is sufficient. A dainty bit of ruffling or old lace about the neck transforms the morning into an evening toilet. Wear a soft felt hat with wide brim; trim with forest leaves. Wear a lady's hat, if they differ from men's—don't ape masculinity in dress; the average Adirondack sportsman does not admire it, although, if confronted by the horrid fact, he is too much of a gentleman to tell the truth. Wear dark, serviceable hose and substantial, roomy Balmoral boots, with broad soles and low, broad heels. Wear Lisle thread, cotton or doeskin gloves. They may be made with long wristlets to button or tie outside the dress sleeve, to guard against possible attack of black fly or mosquito. A chatelaine belt and pocket, with tin drinking cup, etc., is convenient. A light sun umbrella of the walking-stick pattern is a comfort in rain or shine. A shawl will often be found acceptable of an evening following the warmest of days. Carry a rubber or waterproof circular with hood, a pair of light rubbers for the feet, and a piece of light rubber cloth to throw over the lap and feet if surprised in a boat by one of those fast-moving Adirondack showers. In rough weather sit or lie low in the boat; *never*, at such times, grasp the sides to support yourself. A skillful boatman will manage in safety one of those light Adirondack shells in the roughest of water, if allowed entire control of boat and load. Go fearlessly into the woods. It is stated on the highest authority that not a noxious plant or venomous serpent exists in the Adirondacks.

**CAMP AND OUTFIT.**—A bark or bough camp will do in absence of anything better, but is nothing like as comfortable or convenient as a tent. An "A" tent, seven by eight feet on the ground, affords comfortable sleeping room for four, and on occasion five or even six. A rope, passing through lengthwise at the top and out at the ends, takes the place of ridge pole, and may be fastened to convenient trees or over crotched sticks, cut the proper height and tied to

stakes. The material should be of cotton, water and mildew-proof, and complete, need not weigh more than nine to twelve pounds. In making your bed of boughs, remember that solid wood, if fitted to the form, is as comfortable as a bed of down. Apply the fact by burrowing or hollowing out cavities to fit the projecting points of hip and shoulder. Cover the boughs with a rubber blanket, in addition to which each member of the party should have a pair of heavy woolen blankets. A small bag, to be filled with leaves or moss and used as a pillow, is an improvement on a pair of boots, but not all that nature desires; and at the risk of exciting ridicule—from idiots—I am free to recommend a small, well-filled feather pillow. It pays for itself in a single night's use. A few yards of mosquito netting drawn across the front of the tent after a good smudge is a luxury which declares a big diurnal dividend. For long, forced marches, a hammock made of cotton duck with a cover of the same, but somewhat shorter, buttoned over at each side, and forming a sort of pocket, is, with the addition of rubber blanket, bed and tent combined. A little ingenuity will suggest manner of arranging hoops over the face to cover with canvas or mosquito netting, as circumstances may require.

THE CAMP.—In selecting a camping place during warm weather, choose an island or an exposed point free from underbrush where the wind will, to a great extent, free you from the mosquito and fly. In cool weather, it is needless to say, choose the thicket; in either case, remember that a cold spring or brook and material for the camp-fire adds very much to your convenience. In pitching the tent, if on a side hill, dig a “ $\wedge$ ” shaped trench to lead running water on either side the tent; if on the level, ditch all around. A wall tent is better than the one already described, or if a long stay is anticipated, it pays to build log sides on which to mount the tent, and cover with a “fly” to insure certain protection from rain. A sheet-iron camp-stove can be pro-

cured of the dealers, or may be easily made to answer every purpose, if your stay in one place be long enough to warrant the trouble of transportation.

A champagne basket, covered with waterproof cloth and provided with shoulder loops for carrying, makes an admirable pack basket. A rubber, or waterproof bag, or an ordinary two-bushel grain bag, with carrying loops of webbing, may be used for extra clothing, blankets, etc. Let your load rest well down on the back to carry.

**THE CAMP KIT** may consist of a long-handled frying pan, a deep stew pan with cover, a nest of three or four covered tin pails, for water, tea, coffee, etc. ; pint tin cups, tin plates, a wire toaster of the gridiron pattern, a ladle or large iron spoon, table and teaspoons, knives and forks, and last but not least, soap, dish cloths and towels.

Carry a pocket compass with you at all times—the best woodsmen are temporarily at fault. An ordinary lantern for camp use (for hunting Boudren's jack lamp is probably the best), candles, matches (a few wind and water-proof), towels, tooth brush, comb, pocket mirror, pins, needles and thread, a few extra buttons to match those worn, oil or tallow for your boots, stamped envelopes or postal cards (?), light hunting knife in sheath (?), light axe in sheath, and a supply of light reading of the convenient Franklin Square or Lakeside pattern. Take no large boxes with sharp corners, nor any article too heavy or unwieldy for one man to handle. Don't expect your guide to double carries habitually, rather reduce your baggage or get extra packmen for its transportation.

**CAMP SUPPLIES** may be had from hotels generally, but many prefer to carry their own. Veterans need no advice; but to the novice the following suggestions are made: First, consult your cook book, see what is needed in the preparation of proposed dishes and provide accordingly. The following list contains the staple articles: Wheat, Graham flour, corn, and oatmeal, beans, Boston, and soda

crackers, lemon biscuit, baking powder, self-raising flour, maple sugar, loaf sugar, tea, coffee, condensed milk, bottled horse-radish, mustard, vinegar (?), pepper and salt in boxes with perforated covers, dried fruit, canned fruit (?) and butter, packed in salt and inclosed in hermetically sealed cans, which can be anchored in spring holes or under cold running water. Bacon is extremely nice when sweet, as is also pork, unpoetical but palatable, and on occasion taking place of butter and all the seasonings. Dried beef is an important item; "jerked venison," one of the best things imaginable to carry when setting out for a tramp; ask your guide to show you how it is prepared. For relishes—shades of mighty trout and speckled beauties forgive us—take a box of smoked red herring. Bermuda onions fill an aching void which nothing else can equal. Canned beef, pork and beans, corn, tomatoes, condensed soup, etc., may be added. Fresh vegetables and potatoes can be had from the hotels. Carry no liquor; if wet and cold, Jamaica ginger has all the heating properties of whisky; while strong, black coffee is a better stimulant, with none of the evil effects following.

THE MEDICINE CHEST need not be extensive. It should, however, contain cathartic pills—a piece of Turkish rhubarb is good; cholera medicine of some kind; a small bottle of collodion (composed of equal parts of alcohol and ether, with gun-cotton added to make it about the consistency of heavy varnish); applied to burns and small wounds, it forms an artificial skin, impervious alike to air and water; ammonia, to allay irritation arising from bites of insects; cold cream or glycerine, for chapped face or hands; court-plaster, seidlitz powders, ointment and adhesive plasters, lint and bandages, to use in case of emergency. To stop the flow of blood from wounds, bind on equal parts of flour and common salt; for burns, apply wheat flour or collodion.

INSECT PREPARATION may be procured of the druggist, or compounded by yourself. The most convenient and

effective, perhaps, as any, is composed of six parts of mutton tallow to one of oil of pennyroyal, with a little camphor added. In the proportion of two ounces of sweet oil and one of oil of tar is good. "A coating of the grease from ham rinds, well rubbed on, is the best yet known," says George K. Holmes, of Great Barrington, Mass. Anoint exposed portions of the person with either of the above, then stand back and mark the frenzy of the baffled punkey.

**SPORTING OUTFIT.**—Do not rely on what books tell you. If you know nothing about the subject place yourself under some one that does, and trust them until you can judge for yourself. The most enticing of fancy flies in the hands of a greenhorn will not yield much sport—except to outsiders—and the grandest achievement in modern firearms requires some skill in using. If you have the requisite skill, carry a rifle; if not, a fowling-piece is better. For general use there is perhaps no more convenient or serviceable arm to carry into camp than the "pocket" rifle, manufactured by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass. A 12 to 15-inch barrel, 32-calibre, is recommended. The weight is less than three pounds. A shot-gun barrel is also made to fit the same frame, so that either may be used at will. Are you artistic? Carry a camera of the Kodak pattern or with small plate. A plate large enough to make a lantern slide yields a larger per-cent-age of comfort than any other size made.

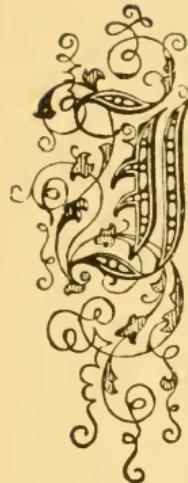
**GUIDES** receive \$2.50 to \$3 per day, furnishing boat and necessary cooking and table utensils. They cook and do other necessary camp work, and row and "back" the boat over the carries, where there are no other means provided; (in cases where horses are used the employer is expected to pay for transportation.) One guide and boat is ordinarily sufficient for two persons, but for independence in fishing and hunting each sportsman should have his individual guide. There are two classes, known respectively as "hotel" and "independent." The former are engaged for the season by hotel proprietors, who relet them to par-

ties; the latter must be dealt with personally. There are equally good men in both classes, as the nature of the surroundings usually determines to which they shall belong; therefore it is impossible to give rules for the selection of a guide, or to discriminate between them, as only experience can determine their suitability for your peculiar wants. As a class they are a noble set of men, who, aside from the natural deference due the employer from the employed, admit of no inequality, and reflect back their usage; although there are exceptions to the rule in man as in master. If only reasonable service is asked, there can usually be no complaint; if fawning servility is expected, there is a reasonable doubt as to the result, for one who knows enough for the profession knows when he is well used. The best guides are often engaged for a year in advance, and some would as soon think of going without a gun as without their favorite guide. Some parties have attempted to do the Adirondacks by aid of map, compass and book, and without the aid of a regular guide; this, however, is full of hardships that are easily avoided by those accustomed to the country, and, if comfort, distance and time lost in out-of-the-way places are taken into consideration, attended with but little economy.

Lists of guides heretofore published are now omitted, as the title is no longer an indication of fitness for the position. The office is one of responsibility and it is due to those who are competent and honest that a distinction should be made between them and others who claim the title without possessing the necessary qualifications. The safety and comfort of the traveler depends largely on his guide, and some guarantee should be furnished by the one employed. A guides' union could provide for this, or certificates might be granted by competent authority, but until some such provision can be made both the public and the profession must suffer.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### TROUT FISHING.



N the year 1880, it seems hardly necessary, in speaking of trout and trout fishing, to say that speckled or brook trout — the *salmo fontinalis* of our early years, now, by authority of the Smithsonian Institute, *savelinus fontinalis* — has a square tail, and that his sides are speckled with yellow and red spots, and that he is a cousin of the lake or salmon trout, which has a forked tail with mottled sides, and which the Smithsonian Institute insists shall be called *cristiromer namaycush*; for the love of angling has so grown during the last few years that it is not now considered a proper definition of fishing to say, it consists of “a stick with a string at one end and a fool at the other.” On the contrary, those whose love of this sport will draw them to the brook side, or to the lake or pond, are men of all profession and occupation, and any one of them will tell you, if you ask him, that it requires skill and a knowledge of the habits of the trout to fill your creel. I doubt if the book was ever written that will make one a finished angler. To be sure one may gain something sometime from the written experience of others, but experience gained by time and patience on the stream is far better than any teacher. There are some general hints that will apply to the Adirondacks, but if it were attempted to enumerate all conditions for all times, half the anglers would say I found it so; the other half would say, *I* did not.

When the ice has gone from the streams and ponds, and the sun has warmed the waters a trifle, brook trout will be

## TROUT FISHING.

found in the deep water and holes of the brooks, and it is hard work to get them to rise at a fly. They probably know that flies are out of season at this time. If the fishing fever is on, you must take a plebian worm and let it lay on the bottom until it is *sucked in* by some lazy trout, then "yank." A little later, when the snow water is a thing of the past, and the fruit trees are in bloom, and the black fly and the May fly are out to devour and be devoured, and the lazy trout, by exercise on the riffs and in rough water, has become an athlete, then take your rod, attach the patrician fly, and cast ever so gently at the head of the riffs, where a stone makes a little eddy, working down gradually to the pool at the foot of the rapids, where ~~the~~ heads of the family "receive," if they have not already anticipated your visit by going up the riffs like a quarter-horse, and taken your fly with a leap that shows you what you have to contend with. As the weather grows warmer they will drop back to the deep shady holes, invigorated and fattened by their visit to the graveled-bottom rapids. It may be that you will now be obliged to advance backward to the worm (it will not be sucked in now, and you will not be in doubt as to whether you have a bite or no), or to a live chub or shiner, or the tail of either, that when it is let down into the hole with the current and drawn up stream, it will whirl like a thing of life; I say you may be obliged to resort to this, for there are holes in streams where it would be folly to attempt to cast a fly. If a person wishes to pass them by because they never fish with other than a fly, some one not so fastidious may come after and bring to basket some of the oldest inhabitants of the brook. Should you fish one day and find that the trout are all seeking the seclusion which the deep hole grants to themselves, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts (I will pay my fine to any authorized person), and the evening, night or next day brings a shower to slightly raise the brook, as soon as the shower is over try it again, but fish the rapids, for the trout have come out to

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see what the flood has brought for them to feast upon. A little later the deep holes get warm by reason of low water and continued hot weather. The trout have their resorts at this season as well as the angler, and so they take their families and travel to some portion of the stream where a cold spring comes in, or some spring bubbles up from the bottom. At these "spring holes" they will be found in hot weather in great numbers, if the game law has been observed.

As to flies, most people have their own ideas; but as this is written for those who have just joined the brotherhood, it may be well to say that out of the count'less number of flies, some of them unlike any thing under the sun, the red, black, brown and gray hackles,\* tied both as a hackle and palmer fashion, Coachman,\* yellow professor,\* light and dark fox,\* black gnat, Romeyn Abbey, Seth Green, White Miller, Grizzley King,\* and Queen of the Water,\* constitute a good supply if one takes a half dozen of each. Even this number is considered by some too many. My fly books contain more than two gross of flies, but many kinds have never been used, and in all probabilities never will be. I think I am safe in saying that the largest trout are caught at dusk or during starlight or moonlight nights; if I am too broad in making this assertion I will modify it by saying *large* trout may be caught at this time by using a white miller, or a fly in which white predominates; and, too, you must use a larger hook than the one you used during the day. If you have noticed a large trout in the stream during the day, and been unable to catch him, try him at night, if it is bright, and you may be reasonably sure of his rising to your light colored fly. Sometimes you may catch an obstinate fellow by going above his resting place and slightly roiling the stream, and as the muddy water passes over, let your fly float as naturally

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\* Those indicated by a star are important, and should be in every collection.

## TROUT FISHING.

as possible with it, and the chances are in favor of your getting the trout. He probably knows that roily water means a freshet, and a freshet brings with it insects upon which he feeds. The latter portion of May and the month of June are considered the best portions of the open season for fishing in the Adirondacks, and morning and evening the best portion of the day, as the trout are then seeking their natural food; but the ways of the trout are past finding out, for there are times when they will bite at nothing.

Although bait fishing is not to be sneered at, use a fly if possible; you will have more satisfaction with half a basket caught in this way than with a full one taken with bait. If, however, you must use bait, take your angle or earth worm after he is scoured in damp moss, and pass your hook through the neck half an inch from the head, then gathering up a loop of the body and pass through again and again until you have the shank, as well as the beard of the hook, well covered and half an inch of "worm" over, should your worm-loop, or head, or tail be taken off and the fish not taken in, put on a fresh bait. Unless you have some decided objection fish *down stream*. If you use live bait, (minnows) pass your hook through its back under the dorsal fin, but not so low as to break the back bone; should you use a portion of a minnow, cut off the tail just at the dorsal fin; put your hook in at the tail, and along the back bone, until the point of the hook nearly reaches the place cut; your bait will then be curved to correspond with the bend of your hook, and will whirl nicely when drawn against the current.

As to direction for fly fishing, I give it up. The best way is to go out with some one who uses a fly, and, in one day, you will learn more than from written directions studied faithfully for a month. There are many flies besides those mentioned above, should the angler desire a more extensive stock in his book. It may be well to mention a few, such as Gray Drake, Silver Black, Adirondack, General Hooker,

## THE ADIRONDACKS.

Scarlet Ibis, Shoemaker, Jungle Cock, Oak Fly, Brown Hen, Hoskins, King of the Water, Green Drake, Montreal, Moose, etc. As to tackle get a split bamboo, hornbeam or ash and lance wood rod of three joints, about eleven feet long, weighing eight to ten ounces. This with an extra tip or tips, one a little shorter than the others, will answer for both bait and fly, unless you propose to "yank" your fish, in which case you need heavier timber; a click reel to hold forty yards of braided silk, tapered line waterproofed, a half-dozen leaders or casting lines nine feet long, of best round silkworm gut, and smaller hooks or flies tied upon O'Shaunesey or Sproat bend hooks, with a landing net of coarse mesh, will constitute an outfit for brook trout in the Adirondacks. It is poor economy to buy poor tackle; if you get any get the best, even if you get less.

The lake or salmon trout, although he will take a fly at times, is usually caught by trolling. The *modus operandi* is as follows: With a stiffish trolling rod, a balance multiplying reel to hold 100 yards of braided silk, or linen line No. 4, leaders 12 feet long of single gut, and a minnow gang, which is made by tying 6, 9 or 12 hooks in groups of three to a length of single gut with a single hook about one and a half inches above the upper group of hooks for a lip hook, a gaff hook, and a pail of minnows completing the outfit. I am too fast; you also require two or three pounds of lead. Lake trout fishing is in order as soon as the ice leaves the lakes, but at this time the trout are at the bottom, so put your rod together, put on your reel, pass your line through the standing guides of your rod, attach your leader and minnow gang, put the lip hook through both lips of the live bait, bend the bait and put one of the group hooks through the back of the bait behind the back fin in such a manner as to make it revolve when drawn slowly through the water, ten or twelve feet from the joining of your casting line or leader and your fish line, tie on your sinker with a piece of line 6 or 8 feet long, weaker than your fish line, so if you

## TROUT FISHING.

catch on the bottom you will lose only your sinker. Your sinker must be heavy enough to carry your line *nearly* to the bottom. You can fish by letting your sinker strike bottom and pulling in only to let your sinker strike again, but you need to know the kind of bottom upon which you are fishing as grass would soon use up your lead. This kind of fishing can be better shown than taught by writing, and as it is not necessary we will pass it. About the first of May the trout begin to rise to the surface, and the higher up they are the less sinker you require. Soon they are at the surface to stay only for a few days. Now you require only enough sinker to keep your bait well under water, or even no sinker at all, for wherever the trout are, bottom or top, the boat must be rowed very slowly.

Buoy fishing is done by anchoring a block of wood, as a land-mark, or water-mark, in some deep portion of the lake. Morning and evening, for two or three days, bait your buoy by throwing overboard bits of fish cut up about the size of a butternut; this will sometimes attract the fish and keep them around the buoy. When you think it baited, put on your hook a piece of fish like that you have used, or a live minnow, and drop it over, and keep your bait moving up and down by a slight motion of your hand, until the sun gets too hot, or your seat gets too hard, or you make up your mind that there are better ways of fishing. If this last happens, stick to it, and let some one else jig their line in 100 or 125 feet of water, with the result: "Oh, a trout just breathed on the bait, but that was all!" Buoy fishing is not practiced now nearly as much as in former years, but trout are yet caught in this manner. The open season is from April 1st to October 1st, brook trout, April 1st to September 1st. I have of necessity omitted much that might be said about trout fishing, and perhaps written what could as well be omitted; but will say in conclusion, let the "sign" be in the head or in the feet, the next time you try them, may your baskets be filled with fair-sized trout, but leave the little ones in the water to grow.

## GAME LAWS.

The open season for game found in the Adirondacks is by law as follows: Ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, from September 1st to January 1st; wild fowl, September 1st to May 1st; woodcock, August 1st to January 1st; hares or rabbits, November 1st to February 1st; squirrels (black or gray) August 1st to January 1st; deer from August 15th to November 1st. Deer may be hunted with dogs (except in St. Lawrence County) from September 1st to October 20th. No person shall kill more than three deer in one year. No deer or venison shall be transported from the Adirondacks by any person or common carrier, except from the 15th of August to the 15th of November, and between such dates but one deer or carcass can be transported for each owner, and it must be accompanied by the owner. No fawn shall be killed at any time. The penalty for the violation of any of the provisions of the deer law is \$100.

The open season for brook trout, California and brown trout in the counties constituting the forest preserve is from May 1st to September 15th; lake trout and land-locked salmon from May 1st to October 1st. Elsewhere in the State the brook trout season opens April 1st and closes September 1st, and in Lake George, lake trout can only be taken from May 1st to October 1st. No trout or salmon can be transported from the Adirondacks except when accompanied by their owner.

Black bass can be caught in Lake George and Brant Lake only from August 1st to January 1st; in Schroon Lake and River, Paradox and Friends Lakes only from July 15 to January 1st; elsewhere in the Adirondacks from May 30 to January 1st. Black bass under eight inches in length or one-half pound in weight must be returned to the water uninjured.

No one is permitted to deposit any fish in the waters of the Adirondack region unless the fish so deposited are indigenous to the particular water where placed, except that non-preying or non-destructive fish which constitute food for fish of the salmon family may be deposited.

A. N. CHENEY.

## WHERE AND WHERE NOT TO FISH.

In 1882 Mr. Fred Mather, the well known fish culturist, explored a great portion of what is known as Adirondack waters for the purpose of making an ichthyological report to accompany the report of the Adirondack survey. Mr. Mather's researches have only recently been given to the public, and no part of them will prove of more interest to the summer visitor to the great wilderness than that relating to the distribution of the fishes known to the anglers as the "game fishes;" such as are captured by rod and line. For the names of the lakes, ponds and streams that are used in the report, he relied upon Stoddard's map of the Adirondack wilderness. Mr. Mather supplemented his summer's work of personal exploration and examination by reports from guides and others regarding waters that he had not the time to visit. So that his report, so far as it goes, is reasonably correct and trustworthy.

Brook trout are not found in the following waters: Metcal, and T Lakes, tributaries of West Canada Creek, Spectacle, Dexter, Spy, Oxbow, Metcalf, Coal, Scuts, Willis, Murphy, Warner, Remson and Bug Lakes. All others are supposed to contain them.

Lake trout, commonly called salmon trout, are not found in the following waters: None of the lakes of West Canada Creek except Spruce, Indian, Ferris, Christian, Morehouse, Jerseyfield, Goodluck, Oxbow, Metcalf, Sheriff, Canada, Coal, Willis, Nicks, Little Woodhull, Stone Dam, Wilmurt and the Eagle Chain of Lakes. By implication the other lakes in the Adirondacks do contain lake trout.

Black bass are found in Raquette, Forked, White, Fourth, Bisby, Sucker, the Blue Mountain Chain and the Fulton Chain of Lakes, Moose and Black Rivers.

The Rainbow (California) trout have been placed in Fulton Chain, Bisby, Woodhull, Pleasant, Round, Horn, and Jones Lakes, Moose, Oswegatchie and Black Rivers, and Silver Lake.

Land-locked salmon have been planted in Woodhull, Mud Sand, Little Moose and the Fulton Chain of Lakes,

## FOREST COMMISSION.

The Forest Commission, having charge of the forest preserve was created by Chapter 283 of the laws of 1885. The commissioners now in office are Theodore B. Basselin, Townsend Cox, and Sherman W. Knevals.

The warden<sup>\*</sup> is S. F Garmon. It is a responsible office well filled, for upon his efficiency rests largely the question of success or failure in what is yet but little more than an experiment. The result so far has shown to a remarkable degree the necessity of such a commission, and such an officer, as the one item alone of trees which the honest but giddy lumberman cut annually by mistake on land belonging to the State, amounts to thousands of dollars.

The lands constituting the forest preserve are the lands now owned, or which may hereafter be acquired, by the State of New York within the counties of Clinton (excepting the towns of Altona and Dannemora) Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren, Washington, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan; "and the forest preserve shall be forever kept as wild forest lands."

The Forest Commission has power to appoint a forest warden, forest inspectors, guards and fire wardens. The forest warden, forest inspectors, foresters and other persons acting upon the forest preserve under the written employment of the forest warden, or of the Forest Commission, may, without warrant, arrest any person found upon the forest preserve violating any provisions of the act creating the commission.

It also has the same power to bring action for trespass and to recover damages for injury, or to prevent injury to the preserve which any owner of lands would be entitled to bring.

The fire wardens have power to call upon any person in the territory in which they act for assistance in suppressing fires, and every person refusing to act when so called shall be liable to a fine of not less than five nor more than twenty dollars.

Any person who shall wilfully or negligently set fire to any forest lands belonging to the State, shall be liable to a fine of not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars, or to imprisonment of not less than thirty days nor more than six months

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\* Also Oneida County.

## ROUTES TO GATEWAYS.

**HOW TO REACH THE ADIRONDACKS** is naturally the first question asked, and to be answered here. The object of this chapter is to get the traveller past all this from the great city to the grand old wilderness.

**The Hudson River Railroad** carries the larger proportion of the people who go up out of Gotham to the lakes and mountains at the north. Without ostentation, it provides its patrons with the best of service at the minimum of cost.

Special fast trains leave the Grand Central Station for Saratoga and Lake George during the season, one leaving at about 9:00 A. M., reaching the points mentioned early in the afternoon. Another, at about 3:30 P. M., reaches Saratoga at 9 o'clock, and on Saturday night runs to Lake George, returning on Sunday evening. A train leaving at 7:30 P. M., with through sleepers attached, connects early in the morning at North Creek with stages for Blue Mountain Lake; at Westport with stages for Elizabethtown and Lake Placid; at Port Kent for Au Sable Chasm, and at Plattsburgh with trains for Au Sable Station and Saranac Lake.

**The West Shore Railroad** is called the "Picturesque Route." During the season of summer travel, trains, with drawing-room cars attached, run through from Washington, Philadelphia, and Long Branch, to the Catskill Mountains, Lake George, and the Adirondacks, without change. Passengers and baggage are taken from the foot of Fulton Street, Brooklyn, and from Jay and 42d Streets, New York.

**The Day Boats** are the "New York" and "Albany"—new and splendid specimens of shipcraft, with iron hulls 300 feet in length, accommodating 1,800 passengers, and claimed to be the fastest steam-boats in the world. They were built exclusively for carrying passengers. The spacious cabins are finished in highly polished woods, are furnished luxuriously, and adorned with statuary and paintings. The dining-rooms are on the main deck, where the traveler can enjoy an excellent dinner, which is served on the European plan, and lose nothing of the view of this most charming of American rivers. They leave New York and Albany at about 8:30 A. M., touching at the principal landings on their way, meet near Poughkeepsie, and arrive at their destinations at about 6 P. M. A pleasant feature is an orchestra on each steamer. During the season, fast trains run to and from Saratoga to connect with these boats, and on Saturday night run through to Lake George. Fare, \$2. F. B. Hibbard, G. T. A., Desbrosses Street Pier, New York.

**The People's Line Steamers**, "Drew" and "Dean Richmond," form the night line between Albany and New York. They have few, if any, equals in size, equipment, or accommodations, combining all the conveniences of a first-class hotel, and well deserving the name, so often bestowed, of floating palaces. Meals are served on the European plan. M. B. Waters, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y.

**The Citizens' Line Steamers**, "Saratoga" and "City of Troy," are also fine specimens among this distinctive class of river boats. They are of light draft, and fitted up with a view to speed in traveling. The state rooms are commodious, heated by steam in cold weather, and are complete in all their appointments. Meals are served on the European plan, in a style equal to

## ROUTES TO GATEWAYS.

the best of hotels. Free transportation carriages between the depot and steamboat landing at Troy attend evening trains and baggage is transported free. Geo. W. Gibson, G. P. A., Troy.

It is advisable to secure rooms in advance by either of these lines during the height of the season, which may be done by telegraphing their respective passenger agents at Albany or Troy, or on application to the offices at the terminus of the lines.

The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, by its absorption of the Albany & Susquehanna, the Rensselaer & Saratoga and the New York & Canada Railroads, has become one of the most important carriers of summer travel in the country, and is using its great resources most energetically and effectively for the development of that part of New York, including Saratoga, Lake George and the Adirondack Wilderness, with which it is the chief channel of communication. During the season of pleasure travel extra fast trains are run from Albany and Troy to Saratoga, Lake George, Plattsburgh and Montreal. The appointments of the road are all that can be desired, the cars being specially fitted for pleasure travel, and so comfortable that drawing-room cars are not so much a necessity as they may be considered on some roads.

Southern connections are made at Troy with Hudson River railroad and Citizens' line steamers for New York, and with the Troy and Boston railroad for the east. At Albany with H. R. and West Shore roads, and day and night boats for New York; with Albany and Susquehanna railroad for Howe's Cave (39 miles), Sharon Springs (58 miles), Cooperstown, on the beautiful Otsego Lake (91 miles), and to Binghampton (142 miles), and with New York Central railroad for points west.

Northern connections (with fare from Albany).—At Mechanicsville (60 cts.) with Hoosac Tunnel route for Boston; at Saratoga (\$1.17) with Adirondack railroad for Luzerne, Schroon Lake and Blue Mountain Lake (see Gateway No. 7); at Caldwell (\$2.58) with steamer on Lake George (Gateway No. 6); at Whitehall (\$2.34) with trains from Rutland and the east; at Ticonderoga (\$3.00) with branch road to foot of Lake George; at Crown Point (\$3.30) with C. P. I. Co.'s railway (see Gateway No. 4); at Westport (\$3.84) with stages for Elizabethtown, Keene Valley and Lake Placid (Gateway No. 3); at Port Kent (\$4.65) with stages for Au Sable Chasm and Keeseville (Gateway No. 2); at Plattsburgh (\$5.04) with Ausable Branch and Chateaugay railroads (Gateway No. 1) for the Saranac, St. Regis and Chateaugay Lakes, and at Rouses Point (\$5.75) with Central Vermont railroad for the east, and the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain road to points west.

From Whitehall north to Port Henry the route is substantially the same as described on pages 17 to 23; then the road bears away until Westport station is passed nearly a mile inland, after which it crosses and follows down the valley of the Boquet, passing along nearly two miles distant from Essex, situated on the lake shore. As the head of Willsborough Bay is neared, it rises gradually to more than a hundred feet above the water at times on some shelf cut in the sloping wall; then over solid arches of stone spanning a mountain torrent; anon plunging through deep cuts, and at one point diving into the inky darkness of the tunnel; then out along the beetling cliffs, while below the deep waters dash against the perpendicular walls, and upward a hundred feet the red rock rising, slopes away to the mountain height above.

# "Last Words."

In the following pages may be found matters of general interest; and presumably reliable, for here those who are interested speak for themselves.

## \*ADVERTISEMENTS.\*

**ADIRONDACK HOTELS.**—Augur Lake, page 237; Beaver Lake, 245; Big Clear Pond, 261; Bloomingdale, 241; Blue Mountain Lake, 253, 254; Bluff Point, 238; Cascade Lakes, 257; Chateaugay Lake, 241; Chestertown, 253; Childwold Park, 246; Clear Lake, 250; Clear Pond (Big), 245; Cranberry Lake, 245; Crown Point, 252; Elizabethtown, 236, 237; French's, Franklin Falls, 245; Indian Lake, 247; Keene Valley, 248, 249; Lake Placid, 245, 247; Long Lake, 257; Lake Pleasant, 253; Luzerne, 251; North Creek, 253; North River, 253; Peasleville, 239; Plattsburgh, 237; Pottsville, 251; Rainbow Lake, 241; Raquette Falls, 257; Raquette Lake, 256; Raquette River, (Tromblee's), 245; Rouse's Point, 237; Saranac Lake, (lower), 242, 243; (upper), 244; Schroon Lake, 252; Stony Creek Ponds, 245; Tupper Lake, 246; Vergennes, 235; Westport, 235.

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# PASSENGER RATES FROM NEW YORK

· · · VIA · · ·

## New York Central

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&

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## Hudson River Railroad

AND CONNECTING LINES.

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NOTE.—Excursion Tickets are issued by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad at prices given in the column of figures under "*And Return.*" Other figures will be found correct in the main, although Through Tickets are not issued to all places named. For further information apply to GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

TO	And Return	TO	And Return	
Albany .....	\$3.10	\$6.00	Malone .....	\$9.90
Au Sable Chasm.....	15.00	Montreal .....	10.00	
Au Sable Station. ....	8.60	via Lake George....	12.00	
Blue Mountain Lake. ....	8.95	North Creek.....	5.94	
Baldwin .....	6.70	Northville.....	4.98	
Caldwell*.....	5.55	Paul Smith's.....	12.00	
De Kalb Junction.....	8.61	Plattsburgh.....	8.00	
Elizabethtown....	7.80	Port Kent .....	7.60	
Forked Lake. ....	10.69	Potsdam.....	9.21	
Fort Ticonderoga.....	5.95	Raquette Lake.....	10.20	
Glens Falls.....	4.80	Riverside. ....	5.70	
Gouverneur.....	8.21	Rome.....	5.30	
Lake Placid :		Rouse's Point.....	8.70	
via Plattsburgh & Cha-teaugay R. R.....	11.60	Saratoga.....	4.20	
Lake George*.....	5.55	Saranac Inn.....	12.85	
Through and return via		Saranac Lake (lower)....	11.35	
Ticonderoga.....	13.15	Schroon Lake .....	7.45	
Loon Lake.....	10.90	Troy.....	3.15	
Lake Luzerne,(Hadley)..	4.86	Westport .....	6.81	
	8.80		12.45	

\* During the season a Special Excursion Ticket is issued for \$8.50, good on Saturday to Caldwell, and return following night.

\*THE\*

# "The D. & H." Delaware & Hudson RAILROAD

TO THE

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS,  
MONTREAL, QUEBEC,

Lake George, Lake Champlain, Au Sable Chasm,  
Saratoga, Round Lake, Howe's Cave, Sharon  
Springs, Cooperstown and the

CELEBRATED GRAVITY RAILROAD, between  
Carbondale and Honesdale, Pa.,

67 miles shorter than any other line, between New York, Albany  
or Troy to the St. Regis Lakes.



**ONLY AN HOUR'S STAGE RIDE TO LAKE PLACID.**

The completion of the Chateaugay R. R. from Plattsburgh to Saranac Lake, opens up the very heart of the ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS to direct RAIL COMMUNICATION.



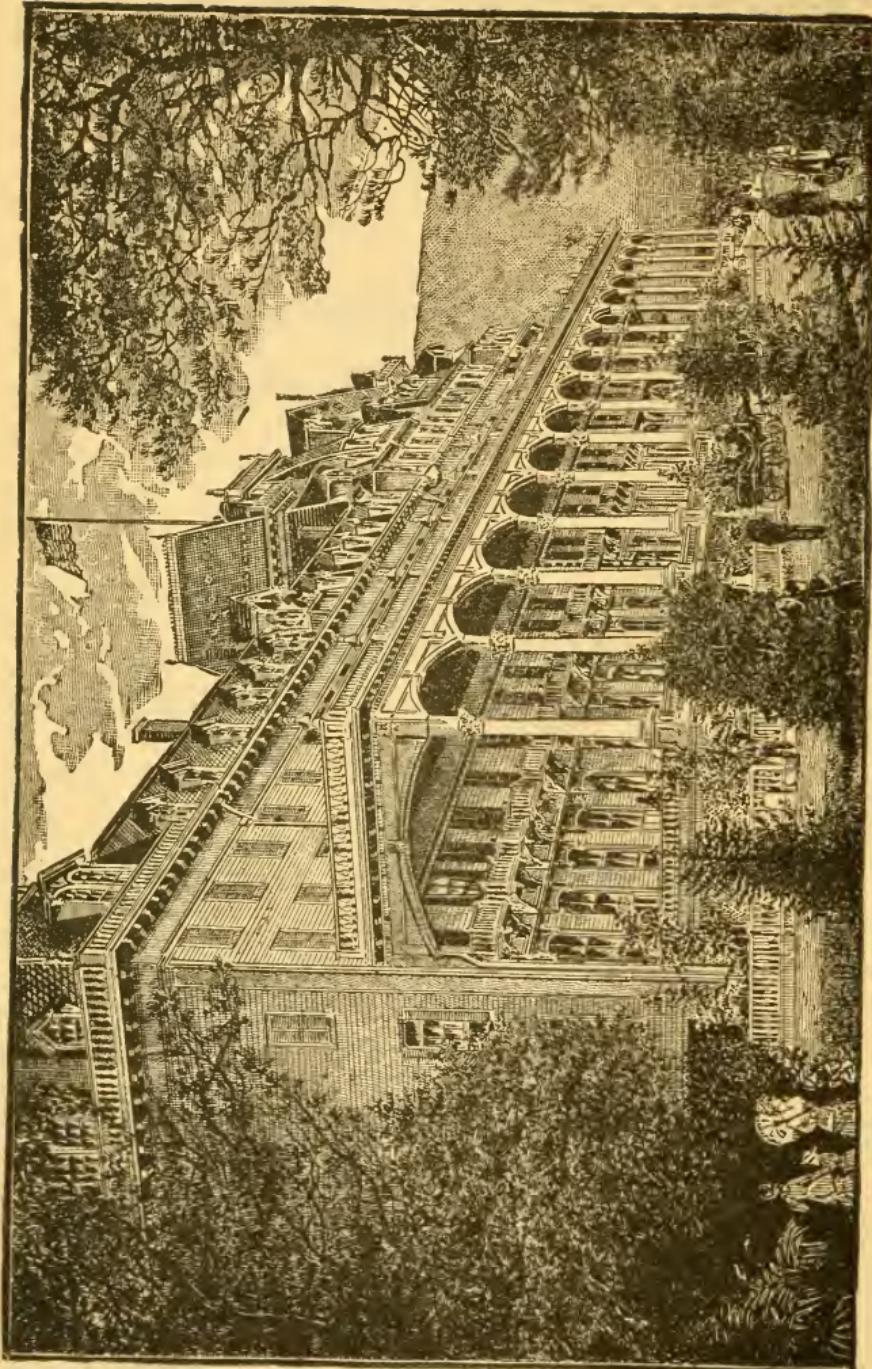
## *Low Price Excursion Tickets*

To all the famous Adirondack, Lake George and Lake Champlain resorts are on sale at the Company's offices, Albany, Troy and Saratoga, during the season of pleasure travel.

Descriptive Guide, Hotel Lists, etc., sent upon receipt of 6 cents in stamps.

**H. C. YOUNG,**  
2D VICE-PRESIDENT.

**J. W. BURDICK,**  
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,  
ALBANY, N. Y.



FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL.

# FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL,

LAKE GEORGE.

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T. E. ROESSLE, PROPRIETOR.

---

**H**IIS Hotel, which is the only "Great Hotel" at Lake George, is one of the largest and best appointed summer houses in the world. Its lake frontage is three hundred and thirty-four feet, along which runs the finest and broadest veranda on the continent. Its grounds are spacious and elegant. The furniture and all the appurtenances are of the best, a fast running elevator, a first-class band of music, and every other convenience and luxury which the choice or taste of guests may demand, are provided. The owner is familiar to the public not only in connection with this house, but as proprietor of the "Delavan House," Albany, and "The Arlington," Washington, D. C.

The depot of the new railroad is only a few rods east of the house. An omnibus will meet every train.

In the office of the hotel tickets are sold and baggage checked to all points.

The general telegraph office for Lake George is located in the hotel, and furnishes free stock quotations daily.

Board, per week, \$17.50, \$21, \$25, \$28, according to room

# THE MARION HOUSE, LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

---

Located on the west shore of the lake, about six miles north of Caldwell; stands on a slight eminence, a little removed from the water; commands a view of the broadest portion of the lake.

**Elevator, Gas, Electric Bells, Telegraph in the house.**

Four daily mails; sanitary conditions perfect; pure spring water.

Jersey Milk, Cream and Vegetables from the Hotel Farm.

Delightful drives. Good fishing. Every facility for amusement.

**Accommodations for 400 Guests.**

Rates, \$3.50 per day; \$14 to \$25 per week. Send for illustrated book.

**D. W. SHERMAN, Proprietor.**

**H. L. SHERMAN, Manager.**

Address at Glens Falls until June 20, after that date, at Lake George.

---

# PEARL POINT HOUSE, Lake George, N. Y.

---

One of the leading hotels at the lake. Twelve miles from Caldwell, on the east side, in

**THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PART OF THE LAKE,**  
known as the "Narrows." It has all the requisites for pleasure seekers, and its

**FLEET OF SAIL AND ROW BOATS**  
is the largest on the lake.

Capacity, 150. Telegraph in the house. Four daily mails.

RATES, \$3.50 per day; \$12 to \$21 per week.

**D. W. SHERMAN, Proprietor.**

# BURLEIGH HOUSE,

## TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

E. J. WOOD, - - - Proprietor.

This new and elegant hotel is pleasantly located midway between Lake Champlain and Lake George.

The Building is of brick, 80x40, 4 stories above the basement. Mansard roof, 100 commodious rooms, newly furnished, and supplied with an abundance of Lake George water, heated by steam, lighted by electric light, hot and cold water baths, complete fire protection on each floor. All the appointments are first-class. Burleigh House is within three hours ride of Schroon Lake. Shortest and most direct way to the Adirondacks.

Attractions include many points of historic interest within short range of this hotel, among which are the extensive fortifications of FORT TICONDEROGA, built by the French in 1755, and surrendered to Col. Ethan Allen, May 10th, 1775, who demanded it "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

**Mount Hope**, where heavy redoubts and fortifications were made upon which to erect batteries to bear upon the Fort.

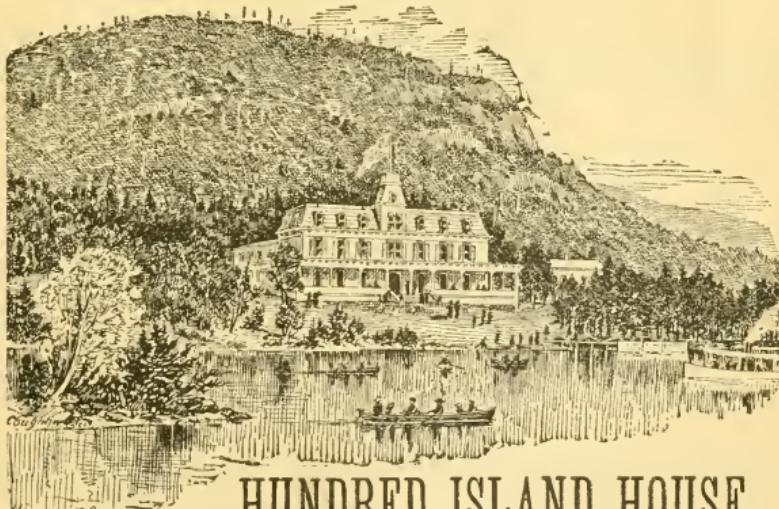
**Mount Defiance**, which rises 750 feet above Lake Champlain. Gen. Burgoyne ascended this mountain from the north, July 4, 1777, erected a battery of heavy guns upon its summit, completely commanding the Fort, and dislodged the Americans.

**Lake George**, (the "Como" of America), with its many delightful resorts, and thousand enchanting views.

**Lord Howe's Monument**, erected near where he was fatally wounded by a French scout.

**Fort Frederick**, built by the French in 1731, much of which remains in a good state of preservation. And many other localities of interest.

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY connected with the house. GOOD BOATING within few minutes walk on either lake. Fine opportunity for fishing, where tons of trout and bass are annually taken. Hunting grounds between Lake Pharaoh and Lake George abound with deer and small game. Telegraph and express office in the house. Rates of Board \$10 to \$20 per week. Transient, \$2.50 per day.



## HUNDRED ISLAND HOUSE,

R. G. Bradley & Co., Proprietors.

SHELVING ROCK, N. Y.

Rates, \$10 to \$17.50 per week; \$2.50 to \$3 per day. Post-office in the house. Particular attention given to invalids. Telegraph office within five minutes' walk. Fresh milk and vegetables from Shelving Rock farm.

# LAKE CHAMPLAIN STEAMERS.

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## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

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### SEASON OF 1890.

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#### "VERMONT," CAPT. RUSHLOW,

will leave Plattsburgh at 7:00 A. M.; Bluff Point, 7:15 A. M.; Port Kent, 7:35 A. M.; Burlington, 8:40 A. M.; Westport, 10:10 A. M., arriving at Fort Ticonderoga 12:25 P. M., connecting with trains for the South and Lake George; returning, leave Fort Ticonderoga on arrival of trains from the South and Lake George, 1:30 P. M.; Westport, 3:30 P. M., for Burlington, Port Kent, Bluff Point and Plattsburgh.

#### "CHATEAUGAY," CAPT. BALDWIN,

will leave Westport at 7:00 A. M., touching at Essex, Burlington, Port Kent, Bluff Point, Plattsburgh, Gordon's and Adam's, reaching North Hero, 12:20 P. M.; returning, leave North Hero 12:20 P. M., touching as above, arrive at Westport 6:45 P. M.

**NO SERVICE ON SUNDAYS.**

---

# LAKE GEORGE STEAMERS.

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#### "HORICON." CAPT. MANVILLE,

will leave Caldwell on arrival of train from Saratoga and the South, 9:40 A. M., for way landings and Baldwin, connecting with train for Lake Champlain; returning, leave Baldwin 1:00 P. M., for Caldwell and the South.

#### "TICONDEROGA," CAPT. ARBUCKLE,

leaves Baldwin 7:30 A. M. for way landings and Caldwell, connecting with train for Saratoga, Albany and New York; leaves Caldwell on arrival of train, 4:30 P. M., for Baldwin.

### MEALS SERVED ON BOARD.

GENERAL OFFICE,  
*Burlington, Vt.*

P. W. BARNEY,  
*Gen'l Superintendent.*

# THE RICHARDS HOUSE, WESTPORT, ESSEX CO., N. Y.

---

This well-known house is located at the head of one of the most beautiful bays on the continent, and commands an extensive view of **Lake Champlain** and the Green Mountains of Vermont.

**Its advantages** for fishing are unexcelled, and will be appreciated by those who are fond of the sport. Boats furnished guests on application.

**There is no Malaria here.** The air is bracing and the water pure and good.

There are charming drives in the vicinity; **a good livery** connected with the house. Those who wish to ride can be furnished with good saddle horses.

**Free coaches to all trains and boats. Telegraph office in house.**

Rates for board, \$2 per day; \$8 to \$12 per week.

**M. A. CLARK, Prop., Westport, Essex Co., N. Y.**

---

## THE WESTPORT INN, WESTPORT ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN, NEW YORK.

**Mrs. O. C. DANIELL, Manager. Mrs. HENRY C. LYON, Assistant.**

A small, thoroughly well appointed house, with good table, pure water supply and excellent drainage, wide piazzas, with a superb view of the Lake and Mountains.

Good boating, fishing and fine drives.

Livery stable near the house.

It is within two minutes' walk of the Lake Champlain Transportation Company's wharf, two minutes from the Library and Post Office, and ten minutes' drive from the Telegraph Office and Depot of the D. & H. R. R.

Stages to and from interior points in the Adirondacks twice daily.

Address Westport, N. Y. or 129 St. Botolph Street, Boston.

---

## STEVENS HOUSE, VERGENNES, VT.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 100 GUESTS. SITUATED  
AT HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON OTTER CREEK.

Bus meets boat on arrival from Westport, and all trains.

**S. S. GAINES, Proprietor.**

# THE WINDSOR,

Adirondack Mountains,  
ELIZABEHTOWN, N. Y.

---

Centrally situated on the routes to the Saranac Lakes, Raquette Waters and St. Regis Lakes; Au Sable Chasm, Keene Valley and Mt. Marcy; Schroon Lake, Lake Placid, John Brown's Grave and the Indian Pass, etc.

Ticket and Telegraph Office in house.

Located amidst some of the finest mountain scenery in the Adirondacks.

Good drives radiate in every direction. Guides, Horses, Carriages, and every requisite for mountain excursions at reasonable prices.

Fine Orchestra for Dancing.

The Hotel has been enlarged and improved, and has every appliance for health and comfort.

An elegant line of Tally-Ho stages connecting with all trains and boats at Westport, and with stages at Elizabethtown for Keene Valley, Lake Placid, Saranac and St. Regis Lakes, etc., etc.

RATES, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day. Special to parties making a protracted stay.

**ORLANDO KELLOGG, Proprietor,**

**ELIZABEHTOWN, N. Y.**

---

## DIRECT ROUTE THROUGH The Adirondack Mountains.

---

### AGNEW BROS.' STAGE LINE.

By consulting a map of the Adirondacks you will readily see that this is the Shortest, Most Direct and Only Route leading through the Mountains.

Leave Elizabethtown daily, (Sundays excepted,) at 8 o'clock A. M. Fare to Holt's Corners, 10 miles, \$1.00; Keene, 12 miles, \$1.50; Cascade Lakes, (dinner,) 18 miles, \$2.00; Ames's, 22 miles, \$2.50; Adirondack Lodge, (transfer station,) 22 miles, \$2.25; Lake Placid, 27 miles, \$3.00. Arrive at Lake Placid at 2 o'clock P. M.

Returning, leave Lake Placid at 10 o'clock A. M. (dinner at Keene Center,) arriving at Elizabethtown at 4 o'clock P. M., connecting with Kellogg's Stages to trains North and South.

**FINE COACHES.**

**GOOD ROADS.**

**DELIGHTFUL SCENERY.**

**SPLENDID HORSES.**

**CAREFUL DRIVERS.**

## MANSION HOUSE, ELIZABEHTHTOWN, New York.

Situated at the gateway to all the popular summer resorts in the Adirondacks, seven miles from Westport Station, on the D & H. Co.'s R. R., 600 feet above tide water. Finest mountain scenery, purest air and best water. No malaria, no hay fever. Tables unsurpassed; apothecaries modern; sanitary arrangements perfect. Write for circular.

G. W. JENKINS, MANAGER.

## INTERLAKEN HOUSE, AUGUR LAKE.

CHARLES FURY, Manager.

One of the most attractive Summer and Winter Resorts in the Adirondack region. 250 feet of veranda with outside stairways to the lawn, making a complete fire escape from each floor. ROOMS LARGE AND NEWLY FURNISHED throughout. The house is situated on the banks of a charming mountain lake, five miles from Port Kent, three miles from Au Sable Chasm, three miles from Poke o'Moonshine and Bald Face Mountain. Climate free from malaria and hay fever. Mountain and lake scenery unequalled. FIRST-CLASS STABLE CONNECTED WITH THE HOUSE. Beautiful drives. Splendid boating and fishing near for both Black Bass and Speckled Trout. Fresh milk, cream and vegetables. Three daily mails. Telegraph in immediate vicinity. For further particulars, address,

CHARLES FURY, Keeseville, N. Y.

## CUMBERLAND HOUSE, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Located on Trinity Square. Richly furnished. Every convenience. Table unsurpassed. Special attention given to Tourists and Sportsmen. Free carriage to all boats and trains. RATES, \$2.00 per day. Special for extended stay.

S. G. CORBIN, Proprietor.

## HOTEL WINDSOR,

ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y.

Lake Champlain and Adirondacks.

Is delightfully situated on the shore of the beautiful Lake Champlain, near its northern end. Its location makes it a very desirable residence for parties to whom aquatic exercises and excursions are a source of pleasure, united with charming land trips and amusements. The air is invigorating and health giving, while the nights are always cool and delightful, and free from that oppressive and depressing sultriness so common to summer resorts. 3 1-2 Hours from Ottawa.

**The Pleasantest and Healthiest Spot in North'n New York.**

Neither malaria nor insects; no hay fever. Everything new and clean. Sanitary arrangements perfect.

**The Angler** will find at Rouse's Point every facility for enjoyment. Experts with rod and reel find here the gamiest of fish, there being an abundance of Black Bass, Pike, Pickerel, Muscalonge, Yellow Perch and other varieties of the finny tribe.

**The Huntsman** will find for his game bag Woodcock, Snipe, Plover and Duck in abundance. Steam Yachts, Boats, Carriages, and Saddle Horses. Two daily mails from New York. Morning papers received in the evening.

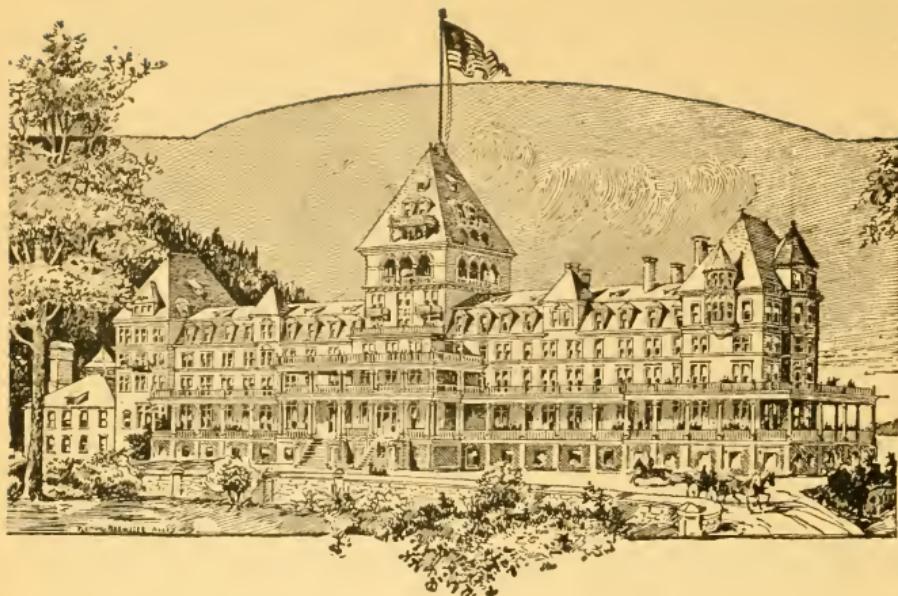
**TERMS: \$2.50 to \$3.00 Per Day.**

A LIBERAL REDUCTION MADE FOR PARTIES REMAINING BY THE WEEK AND SEASON.

CHAS. BECK, Hotel Windsor,

Also Florida House, Dec. to May, St. Augustine, Fla.

Rouse's Point, N. Y.



# "The Hotel Champlain"

**BLUFF POINT, N. Y.**

(LAKE CHAMPLAIN.)



THE NEW AND SUPERB

**Summer Hotel of the North.**

**STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.**



**O. D. SEAVEY, Manager.**

# SALEMON RIVER VALLEY,

PEASLEVILLE, Clinton County, N. Y.

## Trout Fishing, Shooting, Boating, Driving.

"Those who seek the country for health and comfort ; for beautiful scenery ; for pure air and water ; for good hunting and fishing ; for abundant and wholesome country fare ; for a pleasant summer home amid a respectable and hospitable people, without the expense and social exactions of a fashionable summer resort, will find them all at Peasleville, in Clinton County, where the little Salmon River breaks through between the mountains into the Champlain Valley."

Accommodations can be found among the farm houses in the valley and on the mountain sides. Address for particulars,

**ARNOLD & RICKETSON,**

Peasleville, Clinton County, N. Y.

# ADIRONDACK STAGE CO. Limited.

**STAGE AND BUCKBOARD LINE**

BETWEEN

**NORTH CREEK AND BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE.**

Through R. R. tickets are sold to and from Blue Mountain Lake and all principal R. R. offices, and baggage checked through, and the Stage Co.'s Agent boards all arriving trains in season to re-check baggage direct to hotels.

*The Western Union Direct Express service is maintained to and from all points in connection with the Adirondack and National Express Companies.*

COACH FARES are as follows : From North Creek to North River, 50c.; to Indian Lake, (P.O.) \$1.80; to Cedar River Hotel, \$2.00; to Blue Mountain Lake, \$3.00. Applications for buckboard carriages, time cards, etc., should be made by mail or telegraph to the Supt. Adirondack Stage Co. Line, at North Creek.

The six and four-horse coaches are supplemented by a large number of very elegant canopy-top buckboard carriages, seating parties of 3 and 5, which can be engaged at a reasonable additional charge.

Morning coaches from North Creek connect at Blue Mt. Lake direct with steamers for Raquette Lake and stages to Long Lake.

**WALTER V. V. MARSH, SUPT.**

1890.

THE

1890.

\* CHATEAUGAY RAILROAD \*

BETWEEN

PLATTSBURGH AND SARANAC LAKE.

NEW ALL RAIL ROUTE

TO THE

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS,

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

DELAWARE & HUDSON RAILROAD.

The distance between New York and Paul Smith's 67 Miles shorter than by any other route.

Daily Trains (Sundays excepted) throughout the year.

Two Daily Trains each way (Sundays excepted) during the pleasure season.

A Sunday Train each way during July and August.

▷ DRAWING ROOM CARS ON ALL TRAINS. ◌

It is the only line by which through tickets can be procured and baggage checked to Chazy, Chateaugay, Loon and Saranac Lakes, Lake Placid and Saranac Inn.

Bloomingdale to Paul Smith's, only	.	.	.	.	6 miles	stage ride.
Saranac Lake to Lake Placid,	"	.	.	.	8	"
" " Saranac Inn,	"	.	.	.	14	"
" " Adirondack Lodge,	"	.	.	.	17	"
" " Cascade Lakes,	"	.	.	.	18	"

The extension of the Chateaugay Railroad from Loon Lake to Saranac Lake enables passengers to reach Paul Smith's with ONLY SIX MILES STAGE RIDE in six-horse Concord Coaches over first-class roads.

Wagner Palace Sleeping Cars from New York to Plattsburgh, where car is set off and passengers called in time for breakfast at Fouquet House, directly opposite Union Depot. AMPLE TIME GIVEN FOR MEALS.

Passengers leaving New York by 9:00 A. M. train, reach Plattsburgh for supper, lodge, and take train following morning.

Tickets, Sleeping and Drawing Room Car Accommodations, and Baggage Checked from Paul Smith's Hotel and all stations through to destination.

**A. L. INMAN,**  
GENERAL MANAGER.

**M. L. FRENCH,**  
SUPT., PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

# MERRILL HOUSE, UPPER CHATEAUGAY LAKE—In the Adirondacks.

OLIVER YOUNG, Proprietor, - - - Merrill, Clinton County, N. Y.

**HOUSE OPEN SUMMER AND WINTER.**

DEER, Bear, Foxes, Squirrels and Game Birds; Speckled Trout, Salmon Trout, Land-locked Salmon, California Trout, Grayling and White Fish are caught here. Post and Telegraph Office in the house. Base Ball and Tennis grounds. Good Livery, Boats and supplies.

RATES: \$10 to \$14 per week. Discount for small children.

## “RALPH’S.” Upper Chateaugay Lake.

OPEN JUNE 15th TO OCTOBER.

RATES: \$3 per day; \$12 to \$16 per week.

J. W. HUTTON, PROP'R.

## INDIAN POINT HOUSE, Upper Chateaugay Lake.

Pure air and water. No malaria. Boating, bathing. Trout fishing a specialty. Native game, including Bear and Deer, killed by guests of the house. BOARD: Per day, \$1.50. Per week \$8.00 to \$10.00. Guides and boats at reasonable rates. Special attention to sportsmen. Correspondence solicited.

Address, R. M. SHUTTS, Merrill, Clinton County, N. Y.

## RAINBOW LAKE HOTEL, ADIRONDACKS.

J. M. WARDNER, Prop. P. O. Rainbow, N. Y.

The best Hunting, Boating and Fishing Grounds to be found in the Adirondacks.

RECENT ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS. House new and commodious. Post office and telegraph office in the house. Mails daily. Carriages connect with all trains both ways. Parties leaving New York at 7:30 P.M. arrive at Rainbow in time for dinner the following day. A bountiful supply of fresh eggs, milk and vegetables from Rainbow farm. Board per day, \$2.50; per week, \$10.00 to \$15.00. Rainbow Lake abounds in the finest trout and affords the best trolling and fly fishing. It has been restocked with 800,000 trout the past 5 years. The largest lake trout on record was caught here—wt. 52 lbs. Boats guides and supplies for parties camping out. Boating parties start within 50 feet of the house and have uninterrupted sailing through numerous lakes for over 12 miles. This is noted feeding ground for deer.

## CRYSTAL SPRING HOUSE, Bloomingdale, Essex Co., N. Y.

Pleasant drives all about. Good fishing. Situated about one and a half miles from Railroad station. Best of water and good tables. Board from \$8 to \$15 per week. Liberal reduction made for families and parties.

M. L. BALDWIN, Prop'r, Bloomingdale, N. Y.

## FOWLER'S LIVERY, SARANAC, N. Y. IN CONNECTION WITH

HOTEL AMPERSAND and THE ALGONQUIN.

Carriages to meet parties at depot on arrival of all trains.

W. S. FOWLER, Proprietor.



HOTEL AMPERSAND IN WINTER.

THE NEW  
**HOTEL AMPERSAND**  
 OPEN THE ENTIRE YEAR.  
**LOWER SARANAC LAKE, ADIRONDACKS.**

Post Office Address, AMPERSAND, Franklin Co., N. Y.

One and a quarter miles from Saranac Lake station, Chateaugay Railroad. Tally-Ho coach meets all trains. Fifteen hours from New York, via New York Central & Hudson River Railroad or Hudson River steamers.

Heated by steam, lighted with gas. Electric bells, elevator, bath rooms on each floor. Large open fire-places in all public rooms and large bedrooms. Cuisine and service of the highest standard of excellence.

Rates from \$21 per week upwards; Transients, \$4 per day. Diagram of rooms and illustrated book tree on application. Other information cheerfully given.

Trout fishing from May 1st to September 15th. Deer hunting from August 15th to November 1st. Fox and Rabbit shooting during the winter months.

Boats, Guides, fishing tackle, camp outfits and supplies furnished.

**EATON & YOUNG, Managers.**

# SARANAC LAKE HOUSE,

Saranac Lake, Adirondack Mountains, New York.

AN UNSURPASSED SUMMER RESORT FOR SPORTSMEN AND FAMILIES.

Situated on the east shore of the lovely "Lower Saranac Lake," at an elevation of 2,000 feet above sea level. Deer, the trout, wild duck and other game are plentiful, furnishing a constant succession of sports from May to November.

The hotel is one of the largest and most commodious in the Adirondacks; nearly surrounded by a broad piazza, with 1,000 feet of promenade; has accommodations for 250 guests.

ROOMS LARGE AND WELL VENTILATED.

The table is the best in the mountains, and has all the delicacies of the season— as good as the best at Saratoga. Trout and Venison at all times.

#### THE LOCATION AND CLIMATE

is such that it is highly recommended by eminent physicians for those suffering from lung and pulmonary diseases, etc. Malaria and hay fever are unknown.

Telegraph, Post Office, Boats and Livery connected with house.

#### FIRST-CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

For terms and further particulars, address,

D. J. GILLIGAN, Proprietor,

H. H. TOUSLEY, CLERK.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

# "The Algonquin,"

(FORMERLY ALEXANDER'S,)\*

## ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

Located distant from Chateaugay Railroad Station and Village of Saranac Lake one and a half miles, on an eminence above the Lower Saranac Lake, and commanding a most superb view of Mountains, Woods and Water.

#### THE IDEAL MOUNTAIN RESORT,

and acknowledged to be one of the prettiest spots in the Adirondacks. Extensive amusement grounds, including a good dirt Tennis Court, etc., in connection with the house. Good walks. First-class Livery. Safe Boating. Cuisine and service the best.

**Rates from \$15 to \$25 per week; \$3 to \$4 per day.**

Telegraph and Post Office address:	JOHN HARDING, Proprietor.
SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.	Late of Eaton & Harding, Hotel Ampersand.

# McCoy's Rustic Lodge, Upper Saranac Lake.

Fourteen miles by water from Saranac Station on Chateaugay Railroad. Daily mails. SUPERB FISHING AND HUNTING.

Rates, \$2.50 per Day; \$10 to \$14 per Week. For Season Rates apply at Office.

OPEN MAY 1ST TO OCTOBER 20TH. Guides, Boats and Hunting and Fishing Supplies furnished. Pleasant Walks. Good Drives. Telegraph communication within twenty minutes walk of the house.

E. R. McCOY, PROPRIETOR.

Post Office address, SARANAC LAKE.

## Wawbeek Lodge.

Sweeney Carry, Upper Saranac Lake

NEW HOUSE. OPEN MAY TO NOVEMBER.

For Particulars, address,

T. EDWARD KRUMBHOLZ, Manager, Wawbeek, New York.  
Telegraph Office in the House.

## SARANAC \* INN, Upper Saranac Lake.

Post Office Address, SARANAC INN, Franklin County, N. Y.

### THE COUNTRY OF FISH AND GAME AND HEALTHFUL RECREATION.

TERMS AT THE INN, - - - \$3.50 Per Day.

Special Rates by the Week.

Trout Fishing from May 1st to September 15th.

Deer Hunting from August 15th to November 1st.

Boats, Guides, Fishing Tackle, Supplies and Camp outfits furnished at the house. Correspondence solicited. Circulars and Maps sent on application.

D. W. RIDDLE, MANAGER.

# • HIAWAATHA • HOUSE •

## Stony Creek Ponds. = Adirondacks.

On the celebrated Indian Carry between the Upper Saranac and Raquette waters. Newly furnished and surroundings beautified. Will be kept in first-class manner.

WE WILL MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO PLEASE THE SPORTING PEOPLE.

Deer seen almost daily from the house. Abundance of trout in the pond and brooks within thirty rods of the door.

CHAS. WARDNER, Manager.

JAMES H. PIERCE, Proprietor.

**TROMBLEE'S,** Raquette River, south end of Sweeney Carry. Daily mail and express to Saranac Lake. Splendid river fishing. BOARD, \$10 per week; \$2.00 per day. Open May 1st to November 1st. Eight miles from Tupper Lake Station, N. A. R. R.

P. O. Address, OLIVER TROMBLEE, Wawbeek, N. Y.

## FENTON HOUSE, BEAVER LAKE, Lewis County.

More Deer and Trout than in any part of the Adirondacks!

Cottages and ample play grounds make it a most desirable place for families during the summer.

BOARD, \$2.00 PER DAY; \$9.00 AND \$10.00 PER WEEK.

Address, CHARLES FENTON, Number Four, Lewis Co., N. Y.

FOR EASY CONVEYANCES to and from the NORTH WOODS, apply to JAY RAMSEY, Lowville, N. Y.,

Who has wagons made expressly for this business, and can convey parties in the most comfortable manner.

Parties should send their orders a few days in advance.

## CRANBERRY LAKE HOUSE,

1,600 feet above the sea. Best Sporting Grounds in the Adirondacks. Guides, boats, etc., furnished. BOARD, \$10.50 per week; \$2.00 per day.  
(See page 207-B.) MRS. E. J. BISHOP, CLARKSBORO, N. Y.

**THE WESTSIDE HOTEL,** LAKE PLACID, is located in an evergreen and hard wood grove, on a plateau 40 feet above the lake, and 1,900 feet above the sea, with charming mountain, forest and water scenery from the piazza. It is a large three-story building, with wide double piazzas on the front and each end, and each floor is supplied with running spring water. It is the only hotel on the shore of Lake Placid. Board, \$3 per day; \$12 to \$20 per week. New cottages. Tables supplied with vegetables from the proprietor's own garden. (See page 93.)

OLIVER ABEL, Proprietor, Elizabethtown, or Lake Placid, N. Y.

**FRENCH'S HOTEL,** North side of Whiteface Mountain \$2 per day; \$10 to \$14 per week. R. L. FRENCH, Proprietor. Post Office address, Franklin Falls, N. Y.

**BIG CLEAR POND HOUSE,** BUNKER & RICE, Proprietors. Capacity, 40. Board, \$3 per day; \$12 to \$15 per week. Post Office, Bloomingdale, 8 miles distant. Stage fare, \$1.50. Open May 1st to November.

## TUPPER LAKE HOUSE,

A. L. COREY, ("Lem Corey") PROPRIETOR.

P. O. Address, Saranac Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y.

**Recommendation.**—"The best location for sport and as healthful as any in the Adirondacks."—DR. ALFRED L. LOOMIS.

This House is located at the head of Big Tupper Lake, at an elevation of 1,575 feet above the sea, and is in the very center of the Lake Region, to which Dr. Loomis in his lecture before the Medical Society of the State of New York, called the attention of the profession (Vide Med. Rec., Vol. 15, No. 17, April 26, 1879). It is spacious and elegant, containing accommodations for one hundred guests. It contains large bedrooms, ranging in size from 11x12 to 15x17 feet, and has open fireplaces in the parlor and principal bedrooms. Cold water is brought into all the floors of the house from a mountain spring.

### ADVANTAGES TO GUESTS.

Located at the entrance of the GREAT MUD LAKE COUNTRY, this house offers advantages to sportsmen who desire to camp near their families, and yet be in the part of the Adirondacks where deer and trout are found in abundance.

To those seeking rest and recreation it offers with its large, airy and well ventilated rooms, superior location and benefits, there being fine lake trout fishing in Tupper's Lake, and brook trout fishing in the adjacent lakes and rivers, no fatiguing journey is required for a day's sport.

The temperature in the hottest months seldom rises above 80 degrees. No mosquitoes. The house is supplied with vegetables fresh from the hotel garden.

**Rates \$3.00 per day; \$14 to \$21 per week. Special for a longer term.**

In connection with the hotel is a supply and provision store stocked with the best goods the New York market affords. Campers can rely upon getting at all times, in this store, everything needed in the shape of provisions and groceries, both staple and fancy. The proprietor buys his goods of first hands in New York and will sell at New York retail prices with freight only added.

Daily Mails after June 1st. Steamer runs to connect with trains on the Northern Adirondack Railroad, Tupper Lake Station. **Through Cars from Grand Central Station, New York.**

## CHILDWOLD PARK HOUSE,

LAKE MASSAWEPIE,

Is an exceedingly attractive Game and Fish Preserve, charmingly located in the Wilderness of the Adirondacks.

The Park consists of upwards of three thousand acres, embracing Lake Massawepie and a group of fine, charming, mountain lakelets.

THE CHILDWOLD PARK HOUSE was erected in 1889 by the owners of the Childwold Estate. It is located in a fine grove of majestic forest trees, between two of the Park lakes, and commands an uninterrupted view of Lake Massawepie. The House is thoroughly constructed, pleasantly and conveniently arranged, and admirably adapted to promote the comforts and health of its guests. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

The hunting and fishing is excellent. Canoes and experienced guides can be procured at the hotel.

The soil is of a gravelly nature and readily absorbs moisture. The lakes are peculiarly free from fogs. Malaria is unknown.

DR. J. A. THESSELL, of Boston, occupies a lodge in the vicinity of the hotel, and may be summoned at any time should the services of a skillful physician be required.

Childwold Park House is reached from BOSTON via CENTRAL VERMONT R. R. From NEW YORK, via N. Y. C. & H. R. R. PULLMAN CARS FROM BOSTON AND WAGNER CARS FROM NEW YORK TO CHILDWOLD STATION. Also reached from PLATTSBURGH, via CHATEAUGAY R. R. and SARANAC LAKES.

**Terms, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day. Special Rates by Week or Season.**

**WM. F. INCOLD, MANAGER.**

# ADIRONDACKS

---

MIRROR LAKE HOTEL,

LAKE PLACID, N. Y.



GRAND VIEW HOUSE,

AND COTTAGES,

LAKE PLACID.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 500 GUESTS.

ALL IMPROVEMENTS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. STEAM HEAT. ELEVATOR. TENNIS.

BOWLING. BILLIARDS. BAND AND ORCHESTRA.

Rates, \$4 per Day; \$20 to \$35 per Week.

ADDRESS,

**H. S. ISHAM,**

Manager.

# WHERE + SHALL + I + GO    ♣ +   +   +   THIS + SUMMER ?

ANSWER :

**TO THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS !**

TO THE

## **MOUNT PORTER HOUSE,**

I . KEENE VALLEY, ESSEX COUNTY.

It is a new house. It is furnished luxuriously. It gives good food, well cooked and well serv'd. Its vegetables are fresh every day from the valley farm. It has an abundance of fresh eggs, and milk and sweet new butter from the same source, and its manager does everything possible for the comfort of his guests.

It is on high ground, above all other hotels of Keene Valley. It has frequent mails, and stages running regularly to the steamboat and D. & H. Railroad at Westport. It is on the borderland of good hunting and fishing.

Its rates are \$3.50 per day ; \$15.00 to \$21.00 per week.

ADDRESS, J. S. HOLT, Manager,

KEENE VALLEY, N. H.

## **ST. HUBERT'S INN.**

Replacing the "Beede House."  
(Destroyed by fire March 3d, 1890.)

## **ST. HUBERT'S COTTAGE,**

Formerly the "Widow Beede's."

**BEEDES, ESSEX COUNTY, N. Y.**

The above well known hotel properties have been purchased by the KEENE HEIGHTS HOTEL CO., and will be conducted under one management.

A new hotel, the ST. HUBERT'S INN, will replace the former Beede House.

Spacious rooms, open fire-places, steam heat, pure water, and perfect drainage are all provided for.

It being impossible to complete the *entire* new building in time for the season of 1890, the accommodations will be limited.

Cottage opens June 1st.      Inn opens July 1st.

Address for rooms and terms:

F. L. LORING, Manager.

**KEENE HEIGHTS HOTEL CO.,**

**BEEDES, ESSEX CO., N. Y.**

## TAHAWUS HOUSE, KEENE VALLEY, NEW YORK.

The best of beds, the best of fare.      Telegraph office at post office, close by.  
 RATES, \$2 per day; \$8 to \$12 per week. Open June 1st to October 15th.  
 Dining room enlarged. New Cottage connected with the house. Five Cottages  
 to Let. Accommodations for 75 guests. See page 155.

GEO. EGGLEFIELD, PROPRIETOR.

## FLUME COTTAGE,

Keene Valley, Essex Co., N. Y. MARTIN BAHLER, A.M., Prop.

RATES, \$10.00 per week; \$2.00 per day; full price for children over 5 years.  
 No transients. No Hebrews. Accommodations for about 35 guests. Open from  
 23d of June.

The most magnificent mountain scenery of the Adirondacks is found in and  
 around Keene Valley. Flume Cottage is beautifully situated on a grassy ridge at  
 the entrance of "Washbond's Flume." Special attention paid to home comforts,  
 and unusual facilities afforded for visiting points of interest. Table first-class,  
 with an abundance of fresh vegetables. Running water from the high mountains  
 in the rear of the premises.

Daily mail. Telegraph and express. Send for descriptive circular with full  
 particulars. Address, until June 20th, SUMMIT, N. J.

## MAPLE GROVE MT. HOUSE,

HENRY WASHBOND, Proprietor.

Is situated in the central part of Keene Valley, on high ground, commanding a  
 view of "Giant" and "Noon Mark," two of the principal mountains of the Valley.  
 In the rear of the house is a delightful maple grove, affording good shade. It is  
 only a short distance from church, post office and telegraph office. The water is  
 pure. Can accommodate about 40.

**TERMS, \$1 50 per day; \$8 to \$10 per week.**

A good livery connected with the house. Address

HENRY WASHBOND, Keene Valley, N. Y.

## G. F. MARVIN, PHOTOGRAPHER.

PORTRAITS in all the popular styles and sizes made with greatest care.

All FIELD WORK, VIEWS and INTERIORS promptly executed, by an  
 artist of long experience in that department.

All branches of the work by an experienced corps of artists, under the immediate  
 supervision of the proprietor.

Will be in KEENE VALLEY, from July 21st to August 1st.

BEEDE'S, from August 1st to August 15th.

LAKE PLACID, from August 15th to Sept. 5th.

SARANAC LAKE, from Sept. 5th to Oct. 1st, 1890.

All orders promptly filled and work done in any part of Adirondack region.  
 Correspondence solicited.      Headquarters, KEESEVILLE, N. Y.

# ADIRONDACK LODGE, CLEAR LAKE. NORTH ELBA.

The Largest and Handsomest LOG Building in the United States,

AND

The Most Comfortable House in the

## ADIRONDACK REGION.

Tastefully built, in rustic style throughout, it is thoroughly comfortable, and fitted with

## EVERY MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

### LOCATED

In the Midst of the Various Attractions of the Adirondack Mountains,

### *TRAILS RADIATE*

From the Lodge directly to the following points:

THE INDIAN PASS,

AVALANCHE PASS.

MOUNT MARCY,

MOUNT MCINTYRE.

MOUNT JO (or "The Bear"),

MOUNT COLDEN.

SOUTH MEADOW BASIN.

All of these trails have been carefully cut by experienced guides, expressly for the Lodge, and others will be added during the Summer.

The Lodge is the headquarters for mountain climbing in the Adirondacks.

The grounds of the Lodge comprise an area of **1280** acres

For particulars, address,

**HENRY VAN HOEVENBERGH,**

Proprietor Adirondack Lodge,

Cascadeville P. O., Essex Co., N. Y.

Or N. Y. Agency, 106 and 108 Liberty St., New York City.

# ROCKWELL'S HOTEL, LUZERNE, N. Y.

\$2.50 per day, according to rooms; per week, \$10.50 to \$14. Children and servants, \$7.00 to \$10.50; horses, \$5.25 to \$7.00.

REFERENCES.—Samuel M. Croft, V. P. United States Insurance Co., 115 Broadway, New York: E. B. Talcott, Mills Building, Broad Street and Exchange Place, New York.

GEORGE H. ROCKWELL, Owner and Proprietor.

## Wayside Hotel and Cottages, LAKE LUZERNE, N. Y.

Located at the confluence of the Sacandaga and Hudson Rivers, 700 FEET ABOVE TIDE-WATER. Twenty miles from Saratoga on the Adirondack Railroad. Western Union Telegraph in the house. The best of accommodations; cuisine unexcelled; fine drives. \$3.50 and \$4.00 per day. Special rates for June and September.

E. C. KING, Manager.

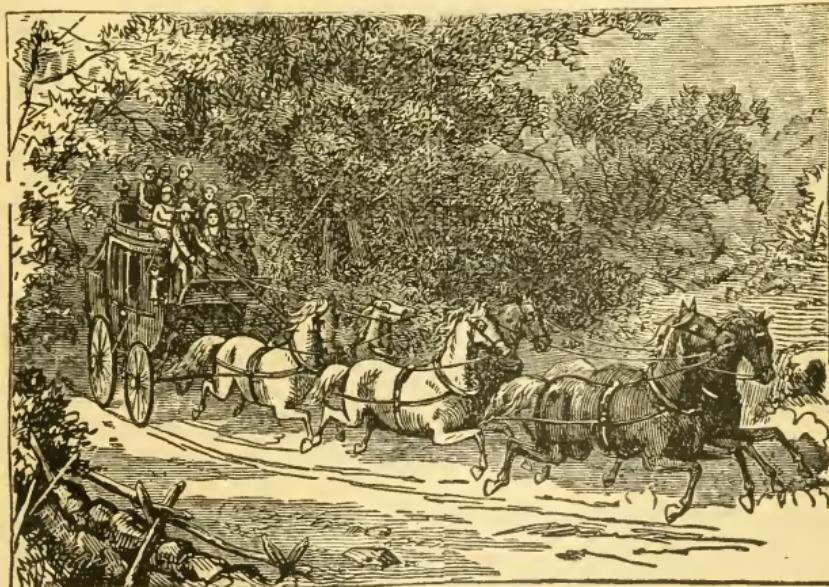
## Pottersville Hotel / FOOT OF Schroon Lake.

Hunting and Fishing Resort. Dining place for Schroon Lake passengers. Rates \$2.00 per day; \$7.00 to \$10.00 per week. Special for the season.

JOHN B. WELLS,

P. O. Address, Pottersville, N. Y.

Proprietor.



**Leavitt Stage Line.**—Riverside to Schroon Lake. Eugene Leavitt, Proprietor. Leaves Riverside on arrival of all trains from the south. Returning, leaves Schroon Lake to connect with trains for Saratoga. Fare, \$1. New four and six-horse Concord coaches afford a delightful ride through a picturesque region.

Invalids or parties wishing easy carriages or special rigs of any kind, can secure such on reasonable terms by addressing at Pottersville.

# Beland House and Cottages, SCHROON LAKE.



HIS POPULAR HOUSE which contains first-class accommodations for 200 guests, will be re-opened June 15, 1890. Hotel grounds extend to the lake on two sides, and are ornamented with trees, shrubbery, summer houses, etc. Delightful Location, Fine Scenery, High Elevation and Pure Water. Finest Boating, Bathing, Driving, Fishing and Hunting in the Adirondacks. Carriage, Boat, Express and Telegraph Office in the Hotel. Good Stables.

The pleasure of rural and forest life are here combined with modern conveniences and social privileges in a greater degree than in any other place in Northern New York. Terms, transient per day, \$3.00 to \$3.50; by the week, \$12.50 to \$25. Special arrangements for prolonged stay.

Send for circulars and diagram.

**L. R. & E. D. LOCKE, Proprietors.**

## THE ARLINGTON COTTAGE. SCHROON LAKE, N. Y.

Pleasantly located but a short distance from the lake shore. One-half mile north of the steamboat landing. Supplied with pure spring water. Bath Room. Rates, \$7 to \$10 per week; \$2 per day. Send for circular.

**C. C. WHITNEY, Proprietor.**

## Taylor House and Cottages, SCHROON LAKE.

C. F. Taylor & Son, Proprietors. Capacity, 150 guests. Board, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day; \$12 to \$17 per week. P. O. address, Taylor's-on-Schroon, Warren County, N. Y.

## Grove Point House,

Schroon Lake. Terms, \$2 per day; \$8 to \$12 per week. Pleasantly situated in a shady grove, on the west side of the lake, half a mile from the village. Steamer Effingham will land you at the house. The rooms are large and well furnished. Table one of the leading features. Send for circular and cut of house.  
**CAPACITY 75 GUESTS.**

**W. A. MACKENZIE, Jr., Proprietor.**

## LAKE HOUSE,

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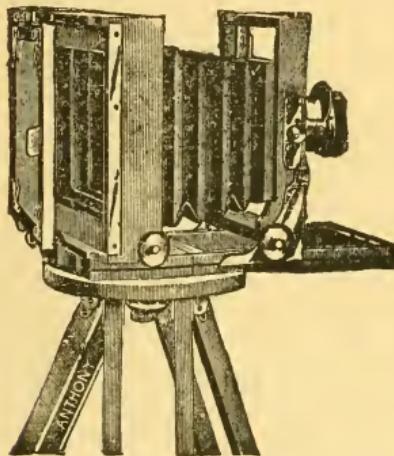
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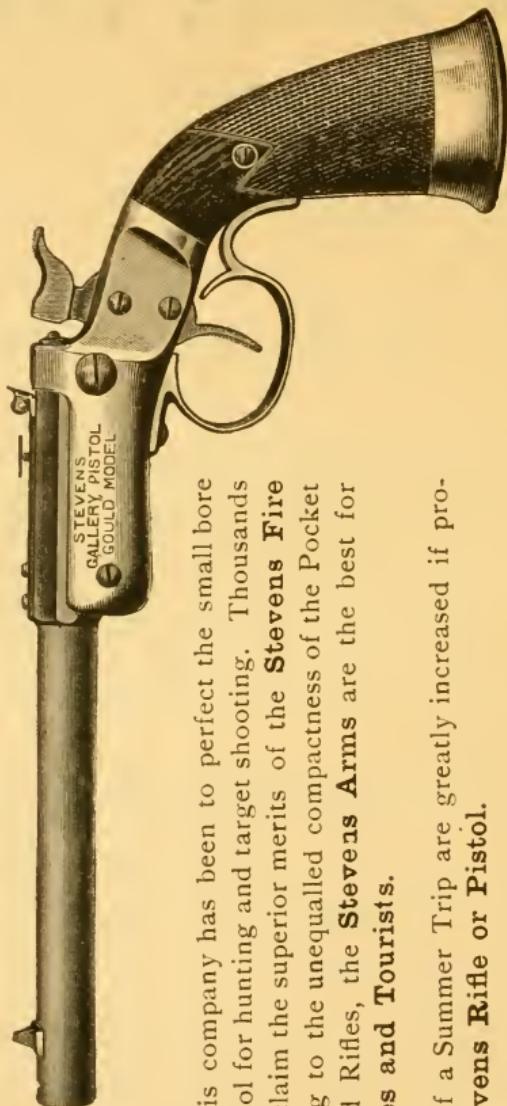
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